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A MISSION CHURCH.

THE

CHILDREN OF CHINA.

Written for the Children of England.

By their old Friend

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN OF INDIA."

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:

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REESE

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Dedication.

THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN FOR ALL ENGLISH CHILDREN,

BUT ESPECIALLY FOR THE THIRTY-TWO WHO HAVE ASKED FOR

A BOOK ABOUT CHINESE CHILDREN.

EMMA ADAMSON.
HENRY CHRISTOPHER BAILEY.
RUTH BARRON.
LORNA BARRON.
EDITH BARRON.
AUSTYN BARRON.
MADGE BARRON.
GERTRUDE BELL.
AGNES BIRKETT.
ANNIE CARTMELL.
SARAH CARTMELL.
MARY ANN CARTMELL.
FLORENCE COCKBAIN.
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KATHLEEN HARDY MILLER.
MARY EDITH PARK.
SUSAN GRIMSHAW PARK.
WILLIAM PARK.
JOHN EDGAR PARK.
SARAH PARKER.
MARY STOREY.
MAY STOREY.
FLORENCE THORNTON.

WITH THE EARNEST PRAYER THAT THEY MAY ALL BE CHILDREN OF LIGHT,

AND MAY BEGIN WHILE YOUNG

TO SHINE AS LIGHTS IN THE WORLD, AND TO SEND

LIGHT TO THEM THAT SIT IN DARKNESS AND IN THE SHADOW

OF DEATH.

119729

O you want a book about China. What good guessers you are! That is just the country I wanted to write about, and had begun to write about, even before I got your letters, hoping you would choose it. I was so glad to hear from you, and to know that you are working for God, and that some of you are thinking of going yourselves to tell the poor heathen about Him. That is following in the steps of Jesus Himself, who left His own happy home to go to those who did not know God and tell them of Him; and who left behind Him that grand missionary command, with the special promise belonging to it—"Go ye and teach all nations. . . . And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20).

Will you pray very much about this book, which is so particularly your own, that God will make it a blessing to the Children of England, and that many of them may grow up to be His messengers to the Children of China?

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PART I.

THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

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Shi-yang
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Y U N N
King-tung
DAGELET
C. Clonard
Hamada
Hagi
Yamaguti
Fukokuoka
Saga
Nagasaki
Kumamoto
KIOO-SIOO
Kagosheema
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OR
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CHUSAN
OR
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PART I.

THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

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CHAPTER I.

ITS GEOGRAPHY.

HE CELESTIAL EMPIRE is one of the nicknames which people of other countries have given to China because the Chinese think their country is such a wonderful one, so much greater and better than any other country in the world (celestial, you know, means heavenly). The Chinese themselves call China "The Middle Kingdom," or "The Centre of the World." They call their emperor "The Celestial Emperor," or the "Son of Heaven;" and themselves the Celestials, because they consider themselves far the nicest and cleverest people in the world. All who are not Chinese they call barbarians.

But before I go any further, I must tell you what I shall mean by China when I speak of it in this book. Sometimes, when people talk of China, they mean the whole of the Chinese Empire—that is, all the countries that are under the Emperor of China: Mongolia, Manchuria, Thibet, Corea, and China Proper; but sometimes they mean only China Proper, and that is what China will mean in this book; for when I tried to make a book about all the Chinese Empire, I found it would have to be very large and very dear, and I thought you would like it better if it was a little smaller and a little cheaper, so I have had to leave out all the other countries and write only about China Proper. If you would like to hear about the other countries another time, you must let me know, but perhaps you would rather have quite

a different country next time, so you must choose for yourselves again, as you did this time.

Perhaps you will think that if China is only a part of what belongs to the Celestial Emperor, it will not be such a very large country; so I had better tell you at once that China Proper by itself is nearly fifteen times larger than England, Wales, and Scotland all together—that is, nearly as large as India; while the whole Chinese Empire is as large as all Europe with a third part of all Europe added to it; so think what a great country the Emperor of China rules over.

I was thinking I must write you a long chapter about the geography of China; but before beginning it I looked in a geography book like you use in school, to see what it said about the country, and I found out two things—

1st. That I should have to mention nearly everything that was in the geography, in different parts of my book, and—

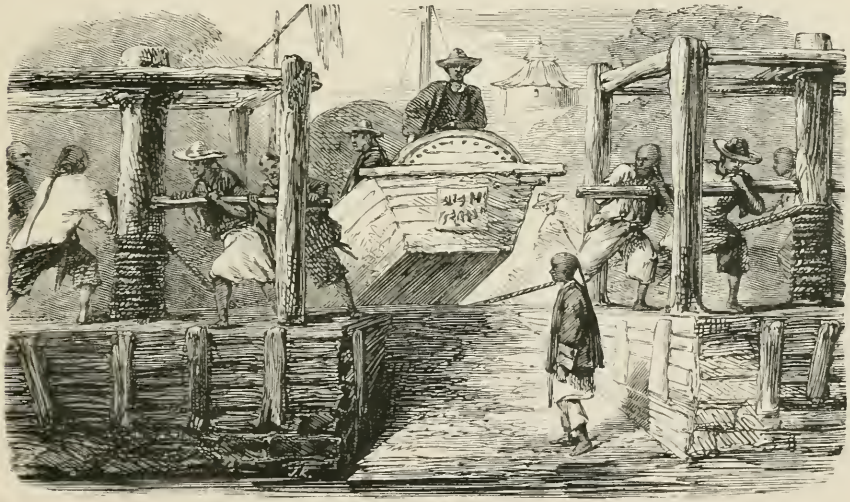
2nd. That the geography book, and I expect yours is very much like mine, tells so much about the country, and tells it so nicely, that it would only be wasting my time and the printer's if I were to tell you about it when you have it all in another book.

I think you had better ask whoever it is that teaches you to let you learn China for your geography lesson for a little while, and then every now and then you will find something in this book that you know already; and I always think it is nice to find something in a new book that we had learned all about before; it is like meeting an old friend in a strange country.

I must tell you just a few things about China itself that perhaps may not be in your geography, but as you have learned, or are going to learn so much, I shall have to give you a little examination, I think, to see if you remember it. I can easily do that, by leaving a little space every now and then, like this ( ), for you to fill up yourselves by putting in what I leave out, so that I shall not quite finish writing the book, but shall leave it for you

to do; and then if anybody asks you who wrote "The Celestial Empire," you can say, "Miss Marston and I wrote it between us."

You are sure to find something about the Grand Canal; I expect you know how many miles long it is ( ), but perhaps you do not know that it takes forty days for a ship to go down it. If you have ever walked by the side of an English canal, you have seen the locks which are opened to let the barges go through, and are shut again behind them. But in China, instead of this,



BOAT PASSING A LOCK.

they have machines by which they can draw the ships over the clay slopes that take the place of locks, and put them down again on the other side, however large and heavy they may be.

There are some very large rivers in China, as you will see in the map; one of these, the Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, three thousand miles long, is often called China's Sorrow, because, whenever the mouth of it gets stopped up with sand, which often happens, it overflows higher up and does a great deal of mischief, leaving whole villages half buried in mud. Owing to these sand-banks,

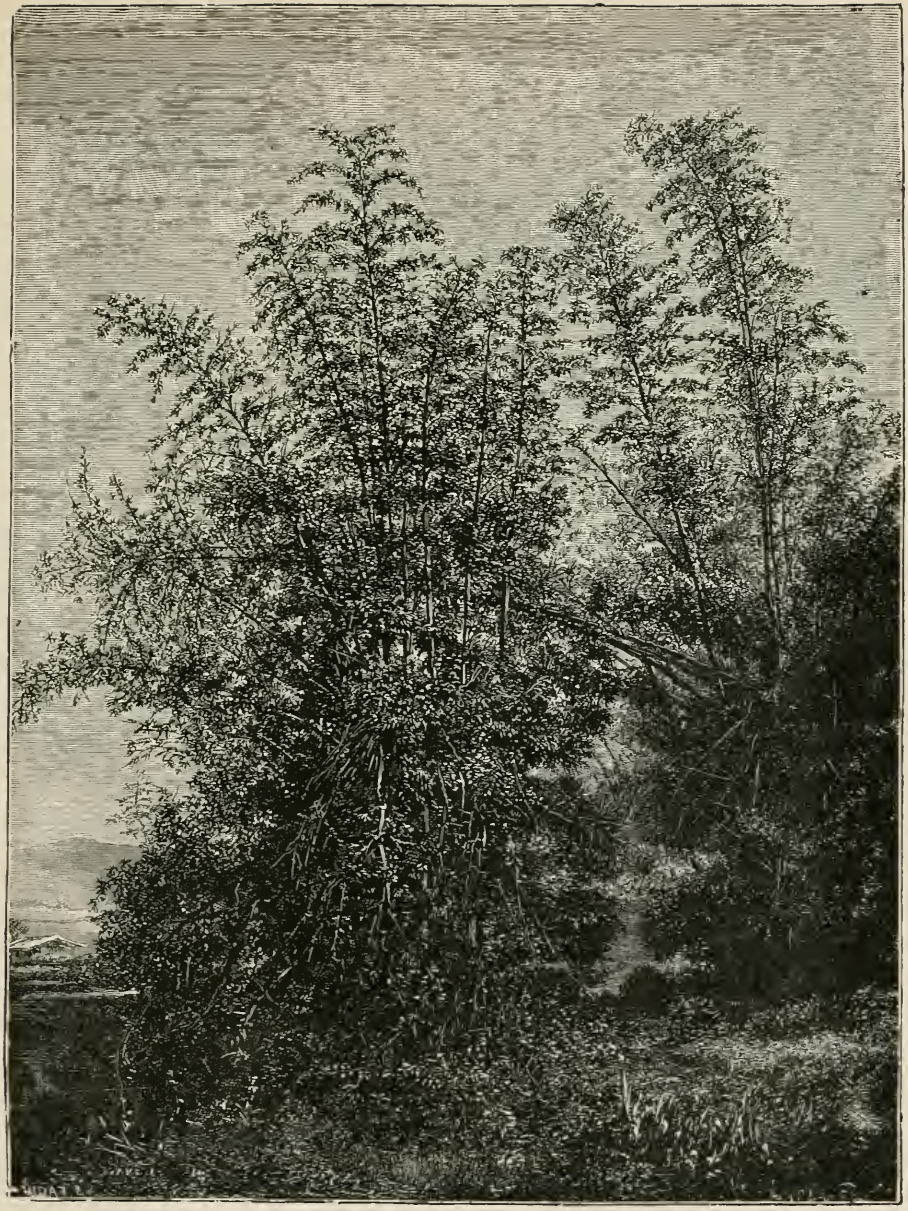
the river is said to have changed its course nine times in 2,500 years.

As there are so many rivers and canals, most of the travelling is done in vessels called junks, which are very clumsy and sometimes not at all strong. In some parts the farmers have little canals running to their own houses. Where there are many canals the only roads are foot-paths running along the canal banks.

Chinese boats are sometimes rowed with one oar instead of two; the oar has a very broad blade, and turns on a pivot placed in the stern; the upper end of the oar is fastened to the bottom of the boat by a rope. There is one kind of boat that is built in one district only, that of Shao-hing, in the province of Cheh-Kiang, and all the boatmen who use it come from there; it is worked by the foot, and can only carry one passenger and a little luggage.

There is a tree that grows in China which you ought to know about because it is so very useful. This is the bamboo. The Chinese think a great deal of it, and you will not wonder when I tell you what they do with it. The young, green shoots are used as vegetables; the slender stems make curtain rods, umbrella handles, tobacco pipes, and fishing rods; the leaves are used for thatching boats and houses, because water does not soak through them; the branches can be very easily split into thin strips, which are used for basket-work, and the larger stems make posts and beams for building houses. From the bamboo the Chinese also make furniture, water-jars, measures, buckets, mats, fans, paper, pens, hats, waterproofs, and many other things. There are sixty different kinds of bamboo to be found in China.

China Proper, as the geography will tell you, is divided into eighteen provinces; each province has about ten divisions, called Fu, while in each Fu there are about ten smaller divisions, called Hien, about the size of English counties, and the Hien again contain cities and towns. As you will be sure to want them again and again, you had better write here the names of the



GROUP OF BAMBOOS.

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eighteen provinces, in your very best writing, or you will spoil the book.

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2.	8.	14.
3.	9.	15.
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5.	11.	17.
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You will see in the map two large islands, Formosa and Hainan; Formosa belongs to the province of Fu-Kien, Hainan to Kwangtung.

You will also have seen that there are some very high mountains, which shut China in from other countries; this is one reason why the Chinese are so unlike other people, and why they are so little different now from what they were hundreds and even thousands of years ago. There is a great deal of coal and iron in the mountains, but the Chinese do not understand how to work them, and always leave a mine as soon as the water comes in.

The climate of China, as you will suppose, is very different in different parts. In the north it is terribly cold, and in the south just as terribly hot; and there are all shades of heat and cold between these, so almost every sort of fruit and vegetable can be grown in one part or another of the country. In the summer it is hot all over China, while in the south it is mild even at Christmas. Several years ago there was a snow-storm at Canton, and the people, who had never seen such a thing before, could not think what was happening: they called the snow falling cotton, and tried to keep it.

The winds called Monsoons have a great deal to do with the climate of China. In winter the Monsoon comes from the north, in summer from the south, making the air hotter in the summer

and colder in the winter than it would be if there were no Monsoons. All around ( ), the capital of China, the rivers and canals are closed during the winter by the ice, and ships cannot get along even on the sea. In the summer, in the same part, it is so hot that sweet potatoes, peaches, and grapes grow out of doors. At the time when the wind leaves off coming from the north, and begins to come from the south, when the two Monsoons seem to be quarrelling, there is a great deal of rain.

Some parts of China are very unhealthy for English people, either because they are too hot, or too cold, or too damp, or change suddenly from very great cold to very great heat, which is trying to people who have always lived in England, where, compared with some parts of China, there is little difference between summer and winter. So that missionaries go to China, as well as to India, not knowing how soon they may have to come home ill, because the climate does not agree with them; and for the same reason they have to send their little children home to England, or else a great many of them would die.

Being a missionary, you see, means being ready to give up a great deal for the sake of doing God's work. But then God never takes anything away from us, nor asks us to give up anything to Him, without giving us something better instead, and He takes care of what we give Him too. I am sure all the missionaries would say this is true.

CHAPTER II.

ITS HISTORY.

OU learn English history, don't you? and Bible history, and perhaps French history, and I daresay, when you get older, you will learn Grecian history and Roman history; but I never yet met a little girl or a little boy, no, nor even a big girl or a big boy, who had learned Chinese history; so when you have read this chapter, if you read it carefully, you will know something that very few boys and girls in England know, though I expect most Chinese boys and girls know something about it.

The Chinese have always been very particular about having all their history written. There is a set of men, paid by the Government, whose business it is to write the history as it happens; they write it on loose sheets of paper, which are put through an opening into a private drawer, where nobody is allowed to look at them. So that the men who write this history shall not praise the living emperor for the sake of pleasing him, these loose sheets are never copied into the real history until the emperor in whose reign they were written has been dead a long time.

China's history is a very wonderful one, partly because it began such a long time ago. English history only begins with Julius Cæsar coming to England (B.C.), but the history of China begins many thousands of years before Christ, before the time when we believe Adam was made; at least, that is what a Chinaman would tell you, but then Chinamen make a good many

mistakes. They say that first of all the kings of China were gods, and that China was the only part of the world where there were any people; then there were other kings who were men, but who do not seem any more real than the gods. The first king we read about by name was Puon-koo, who dressed in leaves; everything about him is very wild and hard to understand. After him came several other kings, who each reigned a thousand years, until B.C. 2,852, that is 500 years before the Flood, when there was a king named Fuhi. After Fuhi's time, the history seems much more likely to be true.

You see, with Chinese history, as with all other history, except that in the Bible, which must be true, because God wrote it, it is very hard at the beginning to find out how much is true and how much is false.

Fuhi is said to have invented music and numbers. He lived in the province of Shensi, and was such a wonderful man that he and the two who came after him, Shin-noong and Hoang-ti, are called "The Three Emperors;" they are said to have invented all the arts and all the comforts of life, such as eating, sleeping, and the seasons of the year, so, you see, the history is only partly true yet.

Shin-noong taught the people how to cultivate the ground, and Hoang-ti divided all the land into groups of nine equal squares; all that grew in the middle square of each nine was to be given to the emperor or sold for him; Hoang-ti is said to have lived about 2,600 years before Christ.

After the "Three Emperors" came five more rulers, and it was most likely in the reign of one of them that the Chinese first came to China, for the people that we first hear of in China were not Chinese, just as the first people we read of in English history were not English. There are several tribes in different parts of China now who are supposed to be descended from the people who lived in the country before the Chinese came.

Those Chinese who first came to China knew how to do many useful things; they could write, and they understood how to cultivate the mulberry tree, to rear silk-worms, and to make clothes out of the silk; these things are mentioned in their books.

In some places the Chinese got so mixed up with the people who were in China before them, that their descendants could not tell whether they were Chinese or not, just as the Saxons and Normans got mixed in England; in other parts the first inhabitants were driven into the mountains, where they kept separate from the Chinese and are separate still. The Li and the Miautsi, who live among the mountains now in different parts of China, are thought to be the descendants of some of these aborigines.

The last two of the five rulers were Yao and Shun, who are looked upon as patterns of what Chinese emperors ought to be. One good thing that Yao did was to refuse to leave the empire to his own son, but to give it to Shun instead, because Shun was such a good man that Yao thought he would be sure to make a good king. The story of Shun is always told to Chinese children, to teach them to behave nicely to their fathers and mothers, so I had better tell it to you.

Shun's father was a very poor man and quite blind; his name was Ku-sao. He was not at all a nice father, for he was very unjust, and expected people to do things that they were not able to do. He treated Shun very badly, and to make matters worse, when Shun was still quite a little boy, his mother died; and before very long Ku-sao married again, and his second wife was just as wicked and just as unkind to poor Shun as her husband was, and was always scolding and punishing him for naughty things that she said he had done, but of which he really was innocent.

By-and-bye this second mother had a little boy of her own, and he too imitated his father and mother, and was always saying

and doing unkind things to Shun; yet all the while, however unkind people were to him, Shun always behaved nicely to them, obeying his parents in everything, and never answering rudely, even when he was scolded unfairly.

One day his father sent him to a hill to plough, but would not let him have any animals to help him, he was to do it all himself; but the story says the gods sent some elephants to plough for him, so he got on very nicely, especially when a whole flock of birds came to do the weeding for him, so his work was soon finished.

Another time Shun was sent a long way off to catch some fish, and while he was fishing a terrible thunder-storm came on, and everybody that was out of doors got hurt in one way or another, except Shun, who came home quite whole and sound, as though nothing had happened, because the gods were so pleased with him for being such a good son, that they took care no harm should happen to him.

At last the Emperor Yao heard about Shun, and how wonderfully well he behaved to his father and mother; he was so pleased with all he heard, that he sent for Shun and made him a prince; then he made him tutor to his own nine sons, and afterwards gave him his two daughters to be his wives.

Shun served Yao faithfully for twenty-eight years; he chose all the wisest men in China to serve under him, and punished them very strictly if they were not faithful; so the empire was kept in peace and everything went on well. When Yao got to be an old man, he gave up the kingdom to Shun, who thus became "Emperor of all under Heaven," as the Chinese say, or Emperor of China, as we should say, and ever since that time it has been the rule in China that the emperor is to choose who shall reign after him.

The Chinese say that in Shun's time there was a great flood, and the country was drained by another man named Yu; it took him thirteen years, but he did it so well that Shun said he must

be the next emperor, and so he was. In the Chinese books he is called Yu the Great. We are told that he was nine cubits high, and that the skies rained gold for three days without stopping after he was made king. He lived about B.C. 2,200, and sought out wise men to be his ministers.

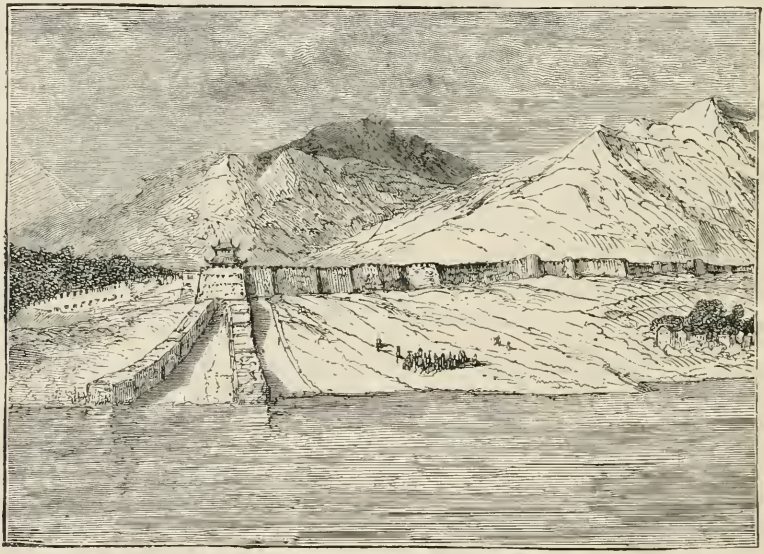
Yu was the first of a line of kings called the Hea, and after it came another, called Shâng, founded by a man named Ching-tang, who was a very mild and wise ruler. Once, when there had been no rain for a very long time, he went out of the city to a grove of mulberry trees, dressed as a mourner, and there he fasted and offered up as a sacrifice his nails and his hair, praying earnestly that there might be some rain; and very soon the rain came. This line lasted for six hundred and forty-four years, and had twenty-eight kings. The last of them was Chow-wang, who was a great tyrant, so the people all rose up against him; when he saw that he could not save himself, as he was only one, and there were so many against him, he put on his very grandest clothes, went into his palace, and set fire to it, staying in it himself, so that he was burned with the building.

The part of Chinese history that we may be pretty sure is all true begins with a race of kings named Chow, who began to reign B.C. 1122, and went on till B.C. 240, that is nearly nine hundred years.

About B.C. 500 China was divided into a great many little kingdoms, whose rulers were always quarrelling and fighting with each other. One of these, the King of Tsin, had been for a long time making himself powerful by conquering the kings round him; he fought against six other kingdoms and made them all have him for their master; so the chief government began to be like an empire, with the states round it more or less subject to it, till about half of what we call China belonged to it, the half lying north of the Yang-tsi river.

The first despotic emperor of this country was troubled very

much by some enemies outside his country, who were then called Huns; in many books you will find them called Tartars. They came into China from the north, and were very wild, fierce men (you know, if a little boy is very wild, he is sometimes called a Tartar); so to keep them out, this emperor built a tremendous wall, the most wonderful wall that ever was made. It is standing to-day as strong as ever in some parts, though it was built two



SECTION OF THE GREAT WALL.

thousand years ago. It is fifteen hundred miles long—that is, nearly four times as long as England from north to south. The inside part of it is made of earth, which is cased with bricks and stone; there is enough of these materials to make a wall several feet high, long enough to go all round the world at its largest part. The Great Wall runs up to the top of the highest hills that come in its way, some of them five thousand feet high, and is built

across the rivers, too, just as strongly and thickly as in other parts. It is twenty feet high all the way, twenty-five feet thick at the bottom, and fifteen at the top; you will never find a wall the least like it anywhere else, and yet it did not keep the Huns out after all.

This same emperor did another very wonderful thing, so silly that you will wonder how it could ever have come into his head: he ordered all the learned books in China to be burnt. Four hundred people tried to keep some and burn some, instead of burning all, but the emperor found it out, and to punish them he ordered them to be burned with their books. But all the books did not get burnt, or I should never have been able to write this chapter; some clever people managed to save some and hide them away: they were not found till sixty years after, and then the most particular book of all, the "Shu King," could not be found, but there was a very old man living who had learnt it all off by heart when he was young, and he repeated it to his daughter a piece at a time, so that she could write it down. The reason the emperor gave this foolish order was that he was jealous of the famous kings who had reigned before him, so he wanted the people who came after to hear of no kings before himself, and he thought that by burning the books he should prevent people hearing of the former kings.

In B.C. 212 another race came to the throne, named Hân, and with them began one of the most celebrated parts of Chinese history. The Huns were very tiresome at this time, coming in just as if there had been no wall, stealing anything they could find, and killing the people, in the same way that their descendants did at Rome about six hundred years later; and the Chinese did as the Romans did, and as the Saxons did with the Danes in English history—bribed them to go away by giving them their daughters for wives and paying them a great deal of money. But of course they only went away for a time, and then came back again; a man

who was alive when this happened, and wrote about it, says: "From this time China lost her honour."

In the reign of the ninth Hân emperor, two Huns came over the Great Wall into China, after all of them had promised to stay at the other side. The Chinese punished these two for breaking the agreement, and this made all the rest of the Huns so angry, that they sent a great army to fight the Chinese. They refused to leave the country unless a princess was given to them, and the Chinese consented and gave one.

It was during the reign of the twelfth Hân emperor that the Lord Jesus was born into this world; but the poor Chinese knew nothing about it, and very few of them know to-day, though it is eighteen hundred years since Jesus first gave the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." ( ).

At the close of the Hân line of kings, the country was divided into three states; the king of one of these three, who was called the chief of Wei, conquered the other two, and was the first of another line, called Tsin or Chin, about 260 years after Christ.

The Chin line ended about A.D. 416, and then China was divided into two chief kingdoms, the north and the south; Nankin was the capital of the north, Honan of the south. I hope you always look in the map for all the places you read about.

In the two hundred years that came after this, there were five different races of kings, one after the other, and all this time there was a great deal of fighting and wickedness. In A.D. 585 the north and south kingdoms were joined together, and Honan was the capital of all China. The last king of the last of the five races was deposed (that is, made to give up the throne) by Ly-yuen, who began the line of Tang. This was A.D. 612

The second of the Tang emperors, whose name was Tae-tsoong, was very famous; he first started schools and examinations, so, you see, the Chinese had these things long before we had, for Tae-

tsoong lived nearly two hundred years before Alfred the Great. In this reign some Christians named Nestorians first went to China, and told the people about Jesus, but very few believed them; the Chinese history only says that some foreigners came, with blue eyes and fair hair.

The third Tang emperor was a foolish man, and let his wife manage him as she liked; before he died, he said she was to be queen after him; she reigned for twenty years and then left the kingdom to her son. She managed everything so badly, that when the Chinese want to prove that things get on badly that are ordered by women, they always talk about this queen and the harm she did. But if they were to say that to you, you would be able to say that you know of a country that is governed by a queen, and which is the happiest country in the world, wouldn't you?

In the year 897 a powerful leader killed the emperor and the man who was to succeed him, and so put an end to the Tang line. All the country was in great confusion, as one man after another tried to make himself king. There were five lines of kings in fifty-three years, and the Tartars, you may be sure, would take the opportunity of coming again, when everything was in disorder; at this time they came in at the east end of the Great Wall.

After a great many civil wars, the soldiers put a man on the throne, named Tae-tsoo, the first emperor of the Soong line. The reason this was done was, that the one who ought to have been emperor was only a little boy, and there was a war just beginning with the Eastern Tartars or Manchus, so the soldiers thought it would never do to have such a young king. They fixed upon Tae-tsoong, one of the servants of the last emperor, and some messengers were sent to tell him that he was to be emperor; they found him quite drunk, and while he was in that state, a yellow robe was put on him, and he was made emperor; so you see what a low state China had got into.

Just about this time, the Chinese made a great discovery: they found out how to print. This was five hundred years before anyone in Europe had thought of such a thing. You will not be surprised to hear that from this time there were many more books made in China, so we know a great deal more of what happened after this time than before it.

We read now of two sets of Tartars, the East Tartars or Manchus, and the West Tartars or Mongols. The Chinese kept on having wars with the Manchus and then making peace, only to begin fighting again directly after, till the Mongols came with their great chief Koblai Khan, and then everything was changed, as you will soon see.

In the reign of Chin-tsoong, the third Soong emperor, the Manchus laid siege to a town near Pekin; the Chinese defeated them, but were obliged in making peace to promise a large gift of money and silk every year. The next Chinese emperor was a very peaceful one, so the Manchus thought they had better get him to give them something else; they asked for ten districts to the south of the Great Wall, and two hundred thousand taels (that is about £40,000), besides a great deal of silk. All this the emperor gave them, and also said that for the future he should be tributary to the Manchus—that is, he would only be king under them.

The next emperors were very weak and had bad advisers, so the Manchus went on conquering more and more, till at last they took a large piece of North China for themselves, and it looked as though they would very soon have the whole country; but before there was time for this, the Manchus were themselves attacked by the Mongols, who lived in the part of Asia between the north-west provinces of China and Thibet and Samarcand. And now, when the poor Chinese were losing their country bit by bit, they thought the wisest thing they could do was to ask the Mongols to come to their help. The Mongols agreed at once, but they did more than they were asked to do; for first they defeated the Manchus, and

then began to fight against the Chinese and defeated them too, and made themselves masters of the country, just as in England, when the Britons asked the Saxons to help them against the Picts and Scots (I am sure you know all about that), they first fought against these enemies, and then fought and conquered those who had asked their help and took the country for themselves.

So the Manchus were put down, but only for a time, for their descendants afterwards conquered the Mongols in their turn, and got China for their own again, and they are the lords of it to-day.

The Mongols were very cruel to the Chinese; the emperor and his family ran away to the sea and were drowned. The religion of the Mongols was not the same as that of the Chinese, so they ordered all the Chinese religious books to be burned. Koblai Khan lived at Pekin, and because he saw that the country round it was very barren, he made a great canal, nine hundred miles long, between Pekin and the most fertile provinces, so that the things that grew there could be easily sent to Pekin. At this time the north of China was called Cathay and the south Manjee.

The Mongols did not get on so well in China as they did in their own country; the climate was not so cold as their own, and the warm weather made them lazy (*you* are lazy sometimes on very warm days, I expect), and they learned to be more wicked in China than they were at home, and thought more about enjoying themselves than anything else, so they lost all their old courage and bravery. The Chinese very soon found this out, and thought they might as well try to do something for themselves; they succeeded so well, the Mongols were obliged to give up the throne and run away to the Manchus and ask them to take care of them.

So the Chinese got their country to themselves again, and a new line of emperors began, called the Ming line. The first of its emperors had been a servant at a Buddhist monastery. He changed the capital to Nankin, and gave Pekin to one of his sons,

who was afterwards emperor himself, and changed the capital back again to Pekin.

During the Ming dynasty some Portuguese came to China and took possession of the island of Macao, which you will find in the map, not very far from Canton. Some Jesuit missionaries came too; they behaved so badly, and were so angry with everyone who did not believe just as they did, that the Chinese have had a bad opinion of missionaries ever since, though they are beginning to find out now that all missionaries are not like the Jesuits. Still it was much harder for the first Protestant missionaries to get the people to listen to them, than it would have been if the Jesuits had never gone to China.

In 1618 there was another war between the Chinese and the Manchus, who said the Chinese had treated them badly, and must be punished for it. The war lasted a great many years. In 1627 there was a new Ming emperor, who tried to persuade the people that there was no reason to be afraid of the Manchus, and who behaved so badly that he made all his people dislike him, and some of them rebelled against him.

The rebels took the provinces of Honân and Shensi, murdering the chief officers, and telling the people they need not pay any taxes, which, as you will suppose, made them very willing to join the rebels in fighting against the emperor. Before long the rebel army besieged Pekin; the emperor ran away from one place to another, with his only daughter, but finding that they must be caught very soon, he first stabbed his daughter and then hanged himself; he was the last Chinese emperor, and died in 1643.

After this the rebel leader got greater and greater, as everyone gave up to him, except one general named Woosankwei, who commanded the Chinese army near Manchuria. Instead of joining the rebels, he fortified himself in a city with his men. The rebel army besieged him there, and brought his father in

chains to a place where Woosankwei could see him, saying the father should be killed if the son did not give up the city; but still Woosankwei held out, and his old father, instead of asking him to give way, so that he should not be killed, told him to go on holding out; so he did, and the rebels kept their word and killed the old man.

General Woosankwei was so determined to avenge his father's death, that he made peace with the Manchus and asked them to help him, which they did, and the rebels were defeated. Then the Manchu king, instead of going home again, went to Pekin and made himself king, and so began the Manchu line of emperors, which still holds the throne of China.

Several cities in the south held out for some years longer, especially in Fukien, but they all had to submit at last.

The Chinese men were made to shave their heads and wear pig-tails like the Manchus, and to dress like them, to show they were conquered, but many chose to die rather than do this; the women were allowed to keep to their old style of dress. The only places in which the old Chinese men's dress can be seen now is the theatre, where it is constantly worn by the actors. The Manchus and Mongols are not allowed to marry the Chinese.

One reason why the Manchus conquered China so easily at this time was, that they had such a wise king. His name was Kang-hy: he reigned sixty years, and was very kind to the people; he made a treaty with Russia, and settled where his country was to end and Russia to begin.

The next emperor was Yoong-Ching, who persecuted the Roman Catholic priests who had settled in China. He was succeeded by Kien-lung, who also reigned sixty years; he encouraged learning and wrote poetry. He also headed an expedition against the Miautzi (I hope you remember who they are), and said he had conquered them, but we may be quite sure he did not, as

they did not shave their heads nor wear the Manchu dress, as all conquered races were obliged to do.

When Kien-lung had reigned sixty years, he gave up the empire to his son; this was in 1820, so we are getting near the end, you see. It was in his reign that England first went to war with China, in 1840, and there was a second war in 1847. I am sorry to say that England has no reason to be proud of either of these wars, but you will hear more about them in another part of the book. This king spent most of his time at the theatre, and was very often drunk. After he had reigned twenty-four years he had a great feast on his sixtieth birthday, and there was merry-making all over the empire. The people who had not paid their taxes were told they should be excused, and all who had broken the laws were forgiven. The emperor died the next year.

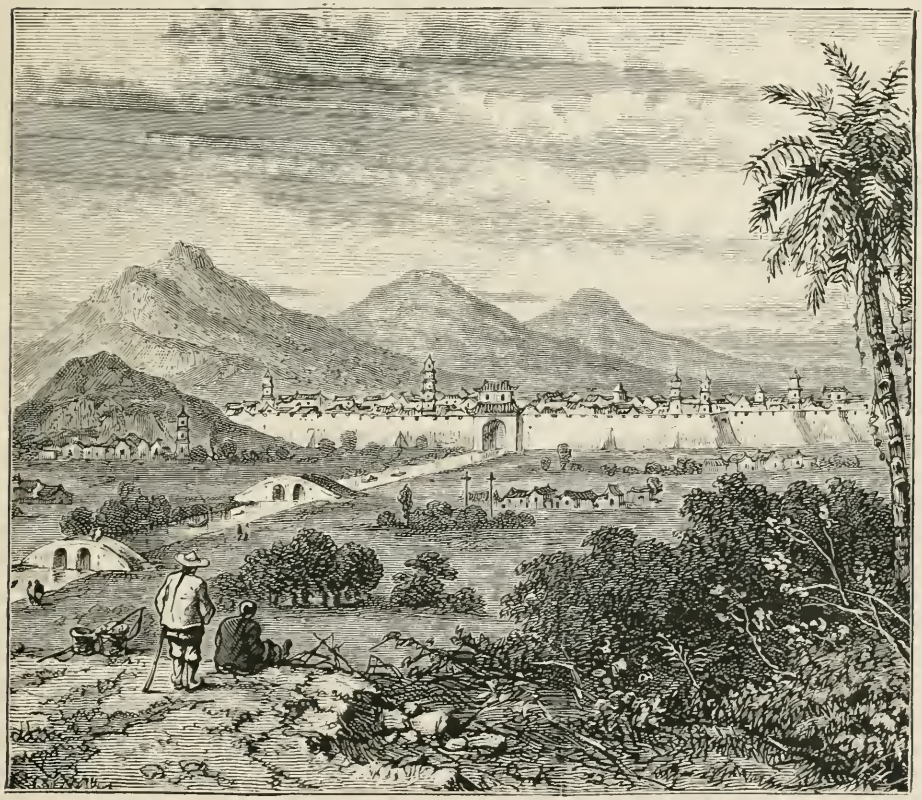
In 1850 a great trouble came to China; it is called

THE TAI-PING REBELLION,

and spread over all the southern provinces. It was begun by a man named Hung-sentswen, who was born in 1813; he was a poor man but very clever. When he was twenty years old he went to Canton for an examination, but did not pass. While he was there he read some Christian tracts and part of the Bible, but did not think much of what he read and soon forgot it. In 1837 he tried again to pass the examination, but again he failed, and went home ill. Chinese examinations often make people ill, they are so hard. During his illness his mind wandered, and he had wonderful dreams and visions.

Six years after this, one of his friends, named Li, was looking over Hung's books, and found the Christian tracts and the Bible among them. He talked to Hung about them, and the two friends read them through together, and made up a religion of

their own, partly out of the books, partly out of their own heads; they baptized each other, and then both set to work to get other people to join their religion. They began with their own friends,



NANKIN.

and afterwards gathered together a congregation, which they called "The Society of God-worshippers." Who was it that went, as soon as he had found Jesus himself, to fetch his own brother and bring him to Jesus? ( ).

Let us learn from these two, the heathen and the Christian, to begin to work for God in our own homes, before we look out for work for Him in other places.

At last Hung formed his disciples into an army, and everyone who was discontented came and joined them, till the numbers grew so large that the emperor was obliged to fight them, but he was defeated. You can fancy how proud Hung was then; he proclaimed himself the head of a new kingdom, which he called "The Peaceful Heavenly Kingdom." He said that the Lord Jesus Christ was his brother, and that he often had conversations with God. He and his followers kept a Sabbath in the camp every Saturday and had a service. By-and-bye Hung got possession of Nankin and killed all the Manchus who were in it; then he sent an army against Pekin, but this time he failed. For many years he fought against the emperor, sometimes winning and sometimes losing, but causing trouble everywhere, till at last his followers began to quarrel among themselves. The English helped the Manchus to drive the rebels out of Shanghai; then they took Ningpo, but were driven out again by the English, who went on taking other cities from them, till at last the rebels went to Nankin, and were there besieged by the Chinese, who would let no food go into the city, so the people inside were starved, and at last gave up, after the rebellion had lasted fourteen years. Hung killed himself, as soon as he saw there was no hope.

One great evil that came from this rebellion was, that all the public money had been spent in putting it down, so it left the Government very poor; and another evil consequence was, that the people of China had got used to the idea of rebelling against the emperor, which they had not thought of doing before.

In 1857, the second war with England came to an end, and the emperor soon after died of a broken heart. His son, who succeeded him, was only nine years old, so his mother managed the kingdom for him. He had a very grand wedding, but died a little while

after from small-pox, and his wife starved herself to death in the palace; this was in 1875.

One of the emperor's cousins, a child of four years, named Kwang Lü, succeeded and is still reigning (1884).

THE CHINESE FAMINE.

In 1877 a terrible famine began in China, which lasted several years; it was caused by want of rain, and was made much worse by the difficulty of getting food to the places where the people were starving. The roads in many parts of China are very bad indeed, and at this time the rivers were so low that the ships could not get up them. The famine was worst in the north; in some parts bread was seventeen times dearer than it generally is, so of course the poor people could not buy it.

There were terrible sights to be seen in China then, whole villages and towns full of dead and dying people. Poor, famished old women might be found in the fields, digging out the seeds that had been planted a few weeks before and eating them. There were long rows of little children to be seen in the streets, put up for sale, because their parents could give them nothing to eat. For three years there was hardly any rain, and the famine got worse and worse; whole families killed themselves, because they thought it was better to die quickly all at once, than one at a time so slowly as people die when they have nothing to eat.

The cities were full of starving people, who came in from the country in the hope of finding something to eat. Some people ate cakes made of stone ground to dust, mixed with husks, and then baked; and the living even took to eating those who died, they were so hungry; and if there were any not quite dead, but too weak to help themselves, then they were killed and eaten by the stronger ones; sometimes mothers even boiled their own little boys and girls and ate them.

Then there was a disease called the famine fever, and not only the Chinese, but some of the missionaries who had gone to do what they could to help the starving people, caught it and died.

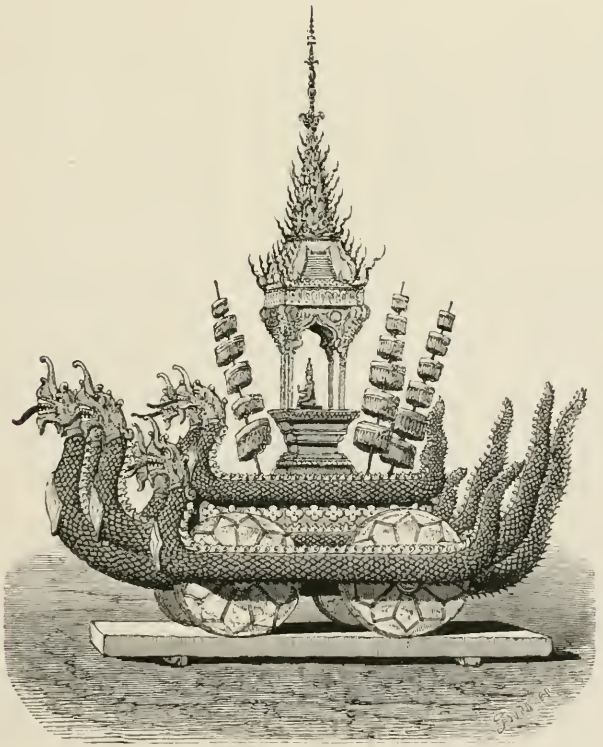
Even when the rain came, things were no better at first, for then there was no seed left to sow; the bullocks and horses had all been killed and eaten, so there were none to plough with, and even the men were too weak to do any work. Women and children were sold a cartload at a time. In one house a missionary found a little boy, the only one left alive of a large family. His father and mother and brothers and sisters had all died of hunger; he himself went out every day to gather the seeds of the wild flowers and weeds, and this was his only food.

The missionaries worked very hard all this terrible time. A great many people in England collected money and sent it out to them, that they might buy food from other places, and feed the starving men, women, and children. Some English ladies went to China too, and opened orphanages where the little children could come and live. They spent all their time in feeding the hungry people, and telling them about our God and our Jesus, and thus many people heard of the true God and believed in Him who would never have known of Him if it had not been for the famine; so God can bring good out of even such a dreadful evil as that.

The present condition of China is not a very happy one. It has become almost a common thing for the people to rebel. The officers sometimes make people pay too much and sometimes bribe them. To get a little money, the emperor allows men to buy office in the Government, so that the rich have a better chance than the poor really, though according to law all have an equal chance of becoming great.

As people from other countries come more and more into China, the Chinese find out that they are mistaken in many of the things they believe; and as Chinamen go into other countries, live

there for some years, and then come home again, having learnt much from other nations, they see how far behindhand their own countrymen are. As they get to be less satisfied with themselves and their country, they become more ready to learn of others, and so the way gets more and more open for the missionaries to teach them of the true God and of His Son Jesus Christ.



CHAPTER III.

ITS GOVERNMENT.

OU will not be surprised to hear that the government of China is quite unlike that of any other country; it is so ancient, and has changed so very little from what it was hundreds and even thousands of years ago, that it must be very strange in some ways.

The government of China is what is called patriarchal, that is, the whole nation is looked upon as a large family, ruled by a father. The emperor is called the Father of the Empire, so any offence against him is punished in the same way as an offence against a father or mother, and when an emperor dies everybody mourns for him just as long and just in the same way as if they had all lost their fathers and mothers. Just as the father is complete master of his children, so the emperor is complete master of his subjects. I will tell you about the emperor first, and then about those who rule under him.

The emperor is treated with the greatest respect. When he goes from one place to another, all the people in the towns through which he passes go into their houses and shut the doors before he comes, because they may not look upon him and live. He has the same honours paid to him as if he were a god, for the Chinese say the emperor worships heaven, and the people worship the emperor. He has a great many titles; one of them is "The Son of Heaven," another "The Ten Thousand Years,"

another "The Celestial Sovereign;" when he writes about himself he calls himself "The Solitary Man," by which he means that he is quite alone in the world, because no one else is anything like so great.

When his subjects come before him they kneel down three times, and knock their heads nine times on the floor; they not only kneel to the emperor, but to everything that belongs to him. There is just one person to whom the emperor himself must bow, just as all other people bow to him, and that is his mother; for, like the people of India, the Chinese are very respectful to their mothers. The emperor has several wives, but only one is called Empress, and she rules over all the others.

The emperor dresses more plainly than all the gentlemen about the court; the reason given for this is, that he is so great already that he cannot be made any greater by wearing fine clothes.

In one of the Chinese books there is a description of the food the emperor is to have set before him every day—"Thirty pounds of meat in a basin, and seven pounds boiled into soup, one and one-third pounds of hog's fat and the same quantity of butter; two sheep, two fowls, and two ducks, the milk of eighty cows, and seventy-five parcels of tea." Then comes a list of what the Empress is to have, and afterwards the allowance for all her servants.

All Chinese officers are called Mandarins by Europeans; there are a great many of them, fifteen principal sets, besides many others not so important, all with their own special work to do, so I cannot tell you about all of them.

Besides those who look after the whole empire, every province has a governor-general, with another governor under him; they have the power of killing any great officers who are not faithful in doing their work, or they can put any of them out of office if they like. The governors have to look after their province

and keep it in order, and there is a treasurer who has to keep all the public money in the province, which is paid in by the magistrate of each district. Out of this money the treasurer pays all the officers and soldiers, and also provides what is needed for all public works that have to be done in the province.

Every province has a judge of its own too, whose business is to examine and punish anyone who commits a crime, but there are other lower judges under him—the prefect, who manages a county (all the provinces are divided into counties), and the district magistrate, who has charge of one of the districts in a county.

Once in every three years the governor-general of each province sends a list of all the officers who are under him, to a company called the Board of Civil Appointments, who appoint men to different offices. In this list he not only puts all the officers' names, but also remarks about them, saying how they have behaved themselves during the three years, and what sort of men they are. They are expected to tell of themselves too if they have done wrong, and to ask to be punished. According to this report all the men are either raised to a higher post or put down to a lower. If there is a disturbance in a province, the governor-general is always punished for it, though he may have had nothing to do with it; so you may be sure he will do his best to keep everything quiet.

There is another set of officers, called Censors, who have rather a strange kind of work to do. There are two presidents, one Manchu, the other Chinese, and forty or fifty members, who are sent about to different parts of the empire as spies, to see whether all the officers are doing their work properly, and whether all the people are in good order.

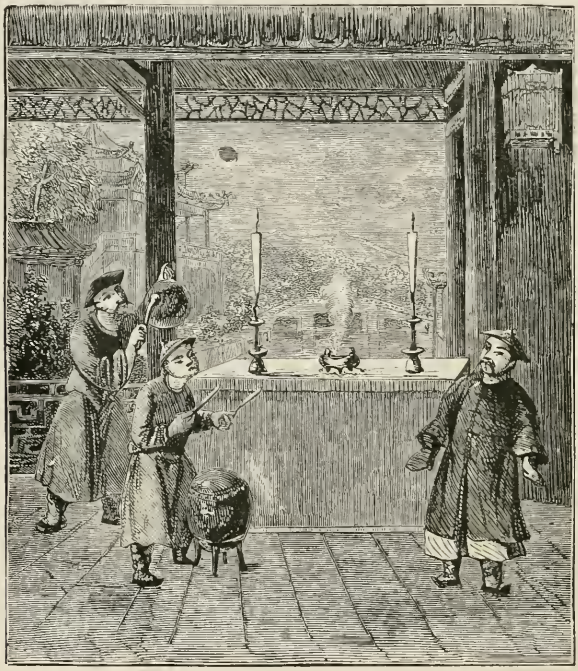
No one is allowed to be a magistrate in the province to which he belongs, nor to have one of his relations under him; this is for fear he should let off his friends if they did wrong, and to

keep him from making particular friends and then favouring them. Every man who holds office under the Government is moved to a fresh place very often.

Besides those who have actually to do with the government of the empire, there are a few persons who have special privileges; among these are the members of the royal family, of which there are two lines: the first is descended from the Manchu Emperor who first conquered China, and the second from his brothers and uncles. None of them have any particular office, nor take any part in the government; their chief use is to add to the grandeur of the emperor by always being about him in such large numbers. They are all obliged to come to the palace at new moon and full moon, and arrange themselves in a certain regular order before daybreak. When the emperor makes his appearance, they all fall down on their faces. They live very idle, useless lives, and are often very troublesome to the emperor, who finds it inconvenient to have so many relations. They are always known by their dress; those belonging to the first line wear girdles and scarves of yellow (the royal colour), those of the second wear a sash and scarf of red. There are separate courts of justice for these royal relations, who must not be tried as if they were common people.

Only the mandarins are allowed to be carried by four bearers, or accompanied by a train of attendants, except at a wedding, when you will see that this rule is not kept. When the people see a mandarin coming, they stand aside with their arms down at their sides and their eyes on the ground. One rather extraordinary duty of the mandarins is to "Save the sun" when it is eclipsed. Before people understood eclipses, the Chinese used to believe, when the sun or moon was eclipsed, that it was being eaten by a great beast, and needed saving; so at the time of an eclipse, the mandarins get some priests to help them to save the sun. They put a censer and two candles on a table, and just as the eclipse is beginning, a mandarin comes into the room, dressed in

his robes of office; he takes some incense-sticks in both his hands and puts them into the censer, then kneels down three times and knocks his head nine times against the floor; after which the priests, making a great noise with gongs and drums, march round the table, singing prayers until the eclipse is over. Of course the



SAVING THE SUN.

sun comes out in time, so they are always able to say they have saved it from the monster. The mandarins have too much sense and learning now to believe this is true, and most, if not all, of them understand quite well what it is that causes an eclipse; but they always go through this form, because it is an old custom.

All civil and military officers wear caps in the shape of a

cone, with a ball at the point, and by these balls people can tell whether an officer is a great one, or somebody not very particular; the balls are different shades of red, blue, or yellow, made of crystal, white stone, or gold, and every ball has a badge belonging to it, a piece of silk embroidery about a foot square with a picture on it; this badge is worn on the breast and on the back of the dress belonging to the office. Any one who has a government post also wears a necklace of large beads, called court beads, reaching down to the waist, and there are different kinds of clasps to go with the different balls.

But you cannot always be quite certain what a man is from his dress, as some people pay a great sum of money in order to be allowed to wear the dress without doing the work. The only good they get by this is that, if they break the laws, they cannot be punished on the spot, nor until they have been made to give up their balls. But those who only wear balls because they have bought leave to do it, even if it is the highest ball of all, may be summoned by the very lowest magistrate, and if they are found guilty may be punished and beaten, besides losing their balls; while those who wear them because they deserve them, can only be punished by one higher than themselves.

Officers in the army are not thought so much of as those who help in the government, because it does not need much learning to know how to fight, and the Chinese think more of learning than of anything else. The only way in which a man can get famous in China, or get a high government office, is by being clever at books, so that the poorest man in the empire may come to be the greatest, next to the emperor, if only he learns enough; therefore you will not be surprised to hear that all the boys work very hard at their lessons, and do their best to become learned men.

The Chinese are not at all good soldiers. One reason of this is, that they so seldom have wars, so they have had very little

practice; and another is that the Manchus are afraid that some day the Chinese will rise up against them and make themselves masters of the country, so they try not to let them be good soldiers. One way in which they do this is by only allowing a Chinese soldier half the pay of a Manchu, so no Chinaman will be a soldier if he can find anything else to do. Chinese swords are very badly made, and their guns are very clumsy, but they are beginning now to use better arms and to fight more like Europeans.

The General of the army must always be a Manchu, but the lower officers may be Chinese. All officers in the army may be beaten, and they very often are, and even the very highest of them are put in the cangue: you do not know yet what that means, but you very soon will. Of late years a few European officers have been admitted into the army.

The Chinese are generally industrious and contented, partly because their laws are sensible, and not so cruel as those of other countries near them. You will like to hear what a Chinaman once said about his country and its laws:—

"I congratulate myself that I was born in China. It constantly occurs to me—What if I had been born beyond the sea, in some remote part of the earth, where the cold freezes and the heat scorches; where the people are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, lie in holes of the earth, are far removed from the good maxims of the ancient kings, and are ignorant of home relations? Though born as one of the generation of men, I should not have been different from a beast. But how happily I have been born in China! I have a house to live in, I have drink and food and commodious furniture, I have clothing and caps, and infinite blessings. Truly, the highest happiness is mine."

I wonder how many of you who read this book have ever thanked God that you were born in a better country even than

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China, a country where the true God is known and loved and worshipped, and where there is nothing to hinder your knowing Him and serving Him. Do not let the Chinese be more grateful for their blessings than you are for yours, which are so much greater, but as you think of the many things which you have and they have not, let gratitude lead you to pray and to work for those who know nothing of the richest gift of all, God's "unspeakable gift" ( ) of His own Son.

CHAPTER IV.

ITS LAWS.

NE reason why the Chinese Empire is so great is, that it is the law that the position of every man must depend on his own learning and talent, not on his having plenty of land or money, or belonging to a great family; so whoever wants to be great must work hard.

You will not be surprised to hear that the laws against treason (that is, saying or doing anything against the emperor) are very strict. When a man tried to kill the emperor, in 1803, he was ordered to be killed as slowly as possible, and his sons, who were all little boys, were strangled.

If anyone who is less than fifteen years old, or more than seventy, commits a crime not great enough to be punished with death, he may buy off his punishment by paying a fine, and it is not allowed to torture people under fifteen or over seventy. You will be glad of that when you hear what Chinese punishments are like.

If a man robs another, and uses a stick or any other weapon to help him in the work, he is punished with death; but if he only steals and does not hurt anyone, he is either beaten or banished. His punishment depends rather on how much he steals. If a man kills another in a quarrel or with a weapon, he is strangled for it; if he did it accidentally, he may buy off his punishment by paying a fine to the relations of the dead man.

A father may do almost anything he likes with his children;

even if he kills one of them on purpose, he is only whipped or banished for a year; and if the child struck him first, he will not be punished at all. But, on the other hand, the respect required from children to their parents is so great, that if a child curses or strikes his father or mother, he is punished by death.

If a man is seen striking another man with his hand or foot, he is punished for it; so, though Chinamen often quarrel, they seldom fight, and may often be seen in the streets jumping about, and abusing and threatening each other, but not thinking of coming to blows.

If a man goes too long without paying his debts, the person to whom he owes money, if he has sent in his bill and not had it paid, sometimes comes and lives in the house of his debtor, and in some cases even brings his whole family with him; and no one will interfere with him, unless there is fighting; so he can get his debt paid by making his debtor feed him. It is considered much more disgraceful to owe money to a foreigner than to a Chinaman.

It is a law in China, that nobody can be punished for a crime until he has confessed it, so if he refuses to do this, he is tortured till he does.

Chinese punishments are not at all like English ones; they are so much more cruel. It is thought a great disgrace for a high officer to be killed by an executioner, so if one of them has offended the emperor, and has to die for it, the emperor will sometimes send him a piece of silk cord, and the man who gets this understands at once that it means he will have to die. If he waits and does nothing after getting the cord, the emperor will send a man to cut his head off, and the officer will have to go into the next world with a broken body; so to avoid this fate, he will strangle himself with the silk cord, as that will not break or cut his body. It is considered a very great honour if the emperor allows a man to kill himself in this way, instead of being killed by another. Among the mandarins the favourite way of committing suicide is

by swallowing gold leaf. Beheading and strangling are the two chief punishments for those who are condemned to die.

Before a man is beheaded, he is carried in a cage through the town where he lives, with the account of his crime written on a slip of paper, which is stuck in his hair. In the cage there is also a pail, ready for his head to be put in when it is cut off.

The most frequent instrument of punishment is the bamboo. When a trial is going on, the judge always has beside him a small tube, full of slips of bamboo wood, and when he passes sentence on the prisoner, he takes out a certain number of these slips, the number depending upon how bad the man has been, and throws them on the floor. The officers who are standing by take up these slips of wood, and give the prisoner four blows with each slip.

Another instrument is the cangue; this is a large board, sometimes weighing as much as a hundred pounds, with a hole in the middle, through which the man's head is put. The board is so large, that he cannot put his hand to his mouth, so he always has to be fed by others. On the board is written in large letters the crime for which the man is being punished; sometimes he will have to wear this board for a month, sometimes for three months; it is locked on during the day and taken off at night. All day the man has to stand at the road-side, in the evening the constable takes him away. He begs his living from the people in the street, unless his friends like to provide for him.

Banishment is a common punishment in China, sometimes only from one part of the country to another, sometimes out of China altogether; sometimes for life, sometimes only for a certain number of years.

Manchus who break the laws are generally beaten with a whip instead of with the bamboo, and are made to wear the cangue instead of being banished.

One of the worst punishments is the bamboo cage, which is just a little taller than the man who is put into it; his head

is put through a board at the top, and he can just manage to touch the bottom with his toes, so he must either stand all the time on the very ends of his toes, or else hang by his neck; one way is about as painful as the other; sometimes the poor man is not allowed to come out of his cage at all, but is stood in the street and left to die of hunger.

Beating the cheeks or back is another cruel punishment. The man is made to kneel down, and an officer comes to him and seizes him by the hair with one hand, while with the other hand he gives him the number of blows ordered by the mandarin, with a piece of leather about a foot long and two or three inches wide, on his cheeks. If it is the back that has to be beaten, he is laid on the ground on his face, and his back is beaten with a strip of bamboo; if the bamboo is five feet long and two inches wide, he gets forty strokes, but if it is three feet long and one inch wide, he may have any number the mandarin likes to order. Even with the long bamboo the poor man often gets more than the forty strokes, but if he is rich enough he will bribe the officer to beat him lightly. Do you remember who it was who five times was beaten with thirty-nine strokes for the sake of the Lord Jesus? ( )

If a man refuses to confess the crime he is accused of, squeezing the fingers is a means that is often tried to make him do it. The man is made to kneel down, and is tied by his hair to a post. Then a little instrument made of rods is fastened to each of his hands in such a way that one of the rods comes between every two fingers, and the man who is using it, by pulling a cord fastened to the rods, squeezes the fingers between them. The harder the cord is pulled, the more tightly the fingers are squeezed; the pain is so dreadful that the man always says whatever he is wanted to say before very long.

Sometimes a man is hung by one arm over a pole, raised several feet from the ground. His other arm is passed under

his legs, and then his two hands are tied together by the thumbs, just under his knees. No part of his body is allowed to touch the floor, so all his weight will hang on his one arm-pit. If you are a boy, you had better get two people to hold a big stick for you, and you try to hang on it as I have described: you will understand better then what it is like. If you are a girl, then get your brothers to try, and you watch them.

Smoking the head is another punishment. This is done by holding a tub upside down over a man's head and burning incense under it, so that all the smoke goes into the tub and suffocates him.

One of the most horrible punishments of all is to make a man wear a shirt of iron netting, to which a cord is fastened; as the cord is pulled, the shirt fits tighter and tighter, and little bits of flesh come through the holes of the wire. Then some one passes a sharp knife all over the outside of the netting, and so cuts off the little bits of flesh all over the man's body.

There is a whip used in some parts of China, which has at the ends of the lashes five sharp hooks, which stick into the body of the person who is being whipped.

Sometimes when a man is going to be beaten with a whip or a bamboo, instead of letting him kneel on the floor, he is made to kneel on broken bits of china or glass, or on chains, and sometimes is made to stay there till he has had several hundred blows.

Prisoners are treated very severely in China, and are often kept in prison a very long time. Each prisoner is kept by himself, and is never allowed to see any of the others. The people call going to prison "going to hell." The prisoners are often terribly tortured; the gaolors can treat them just as they like, and very often torture them till they promise them money if they will let them alone.

It must be Satan who puts such cruel ideas into people's heads; and the best way of putting a stop to it must be to tell the Chinese more about Him who came into the world on purpose "that He might destroy the works of the devil" ( ).

CHAPTER V.

ITS POPULATION.

OW many people does your geography say there are in China? ( ) That is more than there are in India, though the country is not so large.

You will understand a little better how many people there are in China, when I tell you that if you were to stand still, and all the people in China were to walk past you in a long line, one person in every second, it would take thirteen years for them all to get past. You would be rather tired of standing and looking by that time, wouldn't you? And if all the people in the world were to walk past you, one by one, every third person would be Chinese, so that a third part of all the people in the world are Chinese. There are as many people in China as there are in all Europe, and North and South America besides. If all the Chinese were put in a row, they would reach all the way to the moon, or go round the world three times at the equator. We get this account of the number of people in China from the census which the Chinese government has made, but some people think there are really more; at any rate there are quite as many. I expect the number is really very much what the census says, for the government is very particular about taking it correctly. Every district has its own officer, every street its own constable, every ten houses have what is called a "tithing man," and every family is obliged to have a board hanging up in the house, on which are written the names of all who live in it,

men, women, and children; so it does not seem as if the census could be very far wrong; but some people say that many names are not written on the board, but are kept back on purpose.

China is much more thickly peopled in some parts than in others; so while in some provinces the people are very close together indeed, in the province of Yunnan, which is larger than Great Britain, there are only a few more people than there are in London.

The population of China has not increased much lately. There are several reasons for this. A great many people have been drowned in floods, and many millions died in the famine you read about. Then a great many were killed in the Tai-ping Rebellion, when whole cities were sometimes left empty: in one city alone 700,000 men were either killed or else died from disease. And another very sad reason why the population does not increase very fast is, that many mothers kill their own little girls and throw them away; so you may be very glad that you are not a Chinese little girl.

There are a great many people in China who do not live in houses at all; nor in towns, nor villages, nor out in the country, but on the canals and rivers in boats, whole families of men, women, and children. There are a thousand families living on the rivers near Canton, in little boats called egg-houses. The men and women row the boats; the children have gourds fastened to them to keep them from sinking if they should fall over the sides of the boats into the river. A gourd is a very large fruit, that floats on the water like cork.

But all the people in China are not Chinese or Manchus. Besides these two great nations, there are several other races. One of these is the Shans, who live in the west and south of the province of Yunnan. They are most likely some of the aborigines of China. What are aborigines? ( ) and were driven to their present home by the Chinese; they live

among the mountains, and sometimes pay visits to the plains to sell the things they have grown or made or found in their own country—capsicums, arsenic, paper, rough rubies and amethysts, and cattle very much like Alderney cows. Most of the Shans belong to the Buddhist religion, but a few have become Christians. Some American missionaries have worked amongst them, and parts of the Bible have been translated into their language.

Then there are the Lolos, also aborigines of China. They live in Si-chuen and Yunnan, and complain that the Chinese have stolen their country. Some of the Chinese call the Lolos "wild men," but really they are nearly as civilized as the Chinese themselves. The men are tall and thin, and very timid. They have not many bad habits, but one very bad one is that all the men and women drink a good deal of wine. When they come to the Chinese towns to do their buying and selling, they always carry their wine bottles with them. They are very fond of tobacco, but seldom smoke opium, as the Chinese do.

The Lolo women are very handsome, and much sharper than the men; they do all the marketing, and a great deal of the outdoor work. Most of the men have shaved their heads, thus showing that the Manchus have conquered them, but very few of them allow their pigtails to be seen. Many of them never comb their hair at all; some of them make it into about twenty plaits instead of one, and all the plaits are matted together with grease and dirt; then they are twisted into a knob on the front of the head, and a long, narrow strip of calico is bound round their heads and round the knob, to keep it in its place.

The Lolos who are pretty well off, keep themselves clean, but the poor are very dirty, especially the men. The Lolo language is quite different to the Chinese, but a great many Lolos can speak Chinese as well as their own language.

The Lolo women wear dresses with frills round the bottom, much more like English dresses than Chinese, and they are very

fond of jewels; the men adorn themselves with ear-rings made of beads threaded on cotton. In warm weather their clothes are made of cotton, in winter of felt. They are very good-tempered and cheerful, though their houses are not at all nice, being very low and smoky. Their chief employment is rearing cows, sheep, and horses, and cultivating wheat, oats, maize, beans, and potatoes.

The Hakka are another tribe who live near Canton, but speak a language that the Canton people cannot understand. They are very poor but industrious. When they first came into Kwang-tung they used to till the waste lands, and were hired as servants by the people who were there before them; but they have gradually increased in numbers and strength, till now they possess some of the finest districts in the province.

The race who lived in Kwang-tung before these other tribes came are called the Punti. They are much more polished than the tribes who have come since, but they are very deceitful and cannot be trusted at all. They are very proud of being such an old race, and of their language, which they say is the oldest form of Chinese, the same that was spoken in the time of the Emperor Yu.

The Hoklo are a tribe who live in Fukien, and speak a dialect which none of the tribes near them understand at all; they live chiefly on the coast and along the sides of the rivers; they are very fierce and unmanageable. In looks they are more like the Chinese than any of the other tribes I have told you of; their skin is nearly the same colour, being of a fair yellowish tint; they are like the Chinese too in having brown eyes, not quite straight, and in their hair, which is coarse, glossy, and straight. The Hakka and the Punti have much darker skins.

All these small tribes get to be more and more like the Chinese in their character; wherever Chinamen are found, these small races copy them in their manners and customs and religion.

In the Island of Hainan (Which province does that belong

to?) is a tribe called the Li. They live in the mountains of Hainan, while the Chinese live in the plains. Very little is known about them; they seem to be something like the mountain races that live in the north-west of India.

The Miau Tribes,

or Miautsi, as they are often called, must have a long piece of this chapter to themselves, because there are so many of them—seventy-two different tribes. They are scattered over the mountains in the provinces of Kwang-tung, Kiang-si, and Kwei-chau. They speak several different dialects and have different customs, different governments, and different ways of dressing. Their language is not the least like Chinese, but is something like Burmese. Where is Burmah? ( ).

The Miautsi are quite ready to live at peace with the people in the valleys, so long as they are left alone; but if anyone wants to come into their mountains they fight very hard to keep them out. For a long time the Chinese treated them very badly, so they came down from the mountains in great bodies and burnt many of the Chinese cities, wasting all the country as they went. Then the Chinese fought against them, and partly conquered them, and carried away boat-loads of their men, women, and children, and sold them for slaves. Some of the tribes were made to wear the Chinese dress and to shave their heads, but some of them have not done this, and have not been conquered by the Chinese.

Those who do not wear the Chinese dress have loose garments of cotton or linen. Some of them are called the black Miautsi, because they wear clothes all of a dark colour; their women wear a tight-fitting black jacket, very much like an English lady might wear, over a short skirt with many folds; a long strip of dark calico is bound round their ankles and another long piece

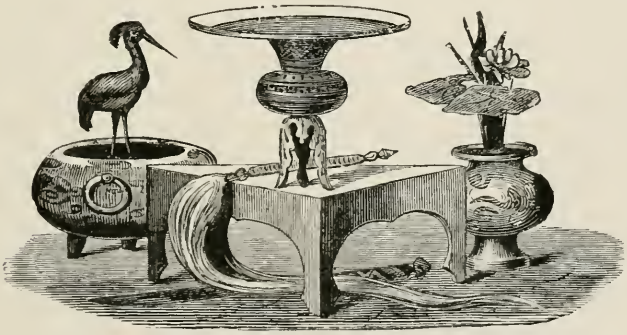
round their heads, besides pieces of embroidery round their elbows and wrists. Some of the tribes have a narrow stripe of red on the dark calico; others have a white band on the edge of the skirt and a kind of ornamental purse in the front of the waist. Their clothes are either made by themselves, or got from the people who live in the plains in return for metals or grain.

Some of the Miautsi live in tents made of the boughs of trees, others in mud huts. Their dwellings are generally hidden away among trees, in places where it is very difficult to get to them. In this they are very different to the Chinese, who like to live as close as possible to the road-side. They cultivate the ground in a very rough way.

Their only religious worship is a sacrifice of an ox, or a tiger, or a dog; sometimes offered up to the founder of their race, sometimes sacrificed in the hope that they will as a reward escape sickness and death, and sometimes to persuade the gods who manage the weather to send them the kind they want. Most of them do not worship images, but they know nothing of the true God, and have never heard of the Lord Jesus; those who have copied the Chinese dress and habits have also copied the religion of the Chinese.

The Miautsi are healthier and more active than the Chinese, very likely because they have nothing to do with opium. The Chinese always speak against the Miautsi, calling them dog-men and wolf-men, and have made strangers think worse of them than they deserve. They are very shy, and do not mix with the Chinese more than they can help. Only a few of them can speak Chinese at all, and even *they* do not know many words. They have no written language, so they cannot have any books, until some of the missionaries make a language for them and write the books. Both the men and women work very hard and mix with each other; a Miau woman does not go out of the room if a male visitor comes in, as a Chinese woman does.

Very, very few of the poor Miautsi have ever had the opportunity of hearing of the Lord Jesus Christ. There are no missionaries living amongst them, and though a few who are at work among the Chinese have been to see them, they could do but very little for them, as they did not know their language, and so could only speak to them through someone who knew Chinese and the Miau language too; and as there is no written language, they could not even give them Bibles and tracts; they could only pity them and pray for them, and *you* can do that, can't you? Ask God to send someone to teach them, and to make some one loving enough and clever enough to make a language for them, and to get some parts at least of the Bible put into it.



CHAPTER VI.

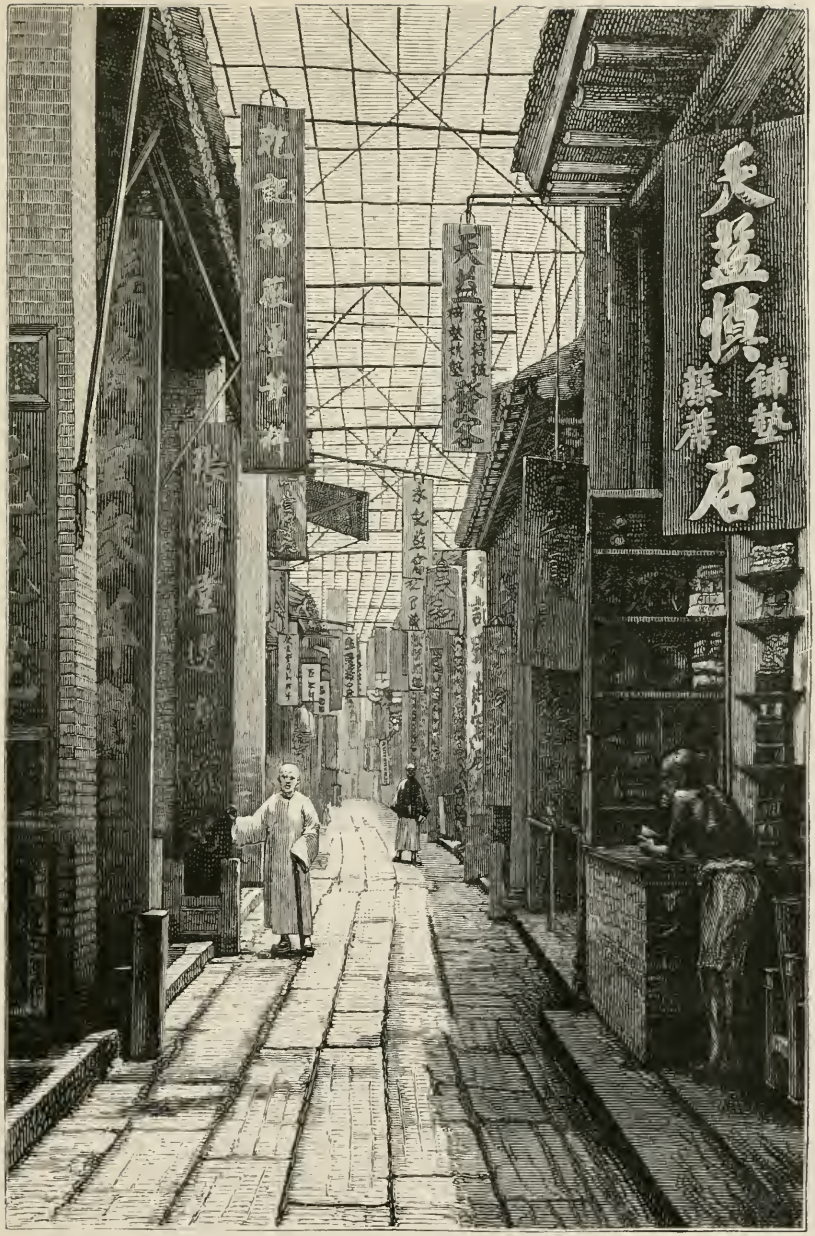
ITS TOWNS.

HERE are a great many cities in China—1460, not reckoning towns—as you would guess from its being so large and so old.

All the principal cities and towns are surrounded by high walls, made of blue bricks, which make them look very strange to English people. These walls are from twenty to sixty feet high, with several gates in them for people to go in and out of the town; they are very strong too, and so thick that in time of war the troops move about on the top without any fear of their falling off. The gates of towns are shut every night soon after it gets dark. At the end of every principal street there is a strong barrier of timber, which is shut at the same time, to keep people from going in and out; no one is allowed to pass unless he can give a very good reason for it.

Sometimes there are houses built on the walls. What woman do we read of in the Bible who lived in a house on a city wall? ( ). Most likely these walls were built long ago, to keep out enemies, but now you will often find quite a little town outside the walls, and wide pieces of ground inside them, where nobody is living. There are about 8,000 miles of wall altogether in China.

After the Manchus had conquered China, every large city had a little Manchu army sent to keep it, and a separate part of the city was appointed for them to live in. In many places these parts



A STREET IN CANTON.

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passed again into the hands of the Chinese, in others the Manchus still keep them.

As canals and rivers are so much used, you will expect to hear that there are a great many bridges, and so there are; some of them have shops all along both sides, with only a narrow foot-path down the middle for people to walk on.

There are very few public gardens or parks to be seen in China. The Chinese say such things are only fit for learned people, so they make gardens for themselves but not for the public. We do not say that in England, do we? Instead of that, we make public gardens or parks in nearly all our large towns, where the people who have been working hard all day can go and walk in the evening, and I don't think they would say they do not care for such things.

In Pekin and Nankin there are some very wide streets; the chief streets in Pekin are one hundred feet wide, but in most of the cities and towns the streets are very narrow. The houses have very broad eaves, so that those on one side of the road nearly touch those on the other side, and a Chinese city seen from a little distance looks like a huge mass of houses and nothing else.

People who want to see the sky, and get a breath of fresh air, go on to the tops of the houses, which are generally ornamented with rows of flowers in pots, and have an ornamental railing all round them. On the roofs there are also a great many jars filled with water to be ready in case of a fire, for as the houses are made chiefly of wood, and are so very close together, there often *is* a fire. Every now and then in a Chinese street there is a high stone wall between two houses; this is called a fire-wall, and is put there so that if a house should catch fire, all the other houses would not be burnt too, as the wall would keep the fire from spreading.

The houses in Chinese cities are nearly all of the same height, except that here and there there is a temple or a government

house, a little higher than the rest, and in the southern provinces there are a great many pawnbrokers' shops, which are built with high square towers. In most cities there are large pieces of tilled land, which might be used for building, and then the other parts would not be so crowded; but the Chinese like to squeeze into as little room and live as close together as they possibly can, they think it more sociable and better for trade.

GENTLEMAN'S SEDAN.

Chinese streets are not only very narrow, but very dirty; the hardest-working scavengers are the dogs and pigs, who run about and find what they can to eat. There are very bad drains too, and therefore very bad smells, which cannot always get out, as the streets are sometimes shut in by matting at the top, to keep out the hot sun; it is partly for this purpose that they are made so narrow. In spite of this, however, Chinese merchants and tradespeople are generally healthy and live long.

Horses are very seldom used for carrying things in Chinese towns; if they were, the streets would have to be wider to make room for them to pass each other. Most of the carrying is done by men called coolies. If the load is light, one coolie will carry it; he has a bamboo stick on his shoulder, and half the goods are hung at each end, just as you have seen a milkman carry his two pails of milk. If the load is a heavy one, then there will be two coolies, with a stick between them, and the burden fastened to the middle of it. These coolies trot along all the way as fast as they can go, shouting as they run for people to get out of the way, so a Chinese street is sometimes rather noisy.

In Pekin and other towns in the north of China there are carts drawn by horses, mules, and donkeys, and sometimes loads are carried by dromedaries.

People as well as things are carried by coolies. The carriages have a long shaft at each side, which rests on the shoulders of the men. Most people are only allowed two coolies to carry them, but mandarins may have four or sometimes eight, while the emperor is carried by sixteen, eight behind and eight in front.

The streets are generally paved with long stones, which are always dirty, as there are no proper drains, but only a rude, covered gutter in the largest streets. In some cities and towns there are rows of jars sunk by the side of the streets, each with a wooden shed over it, open towards the road, in which people may put their rubbish; when one of these is full, the scavenger comes and empties it; if there is a canal near, he puts the contents of the jars into a boat and sends it into the country for manure.

The names of the streets are not written on the houses as they are in England, but on gates at each end.

The shops have a ground-floor and an upper story. The upper story is where the people live, the ground floor is all taken up with the shop itself, which has no windows, but is quite open

in front. The shops are separated from each other by brick walls; at the foot of the walls, close to the pavement, are little niches, in which are placed offerings to the god of the trade, whatever it may be, that is carried on there; for every trade has a god of its own. On these walls are also placed sign-boards, painted in brilliant colours, generally red, yellow, or blue, containing not the name of the man who lives there, but the name of the shop, such as "The House of Eternal Happiness." Then there will be a great many smaller boards, containing lists of the things sold in the shop.

In the markets there is a great deal of cheating. For instance, if a man has some fish to sell, and waits all the morning without anyone buying it, he will stuff something down its throat to make it weigh more; or if he has a fish which is flabby, and not good enough to tempt anyone to buy it, he will put a reed down its throat and blow till the fish looks and feels like a good one. But the Chinese do not very often cheat each other; they keep it generally for foreigners, and think it is quite fair to get all they can out of them. I am sorry to say the reason they give is, that foreigners have done them a great deal of harm, and there is a good deal of truth in this.

In the grandest doctors' shops there are generally to be seen some tablets, given to the doctor by patients whom he has cured, saying how very clever he is. The rest of the things in these shops will be very funny, but I will tell you about them when we come to talk about medicine and doctors.

A great deal of the business in China is done by people who, instead of having shops of their own, wander about from place to place and sell as they go. Men of all sorts of trades do this—fruiterers, pastry-cooks, blacksmiths, tinkers, shoemakers, and even bankers, chemists, and booksellers.

The best streets are those in which the bankers, silk-merchants, and tea-merchants do their business. The inside rooms are very high because there is no upper story, as these are only the business

MERCHANTS.

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houses, where nobody lives. The rooms next the street, the offices, are floored with stone or red tiles; after going through them, you come to courts and warehouses, where the packing is done if it is a merchant's house; the Chinese are very good packers.

You would wonder very much where the bankers and merchants live, and you would find it very difficult to discover their homes, for each gentleman's house has such a high wall round it, that it cannot be seen at all, unless it is from the top of a hill, for Chinese gentlemen like to shut themselves in where nobody can see them. A Chinese lady rarely sees anything or anybody outside this high wall; what there is inside you will know by-and-bye.

CHAPTER VII.

ITS VILLAGES.

HERE are so many of them that in some parts of the country, if you were to walk to the top of a hill, you would be able to count fifty or sixty.

On the Ta Hiong tableland there are four hundred villages, each inhabited by one clan. Some of these clans are made up of two hundred or three hundred families, all having the same surname. How confusing it must be! Fancy, if you lived in a village where there were three hundred people all named Johnson! You will be glad to know that there are some missionaries at work on this tableland.

Most of the village cottages are made of bamboo and mud; only the walls of the temples and the house of the head man of the village are made of brick. The framework of the huts is made of thick stems of bamboo, either twisted together or tied with hemp, as this is found cheaper and stronger than doing it with nails. The walls are made next, of small branches or thin lathes of bamboo, fastened together and fixed to the frame-work, and then a coating of mud is put over this. In the northern provinces the wood of pine and the stems of millet are used, as bamboos are not so plentiful there as in the south.

The wind and rain are kept out of the huts by thatching the roofs and walls with rice straw or bamboo leaves, which you remember are waterproof.

Nearly all the working men and women of China live in these

A MINING VILLAGE IN HUNAN.

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huts. The villagers are very kind to one another, and always ready to welcome strangers and do anything they can for them, so missionaries can generally do as much work among villagers as they have time and strength for. The country people of China are just the same to-day as they were three thousand years ago; believing just the same as their ancestors did then, and living just the same as they did too. They look upon the head man of the village as their father, and are always willing to do as he tells them. The Manchus found this out, so instead of sending Manchu rulers to look after the people in the villages, they left it to these head men to keep them in order; the Manchu governor of one city often has a thousand villages under him, each with its own head man.

The villagers are always happy and contented, unless there is a flood or a famine. All village men more than seventy years old are called elders; they may invite themselves to any feast that is going on in their village, and are always treated with the greatest respect.

The village women work in the fields when they are young, and give advice to the younger ones when they get old.

In the south of China there are often quarrels between different village clans, and sometimes even wars. If any prisoners are taken, they are treated very cruelly; sometimes their wrists and ankles are bound together, and then the rope by which they are tied is tossed over a high branch, and the prisoner is dragged up and down. If a man belonging to one tribe is killed by a man of another tribe, the friends of the dead man will watch for the murderer; and when they have caught him they will avenge the death of their friend by cutting and tormenting his enemy, but refusing to kill him. They know nothing of a religion which tells us to love our enemies and to do good to those that hate us ( ), and they have never heard of Him who "when He suffered, threatened not" ( ), and gave His life for those

who were His enemies, praying for them with His last breath ( ). *You* know all about that, but have you begun yet to follow the example of Jesus, by being kind to those who are unkind to you, and doing all you can to help those who hurt you? Not unless you have made friends with the Lord Jesus, I am sure, for it is only when He lives in our hearts that we are able to imitate Him.

A warfare between two tribes will often be carried on for months together without a real battle. Sometimes the men of other villages will try to make peace, but it generally happens that, instead of doing this, those who meant to be peacemakers join in the quarrel, by taking one side or another. When at last the tribes go to war, they do not generally fight themselves, but each side hires a number of men, who make it their business to take up these village quarrels and fight them out. If there are no village contests going on, these men spend their time in going from one village to another robbing the people; the government does not interfere, unless one of the villages does not pay its taxes, and even then it seldom makes war upon these fighting robbers, but bribes them not to interfere with the tax-gathering; for it sometimes happens, that instead of robbing the villagers, the thieves wait till the taxes have all been paid, and then rob the collector, so saving themselves a good deal of time and trouble.

PART II.

THE CELESTIALS.

CHAPTER I.

THEIR CHARACTER.

OST English people who have visited China, and traded with the Chinese, give them a very bad character, much worse than they deserve. I expect the reason of this is partly that most English people only see the Chinese who live at the ports and large towns, who are certainly not the nicest specimens, and partly because they judge of the Chinese by the way in which they treat *them*, which is hardly fair; because, as I have told you already, a Chinaman would not think of treating one of his own countrymen as he would treat a foreigner. I think your opinion will be the same as mine, that, taken altogether, the Chinese are as good as you could expect people to be, who know nothing of the true God and of the Lord Jesus Christ; and in some things they are better than many of those who have the true religion in their heads, but not in their hearts, and who have never learned to practise it in their lives.

To foreigners the Chinese are often very haughty and insolent; the reason of this is, that they are so much more civilized than all the nations round them, that they have learned to think themselves better than anyone else. They are always looking out for opportunities to cheat foreigners, though if they find that the foreigners are too sharp for them, they are not at all angry, but only amused.

A Chinese boatman was once taking a missionary somewhere,

and when they came to their journey's end, he asked eight shillings for his fare, instead of a penny farthing, which was the proper sum. The missionary was sure this was not right, and refused to pay so much, saying that the other passengers had only paid a penny farthing, and he did not see why he should pay more, as he was no heavier than they were. The boatman thought he was going to be very clever, and answered, "No, perhaps not, but you are taller than the rest; you take up more room overhead." But the missionary was a sharp man too, and said, "That is true, but the air overhead does not belong to you, so why should I pay you for it?" Then all the passengers, who were Chinese, began to laugh, and said "the foreign child" understood reason, and the boatman, seeing he was getting the worst of it, made it up by saying he would take twopence halfpenny this time, and a penny farthing every other time the missionary wanted him.

The Chinese have many good qualities; they are gentle and peaceable, obedient to their rulers, very industrious, and always respectful to old people. But they have bad qualities too; you can never tell how far they mean what they say, for they are just as ready to tell lies as to speak the truth; they are jealous, and apt to think the worst of people, rather than the best, never trusting anyone very much, foreigners least of all. They are among the best-tempered people in the world, nearly always cheerful, however poor and hard-worked they may be, and are never ashamed of being poor, as English people sometimes are. The two things most respected in China are high position, if a man has gained it because he deserved it, and old age.

As you have seen already, they are very devoted to their country, and think there is no other like it; they have a great love, too, for the town or village in which they are born. Often when a Chinaman has been raised to a post of great honour, he will leave it after a little time, so that he may go back to live in his own village; and when Chinamen go away to live in foreign countries,

as they are beginning to do now in large numbers, they always come back to China, as soon as they have earned enough to live on comfortably, for they have a saying, "If he who attains to honour and wealth never returns to his native place, he is like a finely-dressed person walking in the dark;" by which they mean that, as fine clothes are of no use if they cannot be seen, so riches and honour are of no use out of China, because they cannot be enjoyed.

We who believe in Jesus Christ have other thoughts about riches, for He has told us that money will do us no good anywhere, unless we are "rich towards God;" ( ) that is, unless we have a treasure that we can never lose, and that we can enjoy anywhere, even Jesus Himself. If we have Him, we are rich; and if we are without Him, we are very poor, however much money we may have. Can you say "Jesus is mine"? If not, will you go to God and thank Him that He has given Jesus for you ( ), and then take His gift? for He wants you to have it, and you will have every good thing after that, for all good is in Jesus for those who have Him.

The Chinese are very clever in many ways; they found out how to do several things hundreds of years before the Europeans, and even now they make things which foreigners are astonished at, and have never been able to imitate. Printing, gunpowder, and the magnetic compass were all known in China long before anyone else had discovered them. Printing was practised by the Chinese nine hundred years after Christ, that was five hundred years before anything was printed in England. The first Chinese printing was done with stone blocks, the letters being white on a black ground; then later they began to use wooden blocks, on which the characters were cut in relief, that is, raised above the ground-work, and the page was made white and the letters black.

There are wonderful things carved in China out of wood and ivory. Perhaps the most wonderful are the sets of ivory balls, sometimes as many as eight or nine, one inside the other. When

Europeans first saw them they thought the inside one must have been made first, and then the outer ones made in two pieces and fastened together so well that no crack could be seen; but really they are all made out of one piece, one inside the other, with a sharp, crooked instrument, which is put in through little holes in the outside; the inside ball, that is the smallest of all, is made first, and then those further out, one by one, till all are finished without a join or a crack.

There is another thing that they make, almost if not quite as clever as this—tiny snuff-bottles of agate or crystal, about two inches long; the opening in the neck is not more than a quarter of an inch across, yet they manage to write inside the bottle in tiny letters, so that it can be read quite easily from the outside; isn't that clever?

The Chinese are very inquisitive, and often ask the missionaries a great many funny questions. I will tell you part of a conversation that took place once in a Chinese hotel, between a Chinaman and an English missionary.

Chinaman: "Is your emperor a woman?"

Missionary: "Yes."

C.: "A woman?"

M.: "Yes, a woman."

C.: "Are there mandarin women too?"

M.: "No."

C.: "If the emperor is a woman, why should not the mandarins be women?"

M.: "That is not good reasoning."

Then there came a string of questions from the Chinaman: these are only some of them—

"What is your coat made of?"

"What is the price of a coat in your country?"

"Are the women greater than the men at your side of the world?"

"Do the men marry the women, or the women the men?"

"Are boys born with whiskers in England?"

"What is the reason that your brother's hair is red and your own a different colour?"

Another man asked the missionary why he shut his eyes and said some words before he ate his food. The missionary told him of Jesus, and of all that He has told us about our Father in heaven; how it is He who gives us our food, and therefore before we eat it we must thank Him for it. Then the man asked, "Does your Heavenly Father give rice and clothes?" and the answer was, "Yes, He gives us every blessing we have."

"How are we to get them from Him?"

"By asking."

"But can He hear? Can He see? Where does He live?" All these questions the missionary answered, telling the Chinese that though we cannot see God, yet He can always see us, and that caused another question to be asked—

"If we cannot see, then how can we be sure?" The missionaries often need a great deal of wisdom to be able to answer all the questions that are put to them in China. One thing that is often said to them is—"The world cannot possibly be round;" and when they say "Why not?" the Chinamen answer, "Because, if it were, those standing on the other side would drop off." Because of the curiosity of the Chinese, a foreigner can hardly ever be alone, wherever he goes, especially in those parts of China where people from other countries have seldom been; even if he goes to his bedroom, a crowd of Chinese go after him, to see what he does, how he eats, what he looks like, what his clothes are made of, and a great many other things.

One very good thing about the Chinese is, that they are so steadfast and faithful, not at all inclined to change. So when once a Chinaman becomes a Christian, he is almost sure to be true to Christ, whatever may happen. He will be persecuted and

tormented, but it will make no difference; he will not be persuaded to give up the true religion and come back to the false. They are very ready to give too, and do all they can to support missionary work themselves.

Another thing in the Chinese character which helps the missionaries very much is, that they are very easy-going; they will never take the trouble to stop a missionary who is preaching, and will generally listen to him. They are always ready to talk to anyone too, so that it is easy to have long conversations with them on the road, when the missionaries are going from one place to another.

I am sorry to say that, as in India, so in China, the best people are to be found far away from the sea-coast, because it is there that they have seen least of Europeans; and as most of the Europeans who go to China are not Christian men, they have made the Chinese who mix with them worse instead of better.

The Chinese are very proud and self-satisfied; they have no wish to be any better than they are in anything, because they think they are quite good enough already, so as you would expect they do not improve at all. English boys and girls who think they do everything perfectly, do not get on very fast, do they? So the Chinese are almost the same now in everything as they were five thousand years ago. Although they knew how to print so very long before we knew here in England, yet our books now are much better than theirs, because we improve every year, while they stay just as they were and are content to stay there. That reminds me of a text which says, "Let us leave the first principles (that is, the beginning) of Christ, and let us go on to perfection;" where is it? ( ). If you are a little boy or girl who has come to Jesus, and been saved by Him, do not think that is all that needs to be done for you. He wants you to "grow in grace" ( ), to get more and more like Him. He wants, not just to forgive your sins, but to keep you from sinning and to use

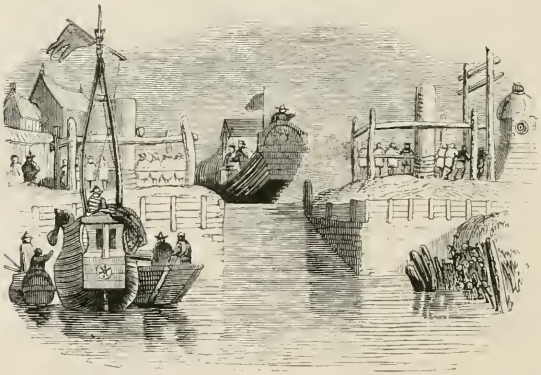
you to do His work. Will you ask Him to do all this for you constantly, and expect Him to do it?

Though the Chinese are often rude to foreigners, they are always polite to one another; and it is not very easy to be polite in China, there are so many rules to be learned about what is polite and what is not. One rule is, that in speaking to anyone, you must always call him and everything belonging to him by the grandest names you can think of, and yourself and everything belonging to you by the poorest names. So if you wanted to ask a Chinaman where he lived, even if he was a very poor man, you would say to him, "Where is your honourable mansion?" And he in reply would say, "My mean hut is in such a place;" and even if he were a great mandarin, and really lived in a mansion, he would still call it his mean hut. If you wanted to ask anyone how old he was, you would say, "What is your honourable age?" And the answer would be, "My worthless number is fourteen," or whatever it might be. Or if you said to a gentleman, "Is your honourable wife well?" he would say, "The mean person of the inner apartment is in good health."

But with foreigners all this is quite changed; the Chinese generally speak of them as "foreign devils," or "foreign children;" and at a party, though they would always offer the best place to another Chinaman, they would take it themselves rather than offer it to a foreigner. In some parts of China these things are beginning to change, especially where the missionaries have been working longest; they often have the best seats given to them now.

Some English children, I know, and grown people too, are always very kind and polite to strangers and visitors, but are sometimes cross and not quite polite to their friends, especially their own brothers and sisters. I think we may learn from the Chinese to be polite at home, and ready to give up the most comfortable seat, and the nicest books, and the prettiest toys to

other people; and instead of making ourselves miserable by it, we shall be happier than the people who get the best of everything, for the Lord Jesus Himself said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" ( ); and nobody ever gave so much as He did, so He must know better than anyone else how blessed it is to be always giving.



CHAPTER II.

THEIR LOOKS.

NE very funny thing about the Chinese is, that they all look alike, or very nearly alike, you would say. In England some people are tall and some short, some have black hair, some brown, some golden, some auburn, and some red; some have curly hair, some wavy, and some straight; their lips are sometimes thick and sometimes thin, their noses are of different shapes, and their eyes of different colours. But in China all the people are what we should call of the middle height, neither tall nor short, though they are taller in the north than in the south. They all have straight, shining black hair, and small dark eyes, rather thin lips, flat noses, and small hands and feet, at least, smaller than those of Europeans; so now you understand why the Chinaman was surprised that the missionary's hair was not the same colour as his brother's. The Chinese do not admire large eyes at all, and do not think people with blue eyes can see as well as those with black.

The faces of the people in China are very dark, much darker than the rest of their bodies; this is because the sun is so hot; the ladies, who live indoors, have almost white faces. The Chinese are often very nice looking when they are young, but as they grow older their faces get less round, and their cheek-bones show more and more; the old people are often very ugly indeed, even though they may have been handsome when they were young.

The Chinese idea of good looks is, that women, to be good-looking, ought to be slender and weak, men stout and strong.

There are some very silly customs in China, which make people look ugly, we should think, but there they are thought nice. Both gentlemen and ladies let the nails of their left hands grow till they are as long as birds' claws, sometimes five inches long; in some parts only the gentlemen do this. Of course the poor people cannot easily do it, as they would break their nails if they tried to work; so when anyone has these long nails, it is a sign that they have no hard work to do, and that is why those who have them are so proud of them. What a silly thing to be proud of, isn't it? Even the poor people try to keep a long nail on their little finger, though they cannot manage to keep all the five long. Sometimes these nails are so long that they are in great danger of getting knocked off or broken by accident, even when no work is being done; so their owners are obliged to tie two little bits of bamboo wood to each finger, one at each side, to keep the nails safe.

There is another custom more foolish than this, because it not only hinders people from working, but hurts them very much, besides which the long nails could be cut off, if the person to whom they belonged became wise enough to see the folly of them; but this other custom, when once it has been begun, is very difficult to give up. It is only practised by the women, not by the men.

Did you ever see a Chinese lady's shoe? I remember seeing one when I was a little girl; and when I was told that it had been worn by a grown-up lady, though it looked to me only large enough for a big doll, I wondered very much how a lady's foot could ever be made small enough to get into such a shoe. It was not till I was grown-up myself that I found out all about it, and it was so very interesting to me that I think, whether you

have seen Chinese shoes or not, you will like to know something about the tiny feet that go into them.

In case you have not seen one, I had better tell you first of all, that the proper length for a grand lady's shoe is from two to three inches, and they are very narrow too.

In some parts of China all the women have these wonderfully small feet, in other parts only the richer ones. In some places one girl in a family has little feet, just to keep up respectability, while all the others have large feet, so that they can do the hard work. You can quite understand that a woman with feet the size of a doll's could not walk far, nor work in the fields, without getting very tired.

The reason the Chinese women pinch their feet is, that it is the fashion; their mothers and grandmothers pinched their feet, so *they* must do it, and they can get cleverer and richer husbands if they have little feet. So they pinch for these two reasons—to be like other people, and to get on in life.

We think them very silly; but let us take care that we do not imitate them, for have not we sometimes done silly things, and even wrong things, because we could not bear to be different from other people? So we have just gone with the stream, even though we knew it was running the wrong way. There is only One whom it is always safe to copy, because He always did the things that pleased His Father in heaven ( ). Let us seek to follow Jesus in little things, even when it seems as though we should lose by it.

Now I am going to tell you what happens to a little girl in China, who is to have small feet when she is grown up; for if her feet once grew big they could not be made small, so the thing to do is to keep them from ever growing big.

But the foot-binding, as it is called, must not begin when the little girl is a baby, for if she did not learn to walk first, her feet would never be strong enough for her to learn after, so she

waits till she is three or four years old, or even five, and can walk and run properly.

It generally takes two or three years to get the little girl's feet in such good order, that they will never grow again, and all that time she suffers very much.

When it is time for the feet to be bound, long white bandages are bought, one for each foot, about two inches wide and four yards long, made on purpose. If you want to understand exactly how it is done, I think you will have to take off your boot and try on your own foot with a pockethandkerchief. The end of the bandage is laid on the inside of the foot at the instep, and is taken over the top of the toes and under the foot, so as to draw the toes with it underneath the foot on to the sole (you will have to pull very tight); then it is brought back nearly to the place it started from, it is passed over the top of the foot again and round the heel, and pulled tight, till the toes nearly touch the heel, and the foot bulges out at the instep. Then the bandage is passed over and over again, in the same way, to make it quite firm, until all the strip is used up, and then the end is sewed down to the rest of the bandage. The foot is quite doubled up, so that the ends of the toes can be seen on the inside of the foot under the ankle. Alum is always sprinkled on the toes and on the sole of the foot before the binding is done, to prevent ulcers or sores, but it does not always keep them off.

When the foot is tied up so tightly as this, the blood cannot run in it, and so it stops growing and shrinks up; you can fancy just a little how it hurts.

After the first binding, the bandage is not taken off for a whole month, so all that time the little girl cannot wash her feet: but then, as she cannot use them, they do not get dirty. At the end of the month, the foot, with the bandage on it, is put into water as hot as the child can bear it, and after it has soaked for a long time, the bandage is unwound very slowly, the dead, dry

skin being taken off at the same time; the foot nearly always bleeds while this is going on; often a large piece of the sole comes off, and sometimes two or three of the toes drop off.

When the foot has been well soaked, it is rubbed and wiped quite dry, some more alum is sprinkled on it, and then it is tied up again in a clean bandage, five feet long, tighter than ever, so

GIRL WITH SMALL FEET.

that the toes are pressed still further under the sole. After this the foot is never unbound again oftener than once a month, unless by old women, who do not care so much about keeping their feet properly. If a lady with small feet were to try to walk without her bandages, she would fall down. Ladies' shoes are made with very high heels, so that they almost walk on tip-toe, as we should call it; only their toes are underneath their soles, so it isn't quite that. Of

course people with feet like this cannot walk properly; they totter a great deal, and take very little steps and very quick ones.

When the little girl's feet are first being bound, she suffers horrible pain for two or three months, sometimes for a whole year, till her feet are quite dead. She gets no rest night or day. When she goes to bed she cannot lie straight, as you do, nor even curled up; the most comfortable way is to lie across the bed on her back, so that the edge of the board at the side of the bedstead comes under her knees; then her legs get benumbed, and to make he pain seem less, she swings her feet backwards and forwards; but even then they hurt very much, and I expect she lies awake and cries a great many nights.

The children say the pain is like needles running into their flesh, and that it gets less when their feet are very cold.

A girl can seldom walk for the first year that her feet are bound. If she wants to move about, she has two little stools, on which she kneels, and which are tied to her, so that really she walks on her knees; if she wants to go out of the house, she has to be carried on a woman's back. In about two years her feet will generally be quite dead, and then they will not hurt any more, so long as she wears her bandages; but they are quite spoiled by that time, and can never be brought back to quite their right shape. They are so ugly, too, that she will never like anyone to see them with the bandages off as long as she lives.

I think there is a little lesson for us to learn from this, about the power of habit. You see if a Chinese lady becomes a Christian, and sees how foolish it is for people to try to make their feet smaller than God meant them to be, it is too late for her to change; her feet must stay as they are, unless she likes to take off her bandages and never put them on again, and that will cost her terrible suffering, worse even than when her feet were first pinched, and her feet will not grow to their proper size either. This shows us how important it is for us to form good habits when we are

young, and to give up bad ones before they have become our masters. If you try to bend a little shoot that is only just beginning to grow, you can do it quite easily, but if you wait till it is a full-grown tree, and then try to bend it, you will find it is too late. And so if you come to Jesus, and give yourselves to Him while you are little girls and boys, He can make you so much more useful and holy, and get so much more joy out of you, than if you wait till you are big, because He will be able to bend you which way He likes, and keep you from ever getting into those bad habits, which are so easily formed and so difficult to break.

You will think that the Chinese children must very much dread having their feet bound, and would be very glad if they could persuade their mothers not to bind them; so you will be surprised, I expect, to hear that they often tighten the bandages themselves, and that the children who have the smallest feet are those who do their own binding; they are so anxious to be fashionable, and to have feet as small as other ladies, or smaller if they can.

No one knows exactly when the Chinese began to pinch their feet, nor what made them do it. The Chinese gentlemen admire the helpless way in which the ladies move about, and say they look like trees shaken by the wind. The Manchus have never followed this practice, so their ladies' feet are the proper size.

I am sorry to say that even the Christian women in China sometimes bind their children's feet, because they do not want them to be different to other girls; and that the Chinese gentlemen who have become Christians often like their wives to have small feet, although they know they cannot be so useful as they would be if they could walk about easily without getting tired.

The missionaries are doing all they can to stop foot-binding. In most of the Mission schools they make it a rule that they will take no girls with bound feet, unless they may have them

unbound at once, and sometimes they succeed in persuading a Christian man to marry a Christian woman with large feet, and then this father and mother will let their children's feet grow properly. Very soon I hope there will be no such thing as Christian parents who bind their children's feet.

But it is not only the *feet* of the poor Chinese women and children that are bound; their souls are bound too, and will never be free, till they know Him who came "to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound" ( ).

If English missionaries find fault with foot-binding, the Chinese often tell them that it is worse for English ladies to pinch their waists than for Chinese ladies to pinch their feet. *I* think one is as bad as the other, what do *you* say?

All the men and boys in China shave, so you would seldom see a Chinaman with a beard or a moustache; in some parts of the country, however, the men wear a moustache after they are forty years old, and a beard after they are sixty; that will help you to understand another of the questions put to the missionary. Women and girls often shave their heads to make their hair stronger; it makes it very coarse too, almost like horse-hair. The men have their heads shaved all over, except a piece on the top, about as large as a saucer; the hair on this patch is left to grow very long, and is drawn up very tight and made into a long plait, hanging down behind them. Very often they plait up silk or braid with their hair to make the plait longer, and sometimes they mix false hair with their own; it is considered elegant to have a tail which reaches to the ankles. When Chinamen are in mourning they allow their hair to grow all over their heads.

One way of punishing thieves is to cut off their pig-tails, which is considered a great disgrace. When labouring men go to their work they often bind their plaits round their heads and tie them up to get them out of the way.

HEAD-DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

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Some of the ladies do their hair in a very wonderful way; sometimes it is all drawn up to the top of the head and arranged to imitate a vase of flowers, or a bird with its wings stretched out, or the handle of a teapot. They use the gum of a particular tree instead of pomade, and this helps to keep the hair in the shape in which it is arranged. It takes a great many hours to do a lady's hair in this way.

Chinese ladies would often be pretty if it were not for their pinched feet, and for another silly practice they have of painting their faces red and white. They cut their eyebrows too, when they are young, till they are only a fine, curved line, which they compare to a new moon, or to a young willow leaf.

CHAPTER III.

THEIR DRESS.

OW that you know a little what the people of China look like, you will want to know what clothes they wear. They have some funny ways about dress too, as they have about most other things; at least they are funny to us. I expect our ways are just as funny to them.

If you were to see a Chinaman first in the summer, and then in the winter, you would think he had grown stout very quickly, but when the next summer came he would look thin again. The reason of this is, that in China people do not have fires in their houses to keep them warm, as we do in England; instead of that, the colder it gets, the more clothes they wear, putting on several pairs of trousers, one over another, and a good many jackets; the richer people line their clothes with fur in the winter.

Another difference between summer and winter dress, is in the gentlemen's hats. In the summer they wear a pointed cap made of bamboo or straw with the ball on the top which shows their office, and a fringe of silk or horse-hair, hanging from the place where the ball is fastened on. The winter cap fits closer to the head, and has a turned-up brim all round, made of black velvet or fur, with the ball and fringe the same as in the summer cap.

As soon as the hot or cold weather begins, the greatest man in the province changes his cap; then it is put in the newspapers that he has done it, and every man who is working for the

government changes his cap too; but they always wait for the chief man to set them the example.

In summer the gentlemen wear a long loose gown of silk or gauze or linen, very loose in the neck and sleeves: when they are in full dress, this robe is fastened in with a silk girdle; hanging from this there is often a sheath worked in silk containing a fan—for gentlemen use fans in China as well as ladies—and a small leather bag in which are a piece of flint and a little bit of steel for lighting a pipe; the tobacco is kept in an embroidered pouch.

In winter they wear long, loose trousers, fastened round the ankles, a long dress of silk or crape, reaching nearly to the feet,

MANDARIN'S SUMMER CAP.

MANDARIN'S WINTER CAP.

and over that a jacket with large sleeves, reaching only as far as the hips; this jacket is often made of fur. In summer the neck is generally left bare, while in winter it is covered with a collar of silk or fur. The dresses always fold over to the right breast, and are often fastened from top to bottom with buttons.

The working men wear loose cotton trousers, tied round the waist, and a loose shirt or smock, generally blue or black. Their hats are very broad, like umbrellas, and are made of bamboo, but in winter they wear felt caps. In rainy weather they have waterproof cloaks, but instead of being made of cloth, they are of reeds, like the thatch of a cottage, from which the water runs off in streams.

All who can afford them wear stockings of cotton or silk, or sometimes of cloth in very cold weather. The poorest kind of shoes are made of straw, and only cover the sole ; they are fastened

CHINESE GENTLEMAN.

to the foot with a straw band. The coolies generally wear shoes of this kind. Another kind, a little better than these, are made of rushes, sometimes mixed with coarse cotton : these are worn by

the men that wander about from place to place, selling their goods. The next best are made of dark calico, and the toes are trimmed

CHINESE LABOURER.

with pieces of cotton velvet; the richer people wear satin shoes, with the toes embroidered in silk.

All men's boots are made with very thick soles, and when

they want to have them cleaned they have the sides of the soles rubbed with whiting, so they whiten their boots instead of blacking them: that is one of the many things in which the Chinese do just opposite to the way we do. Ladies generally wear socks, and gentlemen stockings; that is backwards again, isn't it? Some of the children's shoes are made of brown or purple calico bound with red, and worked on the toes with coloured silk; the soles are made of pieces of coarse cloth stitched together. The richer children wear shoes of scarlet satin, and on the toes they have eyes and ears, to make them look like tigers' heads. In the summer they sometimes wear shoes made of fine open rush work, with a bright coloured lining showing through, and the toes are worked with little pieces of velvet and gold thread to imitate butterflies. These shoes will not cost very much, as they are only three inches long. Ladies' feet are called "golden lilies" in China, if they are very small.

All these shoes are made for dry weather; when it is wet "rain shoes" are worn, made of leather, raised about half an inch from the ground on iron pegs; the poor people's rain shoes are sometimes made with wooden soles an inch thick.

When boots and shoes want mending, they are not sent to the shoemaker, but kept until a cobbler passes by, and he sits near the house and mends them, just as you have seen men sharpening knives in the street in England.

One thing that is very seldom seen in Chinese dress is white linen. This is true of other things as well as of clothes, for there are no sheets and no table-cloths; but people in mourning dress all in white or else in blue, just as we in England dress all in black.

The skins of nearly all animals in China are made into clothes; sheep, cats, dogs, goats, squirrels, rats, and mice, so that many winter dresses are made of fur. Expensive fur dresses are handed down from father to son, for there are no changes of fashion in

LADY AND SERVANT, SOUTH CHINA.

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China, but the people wear just the same kind of clothes, and sometimes the very same clothes, that their grandfathers and great-grandfathers wore before them. The only people who have the right to set the fashions are those who make up "The Board of Rites and Ceremonies," at Pekin; this board gives orders as to the shape and colour of the dresses of all the people, male and female, rich and poor, and even says what stuff they are to be made of.

All the cotton in China is spun and woven by the women, for they have no machinery to do it with as we have; the dressmakers are men, except among the poor, whose dresses are generally made by women; all the most delicate embroidery, too, is worked by the men.

The women's dresses never fit close to the body, but are very loose and graceful, and suit them very nicely; the rich ladies wear a great deal of silk and embroidery. Pink and green are colours often worn by women, but never by men. It is thought very improper for a Chinese lady ever to let her hands be seen, so to keep them out of sight, very long sleeves are worn.

The Manchu dress is very nearly the same as the Chinese, only Manchu women wear more earrings than Chinese women, a great many pairs at once, the number depending on the rank of the wearer.

There is nothing like a lady's bonnet ever seen in China; the ladies wear a kind of head-dress, which is just a band of silk, or velvet, or fur, rather broad where it passes over the forehead, but getting narrower and narrower, as it gets to the back of the head, where it is hooked together under the hair.

The dresses of the women are much more like those of the men than they are in England.

You will have seen that most of the clothes in China are made either of silk, or cotton, or hemp, or fur; the only things made of wool are hats and the soles of boots, both of which are made of felt in the north of China.

CHAPTER IV.

THEIR FOOD.

EOPLE in China do not eat such absurd things as some books say they do. Their food is not very much like English food, but rather more like French, because instead of having joints and plain food, their dishes are made up of a little of a good many things mixed together in hashes or stews. There are always a great many vegetables in their meat dishes; it is said that no people in the world eat so little meat as the Chinese, or so much fish and vegetables.

Beef is hardly ever eaten in some parts of China, partly because there are so many Buddhists, who will never eat any part of a cow, because, like the Hindus, the Chinese are afraid the soul of one of their relations may be living in it, and would be turned out into a worse animal, if the cow were killed. Another reason why beef is not eaten, the Chinese say, is that it would be so ungrateful, after the cows have supplied them with milk, to return their kindness by killing and eating them. Still in some parts of the country a great deal of beef is eaten. More animal food is eaten in the north than in other parts; nearly all the people who live in cottages keep pigs, and pork is thought the nicest food; the animals that are most eaten are wild-fowl, pheasants, partridges, snipes, wild ducks, wild geese, and woodcocks. Mutton is very cheap in the north, because so many sheep are reared in Mongolia, which you will see is not far off.

Dogs, rats, and mice are eaten by the very poor in some parts of China, but they are not regular Chinese dishes, as has sometimes been said.

The chief article of food in China is rice, which takes the place of bread in England, and is very nourishing. Two kinds of rice are grown in China, white or fine and red or coarse. Rice is grown first in a small patch of ground flooded with water; in two

WATERING RICE-FIELD.

or three days the young shoots spring up, and when they have reached the proper height, about six inches, they are taken up and planted in little holes made for them in the fields, six shoots being put into every hole, with six or eight inches between each bunch; the fields are always kept wet and are often weeded. When the rice turns yellow, that is a sign that it is nearly ripe, and then the water is gradually drawn off the field, and by reaping time (the end of June or the beginning of July) it will be almost

dry. After reaping, the rice is threshed or winnowed; then the husks are taken off by pounding the rice in stone mortars. There is a second harvest in November.

The rice-fields have little banks of earth between them, for the men to walk on, and to keep the water from running out of one field into another.

If the poor people cannot get enough rice to satisfy their hunger, they make the most of what they have by mixing it with water or potatoes, and so making a kind of gruel. The poor seldom have any food but pork, fish, rice, vegetables, sugar, water, and salt, but they make a wonderful number of dishes out of these seven things, by mixing them in different quantities; they are very careful never to waste anything.

Chinese dishes are often cooked in oil, as French ones are, but what do you think? the oil comes from the very same tree which gives castor oil; however, when it is used fresh, it has not the same taste, and it does not make people ill either.

The Chinese very much dislike eating or drinking anything cold; they hardly ever drink cold water, but one reason of this is that there is very little good water in China. Wine is always drunk warm, and though the Chinese take a great deal of it, for they drink it at every meal, they very seldom get drunk. Most of their wine is made of rice, which is soaked in water for several days, then boiled and allowed to ferment; the water is drawn off and put into earthen jars: out of the rice that is left, another drink is made, stronger than wine, something like whiskey. Now and then wine made of fruit, especially of peaches, is found on the tables of rich people; there are plenty of grapes in China, but they are not used for wine. The Manchus have another strong drink, made of mutton.

Another thing that is used for food, that you will think very funny, is birds' nests, at least the inside coating of swallows'

nests, which is a kind of jelly, and is chiefly used for making soup; it tastes like strong chicken broth.

The food that is most eaten, next to rice, is pe-tsae, a white cabbage, very much like lettuce, which is grown all over China. It is kept fresh either by planting it in wet sand, or burying it deep in the ground.

COOLIE EATING WITH CHOPSTICKS.

In the south there are cucumbers, sweet potatoes, French beans, and peas; the peas are put into stews, pods and all.

The Chinese generally have two substantial meals in the day, one in the morning, the other about sunset, with a lighter meal at noon. Instead of knives and forks, they use chopsticks, two small round sticks of wood or ivory, both held between the fingers of the right hand, one tightly, the other loosely. Fancy eating

rice that way, and yet never letting it drop, and they always do manage to get it to their mouths, just as well as you would with a fork or even a spoon; but, then rice is nearly always eaten boiled, so that it sticks together in masses.

At grand dinners there are always a great many courses, sometimes as many as fourteen, but the visitors only eat a very little of each. Perhaps what you would like best would be a description of one of these dinners. I think you would get tired of one with fourteen courses, so I will tell you about one where there were only six.

The first course was made up of little dainty dishes, which the visitors were supposed to eat to make them hungry; one of these dishes was cold, salted earth worms, there were also little pieces of salted or smoked fish; Japan leather,—that is, a sort of skin, hard and tough, with a strong taste,—pigeons' eggs cooked in gravy, ducks and fowls cut into very small bits and cooked in sauce, crabs, little balls made of sharks' fins, pounded shrimps, and birds' nests, cut up into little threads like vermicelli, with very little taste.

The second course was very amusing, but one that constantly comes into a Chinese dinner. Four large bowls were put on the table close together, making a square, then three more were placed on the top of the four, and another on the top of the three, making eight altogether, all of them filled with stew (sometimes rice is put in instead of stew). It is the rule with this course for everyone to say "No, thank you," when the host asks them to have some, so the servants carry all the bowls out again.

The third course was all kinds of things made of pastry and sugar, and a salad made of the young shoots of the bamboo. The fourth course was rice, a bowl for each person; the fifth fruit; and last of all came tea, not in a teapot, but each visitor had his tea made in a cup all to himself. That is the way the Chinese nearly always drink tea, just as it is, without sugar or milk, and very

weak; they cannot understand how we can like it mixed up with other things. They always drink tea by itself too, never eating anything with it.

Another thing I must not forget to tell you about parties is, that instead of all the visitors sitting round one large table, there are a great many little tables, generally only large enough to hold four people, but if it is a crowded party, sometimes six or even eight people sit together.

There are a great many taverns and eating-houses for the middle class of people, and public houses for the poorer; these last are not what you would call houses at all, but open sheds by the roadside, where there is a great deal of drinking and gambling.

CHAPTER V.

THEIR LANGUAGE.

SHALL have to write you a whole chapter about the Chinese language, because it is such a very wonderful one. It is one of the oldest languages in the world, and one of the hardest to learn; even the Chinese themselves find it very difficult.

If you were going to teach a little boy or girl to read, you would begin with the alphabet, would you not? and when a missionary wants to learn the language of the people he is going to teach, *he* begins with the alphabet too. But if you wanted to learn Chinese, you could not begin with the alphabet, because there is none. Fancy a language without any letters, and of course if there are no letters, nobody can learn to spell.

Then how do Chinese people learn to read? Every single word in the Chinese language has a separate sign of its own, so that if you wanted to read a Chinese book, you would have to learn every sign in the book and what it meant, and even then you would only be able to read that one book, and when you got to a second, you would find many new signs that you had not learnt in the first, and all these would have to be learnt too, so that, however long you had learned to read, you would be sure, in almost every new book, to find some new signs. The number of these signs, in the best Chinese dictionary, is about forty thou-

sand, but only between five and seven thousand of these are in common use.

You may imagine a little of the trouble the missionaries had to take, before they could put the Bible into Chinese, especially when I tell you that a great many of the words in the Bible had no sign at all in the Chinese language, as nobody in China had ever heard of the things themselves, so of course they had made no signs for them.

There are six different kinds of writing and printing in China, just as we have different kinds in England, such as CAPITALS, Roman letters, *Italics*, and **Old English**, and every Chinaman who has learnt to read can understand any of these written characters, whatever form of the language he may speak. So if a Chinaman from one part of the country met one from another part, and the two could not speak to each other because their languages were not the same, yet, if they knew how to write, they could let each other know by writing what they wanted to say.

You will understand this, if you think of the figures we use in England. If a little girl or boy from France, and another from Germany were to come to see you, and you had never learned German or French, and they knew no English, you would not be able to speak to each other, but if you were to write on a piece of paper viii. or 8, the little girls would understand at once that you meant eight, only instead of calling it eight, one would call it *huit* and the other *acht*, and that is how it is that Chinamen can read each other's writing or printing, when they cannot understand each other's talk, for some of the Chinese dialects are as unlike each other as French, German, and English, though others are much more alike.

The Chinese printed language is used not only in China, but also in Japan, Loo-Choo, Manchuria, and Cochin China, so an educated Chinaman can make himself understood in any of these places.

But among the poor people there are a great many who cannot both read and write, though some can read but not write. So if one of them wants to send a letter to a friend, he goes to a school-master or some other learned man, and tells him what he wants to say; the school-master writes it down for him, and when his friend gets it, if he cannot read, he will take it to a learned man in *his* town, who will read it to him.

But the strangest thing about the language is, that a sign only stands for a thing, not for a sound. If you look at the letter A, you not only know what letter it is, but you know also what it sounds like; but the Chinese signs are more like pictures, they make those who see them think of the things which they stand for, but not of the *names* of the things, so that you might be able to read quite well to yourself, without being able to read aloud at all. It is not quite so hard to learn the spoken language, as it is to learn the written one.

One thing that makes it so difficult to learn to talk Chinese, is that there are so few sounds, or rather syllables. All Chinese words are of one syllable, only sometimes two or three words are joined together to make another word, just as we make horse-hair, sugar-tongs, paper-knife. There are only about four hundred of these Chinese syllables altogether; if you want to understand how few that is, just get an English dictionary, and count the first four hundred words, and then think how funny it would be, if those were all the sounds there were in the English language.

But though there are only four hundred syllables in China, there are a great many more than four hundred words, because the meaning of the syllables depends entirely on the tone in which they are pronounced. Pronounced in one tone they mean one thing, and in another tone they mean something quite different;

one syllable may have half-a-dozen different meanings, expressed in half-a-dozen different tones of voice, so think how difficult it must be for a stranger to learn to imitate all these different ways of making the same sound, and then to remember what they all mean. For every different meaning there is a separate sign.

There are a great many syllables, too, which are pronounced alike, but have different meanings, and it is this which makes it so difficult for the Chinese to understand preaching, or the Bible if it is read aloud. For instance, there is one word—Kung—which may mean either *just*, *a labouring man*, *to attack*, *merit*, *respectful*, or *to provide;* whichever it meant, it would be pronounced just the same, and if the word came in a sentence which a missionary was saying, the people who were listening to him would not know which of all the meanings was the right one, unless they could find out by what went before, which it is not always possible for them to do, if they have never heard anyone speak on the same subject before. . Of course Chinese Christians, who have read the Bible before, and know what it teaches, would understand what the word meant, but the rest would not, and so would often not know any more about Jesus after listening to a sermon or hearing a chapter read out of the Bible, than they did before; or they might even think the missionary meant just the opposite of what he really did mean.

There is one language which is spoken nearly all over the north of China. The Chinese call it Kwan-Niva, foreigners call it mandarin dialect, because it is always used for writing government orders or books, and has to be learned by everyone who wants to get work under the government; a great many Chinese story-books are written in this language. It is much easier to read than the general written language, and for this reason most of the Bibles used in China are written in mandarin. Those who have not learned to read at all before find it less troublesome

to learn this language than the other. Here is the text John iii. 16, in mandarin—

上帝憐愛世人、甚至將獨生子賜給他們、叫凡信他的不至滅亡、必得永生。

This is what the words mean in English, 1, 2 God. 3 pityingly. 4 loved. 5 world's. 6 men. 7, 8 to the extent of. 9 taking. 10 only. 11 begotten. 12 Son. 13, 14 bestow upon. 15, 16 them. 17 cause. 18 all. 19 believe. 20, 21 Him. 22 not. 23 come to. 24, 25 destruction. 26 certainly. 27 obtain. 28 eternal. 29 life.

The first word, 1, means the top sign at the right hand, 2 the sign under 1, and so on; when you get to the bottom of one row, begin again at the top of the next.

In reading, the Chinese do the opposite to what we do, for they begin at what we should call the end of the book, and read from the top of the page to the bottom, instead of across the

page, and from right to left instead of from left to right. The name of the book and the number of the page are written down the right-hand side of the book in a margin, and what we should call foot-notes are at the top of the page instead of the bottom.

The Chinese think a great deal of their language; they will never allow even a little bit of it to be thrown away, and think it is very barbarous of us to destroy so much paper that has writing or printing on it; they suppose the reason we do it is, that our language is so poor, we do not mind how it is treated.

Every scholar in China keeps a paper-basket, in which he puts every bit of paper, however small, that has any writing on it, and which he does not want to keep.

From time to time a crier goes round, calling out as he goes—"Revere and spare printed paper." Whenever his cry is heard, the basket is taken to the door and emptied into the collector's basket, which is a very large one. When this basket is full, all the paper in it is burnt in a fireplace which is used for nothing else, and which is often built in one of the courts of a temple. Very strict scholars will not even let the ashes of their paper be thrown away, but will have them taken to a stream and put into it.

If you were to go to one of the large seaports in China, where there are many English merchants and traders, you would hear some people speaking a language that would puzzle you very much, because you would understand a little of it but not all; some of the words are English and some not, and the English words you would think are used in a very strange way. This strange language is called "Pigeon English," and is used by Chinamen who are too busy or too lazy to learn English, and by Englishmen who are too lazy or too busy to learn Chinese, so, as you would expect, the language is partly one and partly the other; there is a little Portuguese mixed with it too. There are only a few hundred words in it, so one word has to do instead of a

great many. You will understand how funny it is if I give you a little bit of it. Here is an English poem, which has been translated into Pigeon English. In English it begins like this—

> "My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills my father feeds his flock;
> A frugal swain, whose constant care is to increase his store;"

and the translation of these two lines is—

> "My name b'long Norval; top-side Keh-lam-pian Hill, my fader chow-chow he sheep:
> My fader very small heartee man, too much likee dat piecie dolla."

It would make you laugh to hear people talk like that, wouldn't it? Some of the words in this language are so changed that they mean something quite different from what they meant at first. For instance, Pigeon English means *business* English, because it is the language in which the merchants of different nations do their business with each other; but when the Chinese tried to say *business* they found they could not pronounce it right, and "pigeon" was the nearest they could get to it; not much like it, is it?

In some parts of China, where the people are very ignorant, the missionaries have printed books for them in English letters, spelling the words as nearly as possible as they are pronounced; the children in the mission schools and the poor people who have not much time, manage to learn to read this, though they cannot learn to read their own written language.

CHAPTER VI.

THEIR LEARNING.

OR they are very learned, only in quite a different way from the people of other nations. Almost all the men know how to read and write more or less, but you will understand that a great many can only read some words and that very few can read all, and this will explain to you why some books say that nearly all the Chinese can read, and others say this is not the case. The truth is that nearly all Chinese can read something, but nothing like all of them can read everything.

One reason why the Chinese are so particular about everyone learning to read is, that they say a man cannot be punished for not doing what he does not know he ought to do, and that the only way to know what is right is, to read good books, written by good men ; so there are schools in all towns, and rich people have tutors for their sons. There are a great many Chinese books too, histories and geographies, novels and poems, and lives of clever or good men and women.

In China nobody is thought much of because he is rich, but everyone is thought a great deal of if he is learned, and every boy means to be a learned man, for he knows he shall never get on if he is not. If a man has learned sons, he is greatly respected, but if his sons are ignorant he is despised by everyone. Paper, ink-slabs, ink and brushes are called "The Four Precious Things ;" brushes are used instead of pens, for the Chinese use what we

call Indian ink; we use it like paint, and so do they, for they rub their ink on a little piece of slate and then put it on the paper with a little brush made of rabbit's hair.

I have read a story of one little boy, who wanted very much to become a learned man, but he was so poor he could not afford a candle, and the evening was the only time he could study; but he found out that in the house next to his there were always candles in the evening, and that a little light came into

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his room through a chink in the wall; so he used to stand close by this chink and read and learn.

Another boy who was in the same difficulty managed to catch a fire-fly and shut it up in a bottle, and by this light he used to study.

Then there was a third who had a trouble of another kind; he always fell asleep when he was learning his lessons, so to keep himself awake, he used to tie his pig-tail to a beam in his room, so that if he nodded he might get a good pull, which would wake

him. If only you took as much trouble to learn, what clever boys and girls you might be; and the more learning we have, if it is learning of the right kind, the more we can do for God, for the proverb is a true one, "Knowledge is power." But the knowledge that gives the most power, and the best kind of power too, is the knowledge of God, so whatever else you may be able to learn or not learn, ask God to teach you to know Himself, and the better you know Him the more you will be able to do for Him.

You will understand better about the learning of the Chinese, if I tell you about their examinations, which are all for men, not for women. A few women in some places know how to read, but that is all. Chinese examinations first began to be held in A.D. 600, that is long before there were any examinations or even any schools in England.

There are four great examinations in China, perhaps the most wonderful ever known anywhere. It does not matter how rich a man may be, he can only get rank and honour by passing these examinations; while, however poor he may be, no one can hinder him from passing his examinations, and becoming a great man, if only he can learn enough. The only people who are not allowed to go in for these examinations are play-actors, executioners, and jailers; thirty mandarins were once turned out of their posts because they let a play-actor try to pass an examination.

The first great examination is held in every city once a year, and everyone who wants to try to pass it, has to fill up a paper, giving his own name, the names of his father and grandfather and principal teacher, of his next door neighbours on both sides, his own age, his height, and his complexion.

When he goes into the room where he is to be examined, he is only allowed to take with him his paper, ink, brush, and as much food as he will eat before the examination is over. After he

has gone into the room where all the other students are, his examination paper is given him—not questions to be answered, but subjects to be written upon. He will have to write two essays in prose and one poem; what about, do you think? Not Grammar, Geography, History, French, Greek, Latin, or any other language, but on little pieces taken from "The Four Books," as they are called, which contain a great many wise sayings, either written or collected by a man named Confucius, whom the Chinese think more of than they do of anyone else, so I shall have to tell you all about him in another place.

The students may take as long as they like to write these papers, except that they must finish them in a day, and each one must write his name in a corner of his papers, and then fold the corner over and paste it down, so that the name shall be hidden; it may not be uncovered until his papers have been examined, and it has been decided whether he has passed the examination or not. This is done to prevent any favour being shown, in case the examiners have any friends among the students, whom they might allow to pass, although their papers were not good enough.

Even if a man does his papers very well indeed, he has not finished yet, but must have another examination just as hard as this, for fear it was by chance that he passed the first time, because the subjects given happened to be just those that he knew best. If he breaks a rule, lets somebody help him, leaves his name uncovered, or goes out of the room to fetch something before he has finished, then he is not allowed to try this second time, but has failed altogether. You would think it rather hard to have double examinations like that, wouldn't you? I expect you think one is bad enough.

If a student gets through these essays and a poem, then he has next to write from memory any piece he may be asked

for out of another book, called "The Sacred Edict;" if he makes the smallest mistake, he will not pass, so he will really have to know the whole book by heart. If he can do this last thing quite right, then the examination is over, and his name will be published in a list of those who have been successful: he will be above the common people, but not yet fit to be employed

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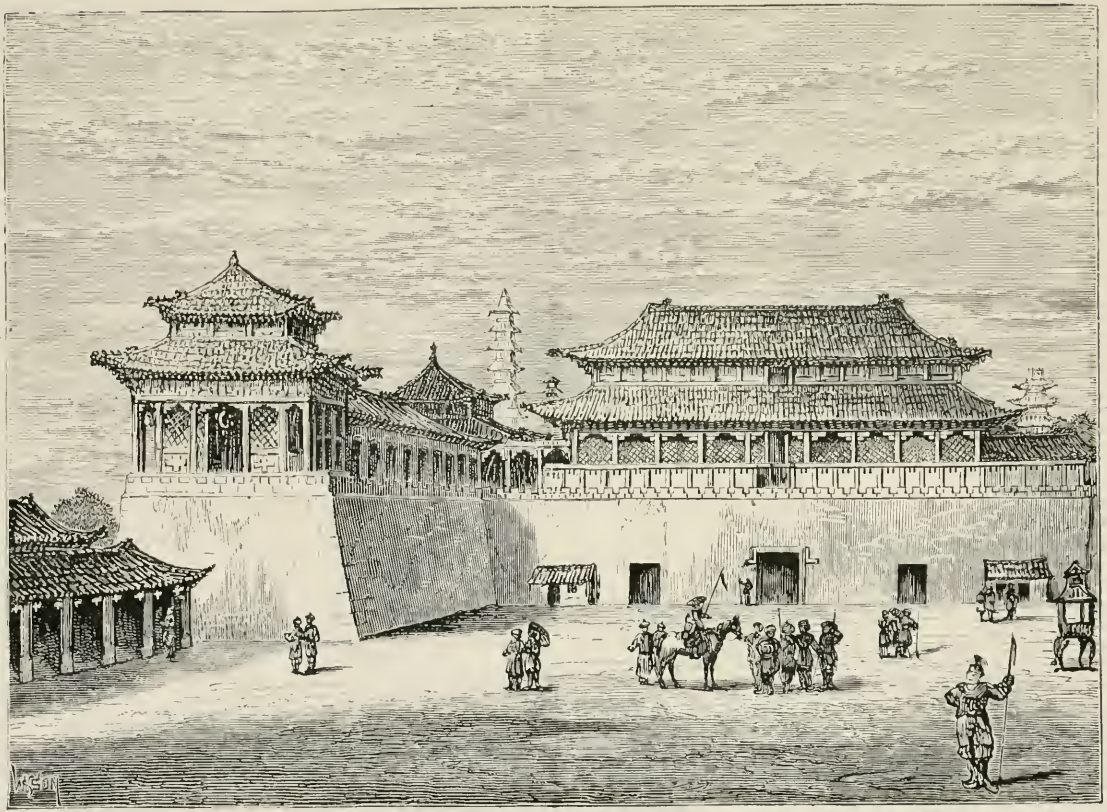
under the government. Those who have passed this examination have the title of "Budding Talent," and may wear gold buttons in their caps.

The second great examination is only held once in three years, in all the capital cities of the eighteen provinces; there are generally between five and ten thousand students at the

examinations. In every capital there is a hall built on purpose for them, large enough to hold ten thousand people; but instead of all writing in one large room, each man has a little cell to himself, so that no one shall help any one else, or copy from another. Those who go into these cells to be examined, take with them not only their food, but also their beds, for the examination lasts two days, and if they came out at night, they might ask someone outside to tell them something they did not know or had forgotten. During these two days, no one may go into the hall from outside, and no one would think of coming out from inside, unless his papers were finished.

This time three essays have to be written and one poem, the subjects being again taken from "The Four Books." When the papers are finished, they are given to a set of examiners, who look over them to see that there are no very great mistakes, and whether all the rules have been kept. If they see any great fault, the papers go no further, and the writers are told they have failed; but if not, then they are given to some scribes, who copy them all out in red ink, so that nobody shall be able to find out who wrote them; but in spite of all this care, there is sometimes cheating. When the copying is done, the two sets of papers, those in red ink and those in black, are given to another set of men, who compare them, to see that no mistakes are made in the copying, but that they are really exactly alike; and then at last they are given to the real examiners, who go over them all very carefully. If they are not satisfied with them, they go no further, but if they are, then they put a round red mark on them, and after this they go to the chief examiners, who choose out of them all those that they consider the best.

On the morning of the third day of the examination, the doors of the hall are opened, and the students come out. They are received with music and a great firing of guns; but they are



PALACE AT PEKIN.

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only let out for one day's rest; after that, those who were successful go back for another two days like the first, except that the examination, instead of being in "The Four Books," is in "The Five Classics," another collection made by Confucius. Then comes another day of rest, followed by a third examination on all kinds of different subjects.

Now that you know how hard it is, you will not be surprised that only about one in a hundred gets through, and that some of them die after going through the examination, because they are so exhausted by the hard work. A student who has passed this second examination has the title of the "Promoted Man," and can get work in the lower government offices.

The third examination is also held once in three years, but instead of being at all the capitals of the provinces, it is only held at Pekin, the capital of the Empire, and in case some of the students should be too poor to be able to afford to travel there, the expenses of all who go are paid by the government. Generally between two and three hundred pass this third examination; that is very much fewer than the number who pass the first and second. Those who fail in the third, but have passed the other two, are scattered over the country in their own towns and villages, and help to keep up the love of learning and the desire for it. Many of them are school-masters, those who have passed the second examination taking more advanced pupils than those who have only passed the first, and others of them are employed as clerks. Those who do succeed in passing the third examination can get high places in the government, and have the title of "Advanced Scholars."

The fourth examination is only passed by a very few of the most learned, who want to be quite at the top of the tree and to have the highest government offices of all. Their title of Academician is given them with a great deal of pomp at the emperor's palace. Those who have passed any examination after

the first, are allowed to have a tablet put over the doors of their houses.

Another thing that is rather strange is that what we call a "coach" in England, that is a gentleman who prepares other gentlemen to pass their examinations, is called a "horse" in China.

CHAPTER VII.

THEIR HOUSES.

N China, as in England, there are all sorts of houses for all sorts of people, so that I cannot possibly tell you about all of them; but I will try to tell you enough to make you understand some of the ways in which Chinese houses are different from ours. I will tell you about the better sort of houses first.

They are nearly all built entirely on the ground floor, so that in most of them there is no such place as "upstairs." The Chinese who have travelled to Europe have been very much surprised to see the houses so high; when an emperor was once told about them, he asked whether it was because European countries were so small that the people in them lived on the top of each other. It is a common opinion too that it is very unlucky to live in a high house, and there are no people in the world who believe more in luck than the Chinese do. In large towns, where there is not much room to spare, the shops and some of the other houses have a story above the ground floor, and sometimes on the flat roof people sit and get a little fresh air in hot weather.

The houses are built of brick, sifted earth, wood, matting, or thatch. The only part to be seen from the street is a blank stone wall with no windows. The Chinese object very much to be looked at when they are at home by people outside; they like their homes to be quite private, so all the windows are made

to look into a courtyard instead of into the street, and the courtyard is shut in by the house itself.

The grandest country houses have a gate-way with three openings, a large folding-door in the middle, and a smaller one on each side; the smaller ones are used all day and every day by people going to the house or coming from it; the large one is used only on great occasions, as for instance when some very grand person comes to pay a visit.

Large lanterns are hung at the side of these gates, for there are no gas-lamps in China, and on the lanterns are written the names and the titles of the gentleman and lady who live in the house, just as you sometimes see the name of a tradesman painted on the lamp that hangs over his shop. There are a great many lanterns about Chinese houses, both inside and out, made of different kinds of paper; they are nothing like so nice as our oil lamps, for they give very little light and make a great deal of smoke; you know we always call lanterns made of paper "Chinese Lanterns."

Another thing that you would find in all Chinese houses, is a number of little bits of writing, sentences written outside the houses and on the walls, all about, everywhere, not for the sake of the sentences, but because the Chinese are so fond of their language that they think nothing else could ornament their houses so nicely.

When you go through the gates, you find yourself in a court, where the carriages are kept; not coaches to be drawn by horses, but what we should call sedan chairs, to be carried by men. This front court is generally adorned with shrubs or flowers in pots or in stands.

If the house is in a town, or not grand enough to have one of these gateways, there will be a screen of wood or brick to hide the front court from passers by, and for another still stranger purpose—to keep out evil spirits, or the ghosts of poor relations

GENTLEMAN'S GARDEN.

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who have died, and who may be coming to the house to torment their friends, either because they have not fed them properly or to persuade them to give them more attention. For the same reason the Chinese always take care to build their houses in such a way that one door shall not come opposite another, as they believe that spirits can only move in straight lines, so if they came into one room of a house, they would not be able to get into another.

If you want to go into the house, you will cross the court, and go up a few steps to get to the front door, and inside that you will find a hall, in which the ancestors of the people of the house are worshipped, and where visitors are received. When you leave this hall, you will come, not to more rooms, but to another courtyard like the first, except that it is surrounded by rooms, and in these rooms the men of the house live; for in China as in India the ladies are kept shut up. This court is ornamented too, and more grandly than the first, for it generally has a fish-pond crossed by wonderful little marble bridges, as well as tiny trees, ferns, and temples, all small together.

At one end of the courtyard there is a room that is only used as a sort of state apartment, in which to receive any very particular gentlemen friends or relations, and feed them with tea and cakes. The walls are hung with scrolls, some of them having pictures on them and some writing. All the sitting-rooms and bed-rooms for the gentlemen are round this second court, and beyond it is a third, very much like the second, only it belongs to the ladies instead of the gentlemen.

Chinese ladies are better off than Hindu ones in this, that though they are kept shut up all over the country, in some parts very strictly indeed, and are not allowed to see so many of their male relations as ladies in India may see, yet their rooms are often as nice as the gentlemen's, and their courtyard is just as nice too.

In every large house there is what is called a reception room for the ladies, where they all sit together and talk and do their needlework, and where an image of the chief idol is kept. The ladies' bedrooms open out of this room, and when they want to be by themselves, they can always go to their own rooms; they very often invite their visitors to go in with them, so that they can have private talks. The reception-room is also used for a dressing-room, and the ladies' servants use it to sleep in.

Not even the most intimate male relations may enter the ladies' part of the house; and here they spend all their time, with the children, smoking and gambling and gossiping with their female friends and slaves. The children play about amongst the rockeries and watch the little fishes in the pond. The courts themselves are paved with marble or red tiles, and the rooms are of grey brick, if they are not of wood. There is generally a covered passage leading from the second court to the third; how the ladies must sometimes wish they could go down it, and see what there is to be seen at the other end, and who is there, and what they are doing! At both ends of the passages, there are several doorways to be gone through, to get into the courtyards, none of them opposite each other, so that the evil spirits may not be able to get about.

If there is a very grand feast going on, and actors are hired to perform for the amusement of the company, they are generally allowed to act in the ladies' court, so that the women can see without being seen.

It generally happens that a grandfather and grandmother, their sons and daughters and grand-children, all live together, even as many as eighty people in one house, but each family has separate rooms: they all eat together, and work on the same land if they have any, the money they earn being divided between them once a year.

There are a great many hotels and inns in China, not such

comfortable ones as we have in England. The bedrooms are very low, and there are several beds in one room, so the travellers cannot often be alone. There is often no furniture in the bedrooms, except the beds and a lamp, and the wind and rain can both get in very easily through cracks and openings. The beds are only a few boards raised about two feet from the floor, with a mat on them. In hot weather the travellers just lie down to sleep on these mats, with nothing to cover them but the clothes they are wearing; in cold weather there are coverings made of cloth and padded with cotton, in which the men roll themselves up as tightly as they can. These covers are scarcely ever washed, and are used till they are so old that they are only a bundle of dirty rags. Travellers generally carry their own bedding with them.

The inns are often only small huts made of mud; inside there are tea-tables, forms to sit on, and a large oven. The chief drink taken at these inns is tea (I wish people got nothing worse than tea at English inns), but at some of them there is sold a kind of drink something like whiskey, which is very cheap indeed. In some parts there is not much tea sold at these inns, though there is a good deal drunk, for a traveller generally carries his tea with him, and only has to buy some hot water.

Another very unpleasant thing about Chinese hotels and inns is, that nobody is supposed to want ever to be alone, so that even if a man should pay for a bedroom to himself, anybody in the town or village who likes will walk into his bedroom without knocking, to look at him or ask him questions, especially if he is not a Chinaman; and as the windows are often only made of paper, it is of no use to try to shut people out, for they have only to poke one of their fingers through the windows, to make a hole large enough to see through.

Sometimes a farmer's house will only be one room, and in this all his family will live and sleep, besides the hens and ducks and pigs, and any other animals he may keep; all the furniture will be

a pot to cook food in, a few pans, a table, two or three stools, and a god: instead of a bed, in some parts of China, especially where it is very cold, there will be a square piece of brick or mud, raised about two feet from the floor, large enough for four or five people to sleep on, or even more. This platform is a very warm place, because the chimney runs along under it, and when once it is well heated, it will keep warm for a long time.

The poorest houses of all are made by bending bamboos and sticking them into the ground, so as to form an arch, like a croquet hoop; over these hoops mats are thrown, so very coarse that the daylight comes in through them, so plenty of wind comes in as well; if the man who makes the house can afford it, he covers the mats with straw to make the hut warmer. Thousands and thousands of Chinese live in houses like these; they do not cost much, for the bamboo branches can be got for nothing, and four mats only cost sixpence, while a dozen of them are quite enough to make a house for a man and his family; the whole hut only takes up as much room as a large bedstead. How would you like to live in such a place as that? Did you ever thank God for giving you a nice house to live in? If not, I think you will now.

Another thing that the Chinese do backwards is house-building; for when a builder is making a house, he begins at the wrong end, we should say, and puts on the roof the first thing, after putting up a few poles for scaffolding; a very sensible thing to do for one reason—the men can work hour after hour in the rain without getting wet. This first roof is always made very light, and not much time is spent over it, for it is not meant to stay long; when the walls are built, a new roof is put on, much stronger and better than the first.

Most of the rooms in Chinese houses have no ceilings, but end with the roof. Ceilings are only to be found in the grand houses, and then they are not at all like ours, for instead of being made of plaster, they are only light frames made up of several

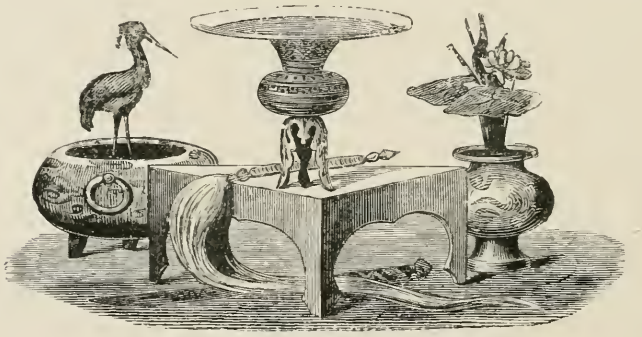
squares: over each square a sheet of white cloth is stretched, or sometimes a piece of embroidery or silk. Ceilings of that sort would not do for houses with one room over another, would they?

The walls between the rooms are very thin. The floors are generally made of cement or earth, and there are no carpets, only now and then a piece of matting. The windows are made of lattice-work with thin oyster shells or oiled paper instead of glass, but sometimes the lattice-work is left quite open. The doors are seldom shut, unless they open on the street, so there are plenty of draughts. There is very little furniture either, except tables and chairs; the chairs stand in a straight row, and there are always eight of them in a properly-arranged room; if more than eight are wanted, extra ones are brought in from other rooms. Sometimes there is a couch as large as a bed, with a little table fixed in the middle, about twelve inches high, which is used either as a rest for the arm, or to put tea-cups on. The places on the sofa at each side of this table are considered the best seats in the room, for the greatest people to sit in; of the row of chairs, the one nearest to the sofa is the most honourable, and the one farthest from it is for the person of lowest rank.

If the emperor is in the room, no one else may sit on a chair at all. Instead of this, everyone sits on a cushion on the floor to show their respect for him, and the tables are made very low, so that all can reach them from their humble seats.

Chinese beds are not at all comfortable. Most of them are only two or three boards laid on benches for the summer, and a thin mattress to cover the sleeper in the winter (that is backwards again, to sleep under the mattress instead of on it), and a few bamboo sticks on which to hang a net in the hot weather to keep the mosquitoes out. Sometimes there are curtains of cotton or silk in winter, hung from the bamboo poles. When people pay visits to their friends, they take their bed-clothes with them—that is, their covering; bedsteads only are provided by the host.

In the south of China the only way the people have of warming themselves in winter, besides by putting on more clothes, is by using a kind of warming pan for their feet. It has a lid with holes in it to let out the heat. It is filled three parts full of wood ashes, and then two or three fire-balls are laid on a clear fire till they are red-hot, when they are put into the ashes and covered over with them. These balls are made of fine charcoal-dust, mixed with water or thin paste into a kind of dough, which is put into an iron mould and afterwards turned out and dried in the sun. They will keep red-hot for twelve or fifteen hours, without being touched, and the pan is carried by the handle. In some parts baskets with little pots in them filled with charcoal are used as foot-warmers.



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CHAPTER VIII.

THEIR MANNERS AND OCCUPATIONS.

OU will have found out a good deal about these already, so I will only tell you a few things that I have left out in the other chapters.

As you would expect in such a large country, there are many different ways of earning a living besides working in government offices, and I think you will like to hear about some of these.

There is very little cattle-rearing in China, because the country is so full of people, that there is no room for fields for the cattle to graze in. In some parts of China you could not get any milk at all, however much money you might offer for it, nor any butter either. A Chinese woman who was travelling in Ireland with an English lady a few years ago, said, as they drove through the green country, "How wasteful you must be to let all the land be left empty like this,—how many houses you might build on it!"

There are a very large number of barbers in China, for no Chinaman ever thinks of shaving himself, but he likes to be shaved at least once a week by a barber. There is another class of men whose business it is to collect the hair that comes off ladies' heads and make it up into tails, which are sold. In the north of China the barbers have shops, but in the south they wander about, carrying their tools with them in little cupboards, which do for seats for the men to sit on who want to be shaved. Inside

each cupboard is a metal basin to hold the water, which is kept hot by a little charcoal furnace below it. Fastened to this is a pole,

CHINESE BARBER.

the sign of the barber's trade: barbers in England have poles too, don't they?

The customer first has his head shaved, and then rubbed with a damp, hot cloth; after this his face is shaved, not only in what

we should call the proper places for shaving, but also inside his nose and ears; then his eyelids are shaved, and his eyes cleaned; this is one reason why the Chinese suffer so much from sore eyes, and so often go blind. Next his ears are cleaned out with a little instrument, and last of all his spine is punched all down. The charge for doing all this is sometimes only a halfpenny, but it depends on whether the man is rich or poor. The women do not have barbers, but do their own hair, or have it done by their maids; the poor women often do theirs in the street. The Chinese like to wash themselves in very hot water, but their clothes in cold.

The piece of money chiefly used in China, called a cash, is very much like our halfpenny, but it has a square hole through the middle, and is only worth a tenth part as much as a halfpenny, for twenty or even twenty-four cash go to one of our pennies. Cash are not quite of the same value all over the empire. As they are worth so little, everyone has a great many of them, so instead of keeping them in a purse they thread them on a piece of string. There are dollars too, worth from nine to twelve hundred cash, and lumps of silver are used to pay for expensive things; in some cities paper money is used. Many of the notes are false, but they are used all the same, only a good note is worth ten times as much as a false one; there are often false cash mixed up with the good ones in the south of China.

A great many Chinese are always busy about tea, and as so much of the tea we drink comes from China I must just tell you a little about it.

Green tea is grown chiefly in the provinces of Kiang-si, Kiang-su, and Chey-Kiang, black tea in Fukien. From one port alone, Kinkiang, more than eighteen million pounds of tea are shipped every year.

The tea shrub is something like a gooseberry bush, from three to six feet high; it grows best on the sides of mountains.

The younger and more tender the leaves are, the dearer the tea will be. The difference between green tea and black is that the leaves of the green tea shrub are rather thinner and longer and of a lighter colour than those of the black. In picking black tea, the stems and part of the stalk are gathered and dried with the leaves; in picking the green the leaves are pinched off just

WOMEN PICKING TEA.

above the leaf-stems. The green tea plants are never allowed to grow large, and the tenderest leaves of all are made into an expensive kind of tea called Loongtsing, which is thought a great deal of in China, and is never sent to Europe. A pound of it costs twenty-five dollars in China, that is £5 in English money. The finest black tea is called Pekoe; we get that sent to England; it is made of the spring leaf-buds, just as they begin to open out.

The leaves of tea shrubs are picked four times a year, till the plants are three years old. The leaves are rolled up and carefully dried, partly in the sun, and partly in an iron pan over a charcoal or wood fire; then if the tea is to be exported it is taken in sacks to the ports, where it is packed in boxes and sent to other countries by foreign merchants. The black gets more drying over the fire than the green, and that must make the difference in the colour, for of course they are both green at first. In some parts of China the poor people use dried fern-leaves instead of tea.

Now I don't think you can ever forget to pray about China

BRANCH OF TEA SHRUB.

till you give up drinking tea, because the smell and the taste of the tea will always remind you of the country it came from; so if you have forgotten to pray for it when you get up, you will remember at breakfast time and at tea time, and if you are afraid of forgetting again before you can go away by yourself, you can pray just where your are, sitting at the table; and really I think that if all the boys and girls who read this book pray for the Chinese as often as they drink tea, China will be the better for it.

Then china is made in China, as you would suppose. The most famous works are at a town called King-te-chin, in the

province of Kiang-si, where more than a million men are constantly working. The reason why Chinese china is so good is that it is very hard, and can be made very hot without cracking, but it is not so well painted and gilded in China as it is in England. It is made chiefly of flint and clay, and to make it look glossy the ashes of ferns are put in it. When it was first seen in England people thought it was made of egg-shells. All the painting on china is done by hand for very little pay, and is not so good now as it used to be. The Chinese began to make china about twelve hundred years ago.

SILK-WORM.

There is a great deal of silk made in China, and a great many silk-worms are kept. Silk-worms, as I expect you know, get on best if they are fed with mulberry leaves, so many Chinese are employed in cultivating mulberry-trees. The young leaves are best for the worms, therefore all that the people care about is to get plenty of these; when the trees are getting old and beginning to bear fruit, they are not cared for any longer; a mulberry-tree is perfect for feeding silk-worms when it is three years old.

Did you know that silk-worms cannot bear noise? If anyone shouts suddenly near then, or a dog gives a loud bark, it

CHINESE ARTIST.

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kills them; sometimes whole broods die in a thunder-storm. For this reason the houses in which silk-worms are kept are generally built in the middle of a plantation, where everything is quiet.

Silk-worms' eggs are kept on sheets of paper, and as it is better that the little worms should come out of their eggs in the spring, when the young leaves will be just ready for them, they are kept back by being put into a cold place, if they seem to be getting on too fast, or helped to come out by being put in a hot one, if they are too slow. When they do come out they are very carefully fed with leaves cut up into little bits and weighed, to be quite sure that they have just enough but not too much, and the rooms in which they live are kept very clean and quiet. The worms are put on small hurdles of basket-work; as they grow larger, and want more room, they have more hurdles. When they are full-grown, and have got quite yellow and transparent, they are taken off the hurdles, and put each into a separate place ready to do their spinning, which takes them a week. At the end of that time there are no worms to be seen; each has made a little ball for itself and is hidden away in the middle: these balls are called cocoons. Some of them are put away and kept, so that there may be some new eggs later on; the rest are put in jars under layers of salt and leaves, which quite shut out the air; this kills the worms inside, but I expect they are fast asleep and know nothing about it. Afterwards the cocoons are soaked in warm water, and then the silk is wound off them on to reels; this is what we call raw silk. When it is all wound off, instead of dead worms being in the middle of the ball, there are funny things like dead wasps without any legs or heads. You remember some of the cocoons were put away with these funny things in the middle of them, chrysalises we call them; they stay like that for a long while, and then out of the bundle comes, not a dead wasp, nor even a live one, but a large butterfly, which just lives for a few days, and lays a great many eggs, and then dies.

You will know all about this, if you have ever tried keeping silk-worms yourselves; if you have never had any, I think you had better get some, if you can.

Tailoring is the business that is worse paid than any other in China, because the tailors always steal the stuff that is given them to make the clothes of. There are no tailors' shops, so when a gentleman wants a dress, he engages a tailor to come and work at his house for so much a day. When a Chinese tailor sews, he does it backwards, pushing his needle from him instead of drawing it to him, sewing from left to right, instead of from right to left.

Chinese girls are set to work when they are quite young. One thing in which they spend a great deal of their time is pasting bits of old rag on to boards, till they are about as thick as strong pasteboard. These are put to dry in the sun, and then the rag is pulled off the boards and cut up into soles for the common kinds of shoes.

The Chinese are rather clever at painting birds, insects, and flowers, and they know how to make a great many very beautiful colours. But one funny thing about their pictures is that they never have any shadows. A mandarin was once looking at some of the portraits painted by the best European artists, and he asked whether the people who were painted had the left sides of their faces a different colour from the right; he thought the shadows of the noses quite spoiled the pictures.

Chinese music is very funny. I expect if you were to hear it you would put your fingers in your ears, and say it was all out of tune; and that is just what the Chinese do when they hear European music. Their music is very old. More than two thousand years before Christ they used twelve tubes to make music, six for sharp notes and six for flat, made of rods or bamboos. That was about the same time as Noah.

There are at least fifty kinds of musical instruments now in

CHINESE MUSICIANS.

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China, some made of wood, some of stone and metal. Nothing is known of what we call harmony—that is, playing or singing two or more different notes at the same time. If the Chinese hear foreigners singing in parts, they laugh and can see no music in it; but they can easily be made to cry by the shrill tones of one of their own fiddlers.

There are an immense number of beggars in China. Many of them only beg because they like it. Sometimes they paint themselves in such a way as to make believe they have dreadful diseases, and then they tell people they are going to die, and ask them to help to pay for their funerals. Sometimes they starve their children, or even cut them or wound them, and then carry them about crying and moaning, wrapped in filthy rags, and ask for money for them. They wear very funny clothes. Often all that a beggar has to cover him is an old hamper, or a sack or a piece of matting, or even tough paper; dresses of this kind are handed down from father to son as great treasures.

Begging is quite a business in China. In some parts the beggars tell all the shop-keepers in a street that they must pay them a tax; if a shop-keeper agrees, the beggars give him a red ticket, and then he will not be troubled by a beggar again that day; but if he refuses, a whole stream of beggars will come upon him, and make such a noise all round the shop, that if anyone comes in to buy, he cannot make himself heard, and at last in despair the tradesman will generally pay the beggars to go away. The beggars care for no laws except those they make for themselves or each other.

Another class of beggars write sad tales of their misfortune on the side of the road with chalk, or else on a large board, and beg of the passers-by; it is often very difficult to find out whether these people are really in trouble or not.

When a Chinese gentleman goes to visit a friend, he "sends in his card;" but instead of being really a card, it is a sheet of

red paper, with his name and titles written down the middle; sometimes the paper is so large, that if it were opened out it would stretch right across a room.

When the host has received the paper, he comes out to receive his guest, but how far he will come will depend upon the rank of the visitor, and so will the number of bows the host will make to him.

If a polite Chinaman knew you, and were to meet you in the street, he would shake hands; but instead of shaking your hand, he would shake his own. If he were introduced to you for the first time, he would ask you your name, how old you are, where you live, and most likely after that he would say what you would think rather rude, for he would ask how "your honourable old father" was, and then would enquire for "the old lady," by whom he would mean your mother. He would ask these questions, even if he knew that your father and mother were both young, for in China it is considered a mark of respect to call anyone old.

The cheapest way of getting about the country in some parts of China is in wheelbarrows! A man will push a very long way for very little money. But they are very uncomfortable. The seat is just over the wheel, and the barrow gets narrower towards the front, so that there is only room for the passenger to have one foot up, while the other is in a stirrup.

Large wheelbarrows sometimes have a pony or a mule to draw them, and some even have a sail to help them along in windy weather. In Pekin people ride on ponies, in other parts they use sedans.

WHEELBARROW USED IN NORTH CHINA.

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CHAPTER IX.

THEIR WIVES.

I' seems, from the Chinese census, that there are at least 150,000,000 women and girls in China. Of course, as this book is written for children, the Chinese children must have chapters all to themselves; but you will understand the children's lives all the better if you know something about their mothers first.

From reading some books about China, you would think that all men have several wives, but this is not quite right. In some parts of China men can have more than one wife; in other parts only one wife is allowed to each man, but he may have a great many concubines, as David and Solomon had, something between a wife and a servant, like Hagar was to Abraham. The real wife must be of the same rank as her husband, while the concubines can be bought for money, and are treated almost like servants. In some places it is not thought proper for a man to have a concubine, unless his own wife has no sons by the time he is forty years old (in China, as well as in India, I am sorry to say, "girls don't count"); then he may have a concubine, but the real wife will still be the mistress, and even if the concubine should have sons, the wife will be considered their mother, and will have the chief care of them.

One reason why it is considered better to have only a wife and not concubines is, that there are sure to be quarrels in the house if there is more than one mistress, for the Chinese have

a proverb—"Nine women in ten are jealous." Sarah and Hagar were not very good friends, were they?

Another Chinese proverb is, "A married woman can commit no crime," because she is supposed only to do what her husband tells her, so he and not she is to blame for what is wrong; but this proverb is contradicted by another, which says that women begin to sin when they marry, but till then they have no sin. God has told us that "all have sinned," ( ) and that we are born in sin ( ); so even children, we know, need a Saviour who will take their sins away; and God has given them this Saviour, who Himself said that "little children" might come to Him; ( ) so none of you need think you are not big enough. I am sure Jesus would rather you should come to Him when you are little, than when you are big. He would rather have all your life, than only part of it. Will you let Him have it all?

When a Chinese woman marries, she takes her husband's surname, just as English women do; but there is a law in China that no man may marry a woman whose surname is the same as his own, whether she is related to him or not; and as there are only about two hundred different surnames in all China, this rule causes a good deal of difficulty.

There is a law, too, that no government officer may marry an actress; if any man does, both he and his wife get sixty blows. There is a great deal of play-acting in China, and, therefore, a great many actors and actresses, but they are all wicked people, and are very much despised.

A man may send away his wife for certain reasons, rather strange ones some of them: for being disobedient to her husband's parents, for talking too much, for stealing, or for getting into tempers, but he must not send her away unless her parents are alive to take care of her.

Widows sometimes marry again, but it is thought very

improper. Sometimes a widow's parents will make her marry again, because they do not want to keep her, but if they are found out, they are very severely punished. So long as a widow remains a widow, she is her own mistress, and the mistress of her children too, so Chinese widows are better off than Indian ones. If a widow refuses to marry again, and remains a widow to the end of her life, she has a tablet put up in the street after death, praising her for having been so faithful to her husband; this is an honour which no Chinese wife would willingly miss.

The Chinese like people to be married young, but they are not so particular about it as the people in India are. They believe there is a spirit called "The Old Man of the Moon," who ties together, with a silk cord that nobody can see, all the boys and girls that are to marry each other, and that when once this cord has been tied, the marriage could not possibly be prevented, whatever anybody might do. The age at which people are generally "engaged" in China is between ten and fourteen; nearly all women who are more than twenty years old are married. Between the time when a girl is engaged and the time of her wedding she has to keep herself very private; she is never allowed to see any visitors who come to the house where she lives, and only the very nearest of her relations.

There are a great many things to be settled before anyone is married in China, so the parents of the bride and bridegroom choose women called "matchmakers," to make all the arrangements for them. The bride and bridegroom themselves are not allowed to have anything to say in the matter; but the fortunes of the two have to be compared, to see whether they will match, as well as the year, the month, the day, and the hour in which each of them was born. Every person in China has a sign of one of twelve animals, which is decided by the time of his birth; the twelve animals are: the mouse, the cow, the tiger, the rabbit, the serpent, the horse, the sheep, the monkey, the cock or hen, the

dog, the pig, and the dragon. A man and woman may not marry if one of them has the sign of the dragon and the other the sign of a dog, nor if one of them has the serpent and the other the pig; or one the rabbit and the other the cock or hen; so a great many marriages are prevented, because the signs do not agree.

The matchmakers dress very neatly; they always have small feet, and never wear anything on their heads, but whether it is wet or fine they always carry umbrellas, with very long handles; each of them has a district of her own in which she works.

If all the fortune-telling business is got over without difficulty, the bridegroom sends presents to the bride and her parents, but half of them are always sent back, as this is considered polite. The bride does not generally send presents, nor does she have money given with her when she is married; instead of that, her husband pays money to her father and mother for letting him have her. A card is sent from the bridegroom to the bride, and another from the bride to the bridegroom. The one for the bridegroom has a dragon painted on it, the one for the bride, a phœnix. Before these cards have been exchanged, the engagement may be broken off if either side has any objection to it, but never after. The cards are fastened to each other with a red cord, to show that the boy and girl are joined together, and are placed in the boy's home, before the tablets which are put up in memory of his dead ancestors.

Then a lucky day has to be fixed for the wedding, and this is a very important thing; if anything should be found out by the fortune-tellers that would prevent the fixed day being a lucky one, the wedding may be put off for months. The most lucky time of the year for a wedding is thought to be the spring, during the first moon of the year; that is the same time as our February. A month before the wedding the bride gets some more presents from the bridegroom; what do you think they are? Her wedding-dress, some ornaments, and the wedding cake, only instead of there

HEAD-DRESSES.

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being one large cake, it is a great number of little ones, sometimes several dozen, sometimes even four or five hundred. The bride does not eat them herself, but gives them away amongst her friends. You would not think them so nice as English wedding cake; they are very soft and flabby, of a kind of grey colour, and quite in the middle are little bits of fat pork and sugar.

Some time before the day fixed, the bridegroom has a new cap put on his head, and he takes a new name, besides those he had before; after this he is supposed to be no longer a boy but a man. At the same time the bride is changed from a girl to a woman, by having her hair fastened up, instead of letting it hang down her back, as she did before; her eyebrows are pulled out too, and as they will never grow again, she will always afterwards be known to be a married woman.

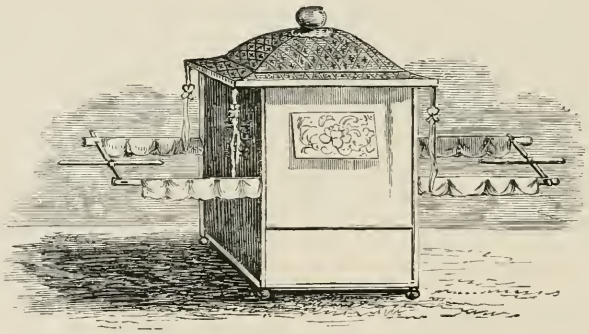
The Wedding Day.

To begin with, the friends of the bridegroom send presents to the bride and her friends, with their good wishes: among these presents, there are generally some live geese, because geese are supposed to be the emblems of agreement between husband and wife—I wonder why. For the same reason, there are often geese in the wedding procession. The bride's relations send presents too, generally something to wear, and her younger sisters and female friends come to see her and cry with her, though I expect they stop crying when a new present comes to be looked at. These presents are often carried round the town for everybody to see.

In some parts of China the bride is taken to the bridegroom's house (which is generally his father's house and sometimes his grandfather's too) in the morning, in others not till the evening, while in Shantung weddings always take place in the night.

A sedan chair is sent from the bridegroom's house to fetch

her, with music and lanterns; sometimes the bridegroom brings it himself, sometimes his friends come instead; the sedan-chair is always red, and is carried by four men. The ground from the bride's room to the sedan is covered with red carpet. Lanterns are carried before the sedan, on which are pasted pieces of red paper, with the bridegroom's surname on them; then come some more lanterns with the bride's name, then a large red umbrella, and after that lighted torches and a band of music. The brothers and friends of the bride and bridegroom walk near the sedan.



BRIDAL SEDAN.

Half way between the bride's house and the bridegroom's the procession stops, and a funny form is gone through, called "receiving the bride." Her friends stand in a group, and a little way off the bridegroom's friends stand in another group. The bride's friends show a red card, having on it her family name; the bridegroom's friends produce another red card, with his family name on it; the two groups exchange cards, every man in them shakes hands very hard with himself, and bows towards the other group, and then the bride's friends go back to her old home, taking her lanterns with them, while the rest of the procession goes on to the bridegroom's house; after this the bride takes the bridegroom's name, because the lanterns with his name on them are still in the

PART OF A BRIDAL PROCESSION, ON THE WAY TO THE BRIDEGROOM'S HOUSE.

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procession, while those with her name have gone, so she gets her new name before she gets her husband. This is the last she will see of her friends; the rest of her wedding-day will be spent entirely among strangers, except that a few of her own female servants will stay with her.

If a widow marries, she is not allowed to wear a dress of red, or any bright colour; it must be black, or white, or dark blue, and she must be carried in a black sedan, instead of a red one.

When she reaches the house, the bride is carried in by some married ladies who have sons; at the door there is a pan of charcoal, over which she is lifted, after being held for a little while above it; this is supposed to drive away evil spirits. At this time the bridegroom disappears; he goes into his bed-room, and stands by the bed with his face towards it, and the bride is carried in and put by his side. Then they both sit down on the edge of the bed. The bridegroom manages, if he can, to sit on the bride's dress, as a sign that she is always to give way to him; but *she* tries to sit on his dress, to show that she will expect him to give way to her. They sit quietly side by side for a little while; then the bridegroom gets up and goes out of the room. Sometimes he is persuaded to rub the bride's feet before he leaves her; this is taken to be a sign that they will never be made to ache by running about too much for him. All this time the two have never seen each other, because the bride has such a thick veil on that she can neither see nor be seen.

Next, the two together worship before the ancestral tablets of the bridegroom's family, bowing down to them eight times, and then the bride is led back to the bed-room, and there her husband takes off her veil and they look at each other for the first time; if they do not like each other's looks, it cannot be helped, it is too late now to go back. Are you not glad that boys and girls are not married like that in England?

After this comes a dinner, at which the bride may not eat,

although she drinks some wine with the bridegroom from a cup called the "cup of alliance," while a lady, the mother of many sons, pronounces a blessing over them.

All this time the rest of the gentlemen are having a great feast, and very soon the bridegroom goes to them, while the bride

BRIDAL DINNER.

goes back to her bed-room, and has to be satisfied with hearing the laughing and talking of her husband's friends in the distance; a great many women will come to see her, so she will not be dull, only very strange. When bed-time comes, the bridegroom's friends sometimes bring him to the bed-room door and then go home.

That is not a very nice sort of wedding-day for the poor girl, is it? And yet it is the nicest sort a Chinese woman ever gets, unless she is a Christian. Very, very often it is far worse than this, for at many weddings the bride, almost as soon as she gets to her husband's house, is made to stand before a latticed window looking either on to the street or else into a court full of people, where anyone who likes can come and look at her, and the people in the crowd say such terribly rude things to her, that she longs to run away and hide her face and not look at anyone; but there she must stand all day, with her poor little feet pinched in her very tightest shoes, which are sure to be new ones; even when it is time to go to bed, and she is sleepy, as well as tired and miserable, she may not sit down, nor go away from her window, but must stand there all through the night, unless the people choose to go away. Just think how hard *you* would feel that, and then think what it must be to a Chinese girl who has never been looked at by a man in her life, unless it was her father or uncle or brother, and who has left all her friends, and has not anyone near her who cares for her, to comfort her or to feel sorry for her.

Afterwards.

The next day is often called "The Women's Day," because then the bridegroom's lady friends are invited to a great feast. On this day the bride and bridegroom again worship the tablets of his ancestors, and also worship his living ancestors and the god and goddess of the kitchen.

On the fourth day two sedan chairs are sent to the house by the bride's parents, to fetch her and her husband to pay them a visit; but instead of going together, they go at different times; both of them during their visit worship the ancestral tablets of the bride's family, as well as her living ancestors.

The first month after a wedding is given up to amusements, just as English people generally spend it in taking their wedding

tour, only there is this great difference, that in England the bride and bridegroom enjoy themselves together, but in China they do it apart. At the end of the month, there are grand entertainments for all the relations, and then everybody settles down again.

The poor people's weddings are not done in such style as this. Very often a father will buy a wife for his son, when she is a very little girl, sometimes almost a baby, because then she will not cost much, and his wife can use her for a servant till she is sixteen;

GOD OF THE KITCHEN.

then a dress will be hired for her to be married in, and the feast will be just as good as they can afford.

No Chinaman is allowed to marry a foreigner, nor one of the Meautsi; at least that is the law in China, but it is a very common thing now for a Chinaman who goes to another country to find himself a wife there, and to take her back to China with him when he goes.

It is considered very unlucky if a boy dies after it has been decided whom he is to marry, but before the wedding has taken place; and so if such a thing happens, the girl's parents do their best to keep it secret, and will not even let the girl herself find it

out, if they can help it. As in most cases she has never seen the boy, or at all events not since they have been engaged, her parents can easily manage to find another boy for her, and let her think it is the same that she has been engaged to all along.

Sometimes a wife will kill herself when her husband dies, by poisoning or starving or drowning herself,—either because she really loved her husband so much that she does not care to live after he is dead, or because she does not know how to earn enough money to keep herself, or else because her husband's relations are unkind to her or want her to marry again. Often a wife will kill herself in a public place, where she stands on a platform, with a crowd of people watching her and thinking how good and brave she is. If you have read "The Children of India," you will remember that this used to be done in India as well as in China, until the English Government put a stop to it; but the Emperor of China has never forbidden wives to kill themselves when their husbands die. Are you not glad your mother is not a Chinese lady, but an English one? Yet it is not the country that makes the difference. I do not believe it would be any nicer in England than it is in China, if it were not that in England we have the Bible, and the true God is known and worshipped. And if only the Bible were read and believed all over China, the Chinese women would be just as happy and just as well treated as the English ones.

The Chinese ladies have a little more to do with their time than the ladies in India have, as they are taught embroidery, music, and painting on silk; in Ningpo nearly all the women, both rich and poor, spend most of their time in spinning silk. Then some of the women spend a great many hours every day in painting their faces, doing their hair, and binding their feet. In some parts of China, however, the ladies only do their hair once in two or three weeks, and so that it shall not get rough when they go to bed, they have pillows made to fit into their necks.

There is very little of what we call education among the women of China. In some parts not one in ten thousand is able to read, while in others sixty or seventy in a hundred can read; but being able to read often means only knowing a few words of one book. The women in Canton are better educated than in other parts of China; they learn chiefly out of two volumes, called "The Girls' Four Books," which tell them how they are to behave to their parents, their husbands, and their children.

It is against the rules of politeness in China for any man to speak to a woman, even a poor woman, unless he knows her well, so that the gentlemen missionaries cannot talk to them, because it would be thought so very improper, and would make the husbands so angry. You see then that lady missionaries are wanted in China even more than in India; but where are the missionaries, and where is the money to send them? Do you not think that if you were first to pray about it, and then to tell all the grown-up ladies you know about the poor Chinese women, one of them might say, she would go herself and perhaps another might say, "Well, it would not be right for me to go, because I am wanted at home, but I have some money to spare, so I will pay for some one else to go instead of me"? Then these would be your own missionaries—yours and God's; wouldn't you be a happy little boy or girl, almost as happy, perhaps quite, as if you were a man or woman and could be a missionary yourself?

Women are more respected in China than in India, and the older they are the more politely they are treated. Generally the women have their meals with the men, if there is no one in the house except their own families; but if there are any visitors, the women eat in one room and the men in another. If a family are sitting together, and a man of another family comes into the room, all the women are expected to get up and go away. The laws about this are much stricter in some parts than in others. A foreign gentleman was once driven out of a Chinese village by

the mob, because he had asked a woman who was standing in the road the way to the next town.

In spite of this, however, the poorer women in China are expected to do all the work. A horse and a donkey and a woman may all be seen yoked to the same plough, while the man only guides it, but Chinamen think this is quite natural and proper, not at all disrespectful. The Christian religion, so far as I know, is the only one which teaches that women ought to be treated as well as men, and even better. "In Christ Jesus," we are taught, "there is neither male nor female" ( ), and men are told that they should honour their wives, because women are not so strong as men ( ). These poor Chinese women must be told of Jesus and His religion, if ever their lives are to be made holy, happy, and useful. Will any of you go and tell them, or pray and work for others to go?

CHAPTER X.

THEIR CHILDREN.

T last we have got to them! We have been a very long time about it, have we not? But you will be able now to understand exactly the sort of world they are born into, so I shall only have to tell you what happens to them, after they have come into it.

Little boys are longed for and cared for even more in China than in India, if that is possible. There is wonderful rejoicing in a Chinese house when a little boy is born in it, but little girls are thought nothing of at all, and have a very bad time, even worse than in India.

In many families the girls have not even any names of their own, but are called number 1, number 2, number 3, and so on. When a Chinese girl marries, she is called Mr. So-and-so's wife, and as soon as she has a little boy, she is called Mr. So-and-so's mother.

You will understand how sorrowful a little Chinese girl's life is, when I tell you that in some places, for three days after she is born, she is left to lie on some rags on the floor, to show how little care will be taken of her as long as she lives.

Some very funny things are done to a Chinese baby that you will like to hear about. When it is three days old, it is washed with charmed water to make it lucky; in this water there are pepper, dates, walnuts, soap, chips of acacia trees, and other things; it is supposed to wash off the baby's outside skin. Next

it is washed in some more water, in which have been put some cash, chestnuts, dates, and silver; this washing is intended to make sure that the baby shall be rich when it is grown up; the things in the water are given for a present to the nurse. Then a large plaster is put on the baby, made of pitch and a plant that we call mugwort; this plaster is meant to prevent its having any aches and pains. After this, its skin is smeared with the white of egg, to give it a good complexion, and then it is beaten on the hips with an onion to make it clever. It would be a

SHAVING CHILD'S HEAD WHEN A MONTH OLD.

wonderful child if all these things did what they are supposed to do, but I am afraid they do not always.

About the same time that all this happens, another thing is done, called "Binding the wrists;" there are different ways of doing it. Some children have a few old cash tied round each of their wrists with a piece of red cord; some have a red string without any cash, and others have silver toys tied to their wrists as well as cash. The same piece of string is tied to both wrists, but as it is about two feet long it leaves a long piece between them, so that the baby's hands do not feel as if they were tied together. This string is sometimes worn till the child is fourteen days old, and sometimes for several months. It is supposed to be

very useful, for the wrists are tied to keep the child from being naughty afterwards, and from being frightened and throwing its arms about; the cash are to keep away evil spirits, and the toys to make it a happy child.

When the baby is a month old, it has all its hair shaved off, generally by a woman who has some sons of her own; you see women with sons are allowed to do a great many things that no woman without sons may do. If the baby is a boy, his relations and friends are invited to a feast the day his head is shaved, and most of them bring him a present; in some parts of the country, one of the presents is always a silver plate, on which is engraved "Long life, honours, and happiness." On this day the baby gets its name, but it does not keep it all its life, so this first name is called the milk-name. A girl is generally called by her milk-name till she is married, but a boy gets a new name the first day he goes to school. The Chinese always put the surname first instead of last, just as you sometimes see them written in England in lists of subscriptions.

That reminds me of another thing the Chinese do backwards, only really I think in this their way is forwards, and ours is backwards. In writing the address on a letter, instead of putting

MASTER JOHN THOMPSON,
36, Broad Street,
Liverpool,
England,

they would put

England,
Liverpool,
Broad Street, No. 36,
THOMPSON, MASTER JOHN.

Now that is more sensible, because the first postman that had

to do with the letter would see *England* first, so he would send it to England. The next postman would see Liverpool, so he would send it to Liverpool. The next would see Broad Street, so he would give it to the postman who goes to Broad Street, and when it got to No. 36 Master John Thompson would soon find out that it was for him; so I think the Chinese way of addressing letters is better than ours.

For the first year after it is born, it is thought dangerous to put a baby into water, so it does not have a nice bath every day, like your baby brothers and sisters do; it only has its face and hands wiped with a damp cloth; the rest of its little body is left dirty; that is not nice, is it? Its head is shaved very often, to make the hair grow fast, and when it is an inch or two long, it is plaited into a tiny tail on the top of the head with a bit of silk or cord tied to it to make it a little longer, and the baby's cap is made with a little hole in the top for its tail to come through; some babies have two tails, some only one. Over the cap is a stiff band of silk or velvet, embroidered with smart colours and trimmed with little bells, and very often there is in the front a small image of an idol to take care of the baby.

Baby-clothes are never white; if the parents are poor, the clothes are of blue cotton. They wear a long petticoat, open behind, and a shorter dress over it, with a high neck and long sleeves. Scarlet, green, and purple, are the colours that the Chinese mothers like best to trim their baby-clothes with. In very cold weather, these clothes are padded, to keep the babies warm. In hot weather, the very poorest Chinese children hardly wear anything at all, sometimes only a chain round their necks, called a Long-Life Ring, made of silver or wire, which is supposed to keep them from dying. If they get too big or are too respectable to go without clothes, they wear small loose cotton trousers in the hot weather, and often a little dress without sleeves over these.

One thing that you will think very funny about Chinese babies

is, that they never get any kisses. Instead of kissing them, their mothers smell their faces, and instead of saying what darlings they are, they say how nice they smell. In some parts, instead of being kissed they are pinched on their cheeks, but not hard enough to hurt them.

A great many of these things that I have told you about are

MANNER OF CARRYING CHILDREN IN CANTON.

often only done for baby-boys, but not for girls. The most terrible thing about little girls in China is, that great numbers of them are killed as soon as they are born, because nobody wants them, and even their fathers and mothers would rather kill them than have to spend money on their food and clothes. More baby-girls are killed in the southern provinces than in the northern, because

there are more poor people in the south than in the north. They are generally killed by being thrown into a tub of water, or a stream, with something tied to them to make them sink, just as people in England drown little kittens; or else they are burned alive, which is much more cruel; it is generally their fathers who kill them. In some parts of China even rich people kill their little girls, when they have as many as they care to keep. This is the reason why in some places there are so many more boys than girls.

There was one Chinese father, a blacksmith, who had two little daughters one after the other, who were both taken ill when they were quite little, and both died. By-and-bye a third little girl was born, and the father and mother made up their minds that it must be the same spirit that was in the other two babies, who had come back in the third, and that it must be a wicked spirit, as both the other babies had died. So the father collected a great pile of wood, and made a big fire on his forge, and then put his own little baby on the top, and stood by and watched it till it was burnt to a cinder; then he tied a stone to it, and threw it into a canal.

There was another little baby girl, whose mother did not want her, just because she *was* a girl and not a boy; so she left her on the floor all night, and took no notice of her. In the morning the father came into the room, and when he saw the baby, he went to fetch some water to drown it; but while he was gone, a poor woman came in, and saw what was going to happen; so when the father came back, she asked him not to kill the baby for a little while, and then she went away to a lady missionary, who she knew was very fond of children, and told her about it. The lady came directly and asked the father to give the baby to her, instead of drowning it, which he was quite ready to do, as he only wanted to get rid of it. So the lady took it to her own house, and fed it and dressed it, and took care of it, but it very soon died. A little while after, the same woman came to the lady with another story

about a father and mother who wanted to sell their little girl, and who meant, if nobody would buy her, to take her to some hills, and leave her there to be eaten by wild dogs. This time, instead of taking the baby to her own house, the lady said she would pay the woman if she would nurse the baby for her; so she did, and this one did not die.

Another father, as soon as he found he had a little girl, laid her on the ground and covered her over with a large dish, and left her there to cry till she was smothered and died.

There are a great many dead children to be seen in China, besides those who have been killed. Sometimes they are wrapped up in mats and thrown into the river, or outside the walls of cities; sometimes they are hung from branches of trees, and sometimes thrown into a baby-house—that is, a small building with a hole in the side, built on purpose to put dead babies in.

The reason of this custom is a very strange one. When a baby dies, it is supposed that its father or grandfather had not paid his debts, and that the man to whom the money was owing had died, and his spirit had come back in the baby to trouble the family who had not paid him, by giving the care and expense of a sick baby to nurse; and that after doing this the spirit had gone back home, leaving the dead baby behind. So though the baby's friends may take great care of it while it is ill, not being sure it is an enemy, directly it is dead it is taken out of the house, without a coffin, and thrown away. As it is carried out, the house is swept, crackers are fired and gongs are beaten to frighten the spirit, and keep it from coming back.

Some fathers and mothers, who do not want to kill their little girls and yet do not care to keep them, sell them to other fathers and mothers to be wives for their sons. They are generally sold when they are between three and ten years old, and live with the people who buy them as if they were their children. The price of a little girl is generally eight shillings for every year she

has lived, if she is *very* little, but if she is old enough to work she will be more expensive. If a little girl has poor parents and lives with them till she is married, they expect her husband's parents to pay them for having fed her and clothed her so long, so that really parents may be said to buy wives for their sons.

A Chinese child is not generally allowed to sit on a chair till it is four months old; then it is supposed to need to be taught how to sit; this is done by covering the seat with soft candy, so that the child sticks to it. I do not know whether this is done all over China; most likely not, but it is done in the province of Fukien.

When the child is old enough to eat, it has boiled rice in a basin and eats it with a spoon; when it is three or four years old, it begins to eat with chopsticks.

When a boy is about three months old, he has several things placed in front of him—a pair of scales, a pair of shears, a measure, a mirror, a pencil, some ink, paper, books, and other things, and from what he first touches people say what he is going to be when he grows up. If he puts his hand on a book or a pen, they say he will be a great scholar; if he touches the scales, they suppose he will get rich in business; and so on with the other things.

The very first thing a child is taught, is to worship idols and the spirits of its dead relations, by moving its hands up and down a few times. There is one goddess, called "Mother," who is supposed to take particular care of children till they are sixteen years old; her birthday is kept on the fifteenth day of the first month; she is worshipped by women all over China.

Children are taught to work almost as soon as they can walk, and to work hard too, so that they are much too grave for children—more like little men and women. Sometimes when a visitor comes to a house, he asks to see the little boys; then they are sent for, and as soon as they come into the room, they kneel

down before the visitor, and knock their heads on the floor several times, and then they get up and stand facing him, but some distance off. All this is considered respectful, and very great care is taken to teach Chinese children how to behave.

They have very few games or toys to play with when they are little, but as soon as they go to school, they are told that they must behave like gentlemen, that they must not run and jump, but walk soberly, and obey their teachers; so it is not very strange that they soon begin to copy men in bad things, and learn to gamble with cards and dominoes, and anything that can be gambled with. For the Chinese are terrible gamblers; if they have nothing else left, they will even gamble with their wives and their children, and then themselves, promising that if the men they are playing with should be the winners, they will give themselves to be their slaves!

Still cards and dominoes are not the only toys that boys and men play with, though I do not think women and girls play with anything else. The Chinese are the best makers and flyers of kites in the world. They make them of all shapes, and so cleverly that at a very little distance you could not tell the difference between a real bird and a kite in the shape of a bird. They use cords to fly them with, put through a round hole in such a way that while they are in the air they make a noise like humming-tops.

They play several games with shuttlecocks too, but instead of using a battledore they use their feet. One way of playing is by kicking the shuttlecock behind them with the sole of the foot, and then turning round so quickly that they can kick it again before it drops; that must be rather difficult, I think. Just go out in the garden and try, if it doesn't rain, and see if *you* can do it. They can keep up a shuttlecock in another way too for as many as a hundred, or even two hundred kicks, by kicking first with one foot and then with the other, now in front and now behind.

They play at tip-cat too, and snobs or five-stones, and mud-rubbing. Now, you cannot guess what that is. Five boys play together; one of them stoops down, and under his long dress rubs one finger in the mud; then the other four boys guess which finger it was, but the one that guesses right loses instead of winning, and has to drum gently with his fists on the backs of the other four, which makes what they think a very nice feeling. I expect you would think that rather poor fun. Would you like a Chinese cricket-match any better, I wonder? Not if you care very much for English cricket-matches. In a Chinese cricket-match only two can play at once, and this is how it is fought. The boys have a small bamboo tube, open at both ends, and each has a stock of live crickets. One boy puts his cricket into the tube at one end, and the other boy puts his in at the other, head first. The crickets run up the tube and meet in the middle, and then they fight. The ends of the tube are kept blocked up until one cricket runs away, and as there is not room for them to pass each other, the one that runs back to the end of the tube is the beaten one, and the boy to whom the other belonged has won the game.

They play "Puss-in-the-corner" too, only they call it "Four Corners," and at chess and puzzles; and in the tea-shops and at public entertainments there are jugglers, musicians, Punch and Judy shows, and marionettes.

As long as their parents are alive Chinese sons and daughters obey them in everything. A grown-up man must not think of choosing for himself what trade he will follow, or what woman he will marry; his father and mother settle it all for him. He does not keep his own wages either, nor even spend his own money without their consent; at least, this is the rule, but the parents often ask the sons what they would like, and let them have their own way in many things.

CHAPTER XI.

THEIR SCHOOLS.

CHINESE boy generally begins to learn to read when he is six or seven years old; he goes to school when he is ten, and stays till he is fourteen or fifteen. There is a very ancient law that every town and village must have a school. In large towns there are night schools for those who are at work in the day.

The schools open very early in the day, about seven o'clock, and go on till four or five in the afternoon; how would you like such long hours as that?

When a little boy begins to go to school, he also begins to dress like a man, and to think himself very big indeed. The first time he goes to school he takes with him two candles, three sticks of incense, two pieces of paper money, worth about a half-penny each, and three sheets of paper with pictures of clothes on them. When he gets to the school he goes to the tablet of Confucius, which stands in nearly every schoolroom in China, and in front of this he lights his candles and burns his incense and afterwards his paper, which he thinks will go to Confucius in the form of money and clothes. Then he bows down before the schoolmaster four times. This is done, not only on first going to school, but also on coming back after the holidays.

There is no proper time allowed for dinner, but when the master tells a boy he may go, he walks home and eats some rice

and comes back again directly; his dinner only takes a very few minutes to eat.

And what lessons does he learn? you will want to know. The very first thing a Chinese boy learns (but then most of them learn this before they go to school) is a few of the chief signs, just as you begin with A, B, C. Most likely he will learn them out of a book with pictures to show what the signs mean. Next will come a little lesson in rhyme, which he will have to learn by heart, and then he will begin a book called "The Three Character Classic," which will also have to be learnt by heart. This is the first little bit of the book put into English:—

"When men are born their nature is good. Naturally men are alike, but habit makes them differ; if they are not taught, their nature will change." That is very different from what we learn out of the Bible, that men are born in sin ( ), and that they cannot be good, unless they get good hearts ( ).

It takes a boy about two months to learn through this book, and most of that time will be spent in learning it and saying it. The first hour at school in the morning is generally spent in repeating the last lesson learned the day before; then the boy will learn another piece, and in the afternoon he will first repeat what he learned in the morning, and then learn some more.

After the "Three Character Classic" comes the "Thousand Character Classic," which was written for rather a funny reason. A great mandarin in the reign of the Tsin Kings had offended his sovereign and was going to be beheaded; but the king sent him word that he would forgive him, if he would write a good, sensible book with a thousand different signs in it, without ever using the same sign more than once,—a very difficult task. The man was so anxious not to be killed, that he set to work at once and wrote the book, and the king was so pleased with it, that he forgave the man, and let him be a mandarin again.

The next book to be learned is a very strange one for a

school-book. I expect you would think it wasting time to learn out of it, for there is nothing in it but a list of Chinese surnames. You remember I told you there are only about two hundred

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different ones altogether. The most common surname of all is Chang.

Now the boy is ready to begin "The Four Books" that I told you about before, and I think you will understand without my telling you any more, what else he will have to do, if he means

to be a clever man. Of course he must learn to write, and this he will be taught in a copy-book, but not like yours. I expect you had a copy on the top line of your book, and you had to write some more like it below with a pen or pencil; but a Chinese boy learns to write with a brush, and he writes on paper that he can see through, with the copy underneath it, so that he writes over the copy instead of below it; he has very large signs to begin with and smaller ones afterwards. When he can do this quite neatly, he will have to do without the copy underneath; instead of it, there will only be a piece of paper, ruled in squares, and in these squares he will have to make the signs from memory.

Instead of a slate, he has a board painted white, and when he has written his exercise and had it corrected, he washes it off.

So you see Chinese school-boys spend nearly all their time in learning and repeating; they do not even understand the meaning of the words they learn, and the teacher never explains them till the boys know the books right through. It must be rather dull work learning like that. There are no lessons in geography or arithmetic, languages, music or drawing, very little of the history of China, and none of that of any other country.

The lessons are all learned aloud, so think what a noisy place a Chinese schoolroom must be. The boys all stand round the master at first with their books open; he reads a few words, and the boys repeat them with him till they know the names of all the signs in the lesson; then they go to their places and shout it, not all together, but each for himself, till they all know it; I think it would make your heads ache to sit with them for an hour.

When a boy knows his piece, he does what he calls "Backing the Book," what you would call saying his lesson. Instead of standing with his face to the teacher, he turns his back to him, so that he shall not be able to see the book; but shall I tell you what he does instead, if he can manage it? He agrees with another boy that he will hold his book so that the other can see

the lesson he is saying, on condition that the other boy will do the same for him, so there is plenty of cheating in Chinese schools.

The schools in China are generally small; there are not often more than thirty boys in one school. They have no playground, and what you would think still worse, I expect, hardly any holidays. There is no weekly day of rest either, so they just go on at school, day after day, seven days in every week, only on a great festival day they get a holiday, and they have a few weeks when the New Year begins, that is all. Now, if you are an English school-boy and think you have a hard time of it, and are a little inclined to grumble sometimes, because the lessons are hard, and the master is strict, and the holidays are not half long enough, just think how much better off you are than a Chinese schoolboy, and instead of grumbling again, work as hard as ever you can, and take as much pains to be a clever boy, as the Chinese scholars generally do.

A few very good directions are given to boys when they go to school. They are told not to say things with their mouths, while their minds are thinking of something else, and not to be satisfied with half understanding a thing, but to ask that it may be explained. There is very little punishing in Chinese schools: instead of punishing the boys for being naughty, the masters praise them for being good, and try to persuade them to be better still. I think that is how God likes *His* scholars to work, not because they are afraid of being punished if they do badly, but because they know He will be pleased if they do well, and the very happiest thing in the world is to please God.

If a boy will not be persuaded, but keeps on being naughty, he is made to stay on his knees before his seat, or else at the door, till a stick of incense, which he holds in his hand, has burned down to a certain point. Whipping is not tried until everything else has failed. Sometimes the master will strike a boy's head with his knuckles; if that does no good, he beats his hands and

his back with a piece of wood; if the boy is still naughty, the master lays him across his knees, and beats him with a bamboo. Another punishment is to make a boy hold a vessel quite full of water on his head, and whip him if he spills any.

There are plenty of children's books in China; most of them are full of stories of boys who studied hard and became great men, or of loving sons who got on well in life, because they were good to their parents.

And what about the girls? In a very few places there are schools for girls, taught by female teachers; but generally girls are not sent to school at all, and even the missionaries' wives often have to pay them to come to their schools, because the mothers say they cannot afford to do without the children's work, and the fathers say that girls are hard enough to manage when they are not taught, and would be still worse if they were. Sometimes, however, the richer parents will let their daughters be taught at home, especially if they have a private teacher for their sons, instead of sending them to school; then they will let the girls study with the boys till they are thirteen or fourteen years old. The old books say that women and girls ought only to learn to behave well and to look after the house, but that they should never open a book, or if they forget that they are only girls and open one, they must not read it, but shut it up directly. Are you not sorry for the poor little girls? and would you not like to do something for them?

CHAPTER XII.

THEIR ILLNESSES AND THEIR DOCTORS.

HINESE doctors are very strange people, you will think, and they do very strange things to their patients, because they have such strange thoughts about sickness. They believe it is always caused by the anger of a god or else of a spirit; so when anyone is taken ill, the first thing his friends do is to try to find out which of these two causes has made him ill. If they think it is a god who has done it, they offer sacrifices, to persuade him to make the sick man well again. If they think it is an evil spirit, they send for a priest to drive it out.

Diseases that seem to settle in a place—*epidemics* we call them—are said to be arranged by five gods, called "The Five Emperors." A common way of frightening a child is to tell it that the Five Emperors will catch it; there are a great many temples where people go to pray and sacrifice to these gods.

When any member of a family begins to be ill, his relations sacrifice before the ancestral tablets, in case it may be one of his dead relations who is troubling him. If he does not get better after this, they send for a priest, to tell them whether it is the spirit of one of his relations who is making him ill, or a beggar spirit, who is trying this way of getting food and clothes. If the priest says it is a relation's spirit, they put a great deal of money before the ancestral tablets; if he says it is a beggar spirit, they burn paper money outside the street door.

Every person is supposed to have three souls, one in his head, one in his chest, and one in his feet, so if a sick man gets unconscious, or his feet grow cold, the reason is said to be that one of his souls has left the body, or has been caught by a wandering spirit, so one of his relations goes outside the door with a lantern and a dress belonging to the sick man, and calls to the spirit to come back.

There are no good Chinese doctors. In England, you know, it takes a gentleman a long time and a great deal of trouble to be a doctor, and he will have to pass a great many examinations before he may order medicine for sick people; but if a Chinaman wants to be a doctor, he can do it without learning anything, and many Chinese doctors keep a shop where they sell medicines—such strange medicines, too: tigers' bones, goats' horns and blood, boiled and ground and made into cakes, and other things just as funny. Many of the medicines are tied up in little packets, only holding one dose each, and on the outside is written what disease they will cure.

Another idea is that for a disease in the upper part of the body, such as a headache or stiff neck, the proper medicine to take is the top part of a plant; for a disease in the middle part of the body, such as side-ache or a pain in the back, a Chinese doctor would give the middle part of a plant; while for corns or chilblains on the feet, he would give the root of the plant—that is an easy way of doctoring, is it not? However, in spite of these strange notions, Chinese doctors generally know a good deal about herbs, so that they are often able to cure small diseases very quickly, and even foreigners go to ask their advice if they are only poorly, and not seriously ill. They think a great deal of sleep too, and say that ten nights of sleep will not make up for one night of lying awake.

But they know nothing about the insides of people's bodies, because they would never think of cutting up a dead man, or

even a dead animal, to see how they are made; and if a man had a very bad leg, he would much rather die and keep his leg on, than have it taken off and keep alive, because he would expect that if he died with only one leg, he would only have one in the next world, so few Chinamen would ever think of letting any part of their body be cut off, however much diseased it was. People who belong to the Buddhist religion will sometimes burn their fingers, and even their arms and legs, to give them to Buddha, but then they expect a great reward for this. In places where Europeans are known, some of the less bigoted Chinese are beginning now to consent to have operations performed on them, if they cannot be kept alive without.

The Chinese suffer very much from sores, partly because they are so dirty; and the doctors, instead of trying to make them better, very often try to make them worse, so that they shall have them as patients for a long time and get more money; then when they are as bad as they can be, they try to cure them, but as you will easily imagine, it is often too late then. If a sore breaks, a doctor will put on what he calls a plaster, really a patch of stuff like pitch, which often makes the sore much worse than it was before.

There are a great many blind people in China, chiefly because the doctors do not know how to cure weak or sore eyes. I have read of a little girl who went to a doctor to see if he could make her eyes better when they were sore, and what do you think he did to her? He got a blunt needle, and picked her poor little eye with it, till he had made a wound a quarter of an inch long; so it is no wonder Chinese people go blind, is it? Blind people are supposed to be able to see things that nobody else can see, and to tell other people things that are going to happen, so when children are born blind, or go blind afterwards, they are sent to older blind people, who teach them how to tell fortunes. It takes them a long time to learn—till they are thirty years old, and then they can

earn their own living by fortune-telling. You will be pleased to hear that the Bible Society have printed parts of the New Testament in raised type, on purpose for the blind people in China to read; so if only they get this given to them, they can find out really how to make their own fortunes and how to teach other people to make theirs, by laying up for themselves "treasure in Heaven" ( ). How much have *you* got there, I wonder? Is your fortune made yet? Mine is. If yours is all "laid up" for you, where no one can ever get at it, to take it from you, then you can give all your thought and care to other people who have no fortune, except "where moth and rust doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal" ( ). Perhaps if you tell them about your fortune, they will lay one up for themselves in the same place where yours is.

Another strange idea in China about sickness is, that there are five elements in every person's body—gold (or metal), wood (or vegetable), water, fire, and earth, and that as long as there is just as much as there ought to be of each of the five, people will be quite well, but that if there is too much of either, there will be sickness. A Chinese gentleman once said to an English one, "I used to be so sorry when I saw how much roast meat you ate, but now I see why it does not hurt you—you drink so much cold water, and that puts the fire out."

There is a law in China that if a doctor hurts a man so much that he dies, either with instruments or medicines, he must not be allowed to be a doctor any longer, and that if he kills his patient on purpose, he must be beheaded.

If a Chinese man or woman dies, there are a great many strange things to be done, but they are generally left undone when children die, or men and women who are not married.

As soon as it is seen that the sick person is really dead, all the people in the house begin to cry as loudly as they can. The spirit of the dead person is supposed to be in the dark, and not to

be able to see the way it has to go, so some candles are lighted as quickly as possible and put on a chair at the side of the bed; a cup of water is put outside the door, so that the spirit may have a last drink if he is thirsty. Then a sedan chair, made of bamboo and paper, is burnt, so that he may be able to ride to the spirit-world instead of walking; some paper men are burnt to be there to carry him, and some wine and cakes are sent for their wages; the food is not burnt, but only offered up, as the idea is that spirits cannot eat solid food, but that they feed on the essence or smell of it. It is supposed to take a man forty-two days to get to the spirit-world, and to find out that he has died. A suit of clothes is burnt next, so that the spirit may look respectable when he arrives in the spirit-world, and that the police there may treat him like a gentleman. A family will often spend nearly all their money in getting a handsome coffin, to make the spirits believe that their relation was a very grand man, and must be treated with great respect. So much is thought of this, that a poor man will sometimes sell himself to die instead of a rich one who has been condemned to death, on condition that he may be dressed like a mandarin when he dies.

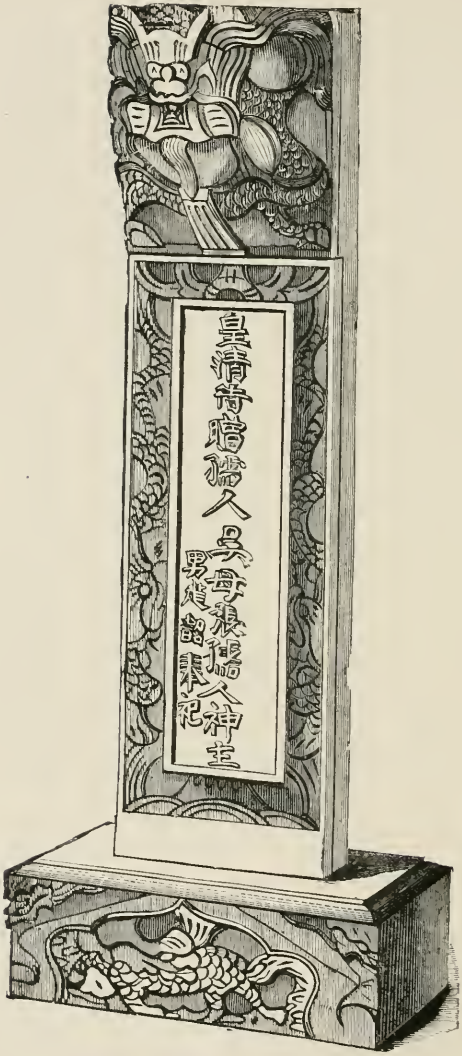
Before a dead body is put into a coffin, it has a great many grave-clothes put on it, sometimes as many as twenty-one garments, one over the other; the best are made of red silk lined with blue, and thickly padded. Then several pieces of cloth are wound round to keep it all tight, and a mattress and pillow are put in, so, as you would expect, the coffins have to be very large. They are very carefully made too, and so heavy that it takes twelve or sometimes twenty men to carry one. People often have their coffins made long before they die, and keep them either at the undertaker's or in their own houses; there are often several to be seen in one bedroom, belonging to people who are alive; they are shown to visitors and are thought a great deal of; a coffin made of the best wood costs from twenty-five to sixty pounds. It is con-

sidered a mark of great respect for a son to present his father with a coffin. The Chinese name for a coffin is "Long-Life Wood."

After the coffin-lid is nailed on, all the children of the dead person, if there are any, go into the ancestral hall and place there a chair, a table, a footstool, a pair of shoes, and a wooden frame, on which is hung the picture of the dead man. Incense is kept burning on the table for seven weeks, and there are also put on it a pair of candles, a pair of chop-sticks, a bowl to hold rice, and a cup for wine. The table, chair, and picture are kept in the room for forty-nine, sixty, or a hundred days; some families let them stay for three years.

The Chinese believe that the king of the spirit-world keeps a little servant to show the spirits the way, so on the corner of the table they put another pair of chop-sticks and a small bowl of rice for the servant; some money is burnt for him too, so that he may not lead the spirit wrong. This money for the dead is made of thin paper, cut into square pieces, with a patch of tin-foil in the middle. Many of the Chinese women spend all their time in making it; some of the squares have gold in the middle instead of tin. A great deal of it is burnt after any one dies, so that he may be able to bribe the officers in the spirit-world to be kind to him, for the Chinese think that in the world of spirits things are very much like they are in this world, and you remember a great deal of bribery goes on in Chinese prisons and courts of justice.

Three bowls of rice are offered for the dead man, to comfort him before he starts on his journey. One of his three souls is supposed to stay near the table, so early in the morning some warm water is put there, for him to wash with if he likes, and twice a day rice and vegetables are brought for him to eat. At bed-time every one in the house wishes him good-night. If his wife is alive, she is expected, in some parts of the country, to kneel for a day and a night at the head of the coffin.



ANCESTRAL TABLET.

As long as the coffin stays in the house, which is often a very long time, the dead man's sons sleep on some straw near

it, to keep him company through the night, and any visitors who come to the house bow down before the picture, one of the family always worshipping with them. Some woman of the family, hidden where no one can see her, cries bitterly while this worship goes on.

Before the table is taken away, dishes of food, such as pork, fowls, beans, rice, wine, and tea are placed on it, and the dead man is supposed to know by this that for the future he will have to cook his own food, for his friends do not intend to look after him any longer, but they burn a great deal of paper money so that he may be able to take care of himself. When the table is taken away an ancestral tablet is put in its place. This is a small, four-cornered piece of wood, higher than it is broad, on which is written the name of the dead man, the date of his birth and death, and sometimes his office. Every morning and night the father of the family, or one of the sons, burns incense and worships before this tablet, and twice every year an offering is made before it of rice, candles, wine, money—everything that the spirit could possibly want.

The Chinese believe that after five generations the spirit may come back to the world in another body, so after that time they do not worship the tablet. Some of the poor people are obliged to bury their friends a few days after they die; this is looked upon as a sign of the very greatest poverty, and is called "Blood Burial," because the dead person's blood is supposed not to be dried up so soon.

In Pekin nobody is allowed to die in a bed, if it can be helped, for fear the spirit should haunt it afterwards.

When a woman is put in her coffin, a great deal of jewellery is put on her; her bracelets are put by her side, but not on her arms, for fear the spirit should use them as handcuffs for her. A mandarin never wears his necklace in his coffin, in case it should be used as a chain to bind him. No fur is ever put on a dead

body either, for fear the dead person's spirit might make a mistake and go into one of the animals from which the fur was taken, thinking it was the body that he belonged to.

There are a great many other forms to be gone through when any one dies, some in one part of the country and some in another, but I think I have told you quite enough to show you what a dreary thing death is to the poor Chinese, and how much they need to be taught of Him who "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel" ( ).

A funeral is never allowed to take place on an even day of the month; it is believed that if this were done, someone else belonging to the family would die very soon. If a man is rich enough, he will always be buried in his native place, even if he died a long way from it. No graves are allowed in cities or towns.

A Chinese funeral is very noisy. Gongs are beaten, and fireworks are let off, as the procession goes to the grave, while servants scatter paper money along the road to keep the evil spirits busy, so that they shall do no mischief. When the procession gets to the grave, it is often found that there are a great many beggars sitting in it, who will not come out till they have some money given to them; they will not be satisfied with paper money either, but will have real cash.

A great many paper things are burnt at the grave for the dead man,—houses, clothes, furniture, servants, all kinds of things. While they are being sacrificed, the tablet of the dead man stands by the grave; the people all kneel down before it, and the eldest son prays that the bones and flesh of his father may go into the earth, but that his spirit may go into the tablet. After the funeral, the tablet is taken home and put into a niche that has been got ready for it in the ancestral hall, where it stays for a long time, in some places for three years, in others for five. Of the man's other two spirits, one is supposed to stay in the body, and the

PART OF A CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

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other to go to the spirit-world. If the family of the man is not rich enough to have an ancestral hall, the tablet is put in the best room of the house on a shelf.

All the visitors who go to a funeral help to bear the expense of it.

You see there is no religious service at a funeral. Nobody knows anything about Jesus, who said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" ( ). It is all darkness and uncertainty and gloom, as death must always be to those who do not know Jesus. Is death a gloomy thing to you? If it is, I can only say—Seek Jesus; and when you have found Him, you will know what those other words mean—"He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die" ( ).

PART III.

THINGS THAT ARE NOT CELESTIAL.

CHAPTER I.

CONFUCIANISM.

HE religion of China is, in many ways, among the strangest in the world. I said religion, but I did not mean by that that there is only one religion in China; there are three chief religions,—Confucianism, Tauism, and Buddhism, but one strange thing about them is that many Chinese believe more or less in all three, and belong to each as much as to the others, though there are a few who believe in one and not in any other. The learned men and the mandarins like Confucianism best, while the poor, ignorant people prefer the other two.

Confucianism, the oldest religion in China, can hardly be called a religion at all, as it only teaches about man, and about this life; not about God, nor about what will happen to men after death. Buddhism partly makes up for this, as it does teach about another world, and how it may be prepared for, but it never teaches that God has anything to do with men while they are in this world; Tauism teaches that the earth and the sea and the sky are all full of gods who care for men while they are alive; so you can see how a Chinaman may be a Confucianist, a Buddhist, and a Tauist all at once, worshipping the gods whose help he feels he most needs. All his prayers, however, will be selfish, asking for the things he wants; he will never ask to be made holy, or to have his sins forgiven; all he thinks about is getting on well in this world.

Yet the Chinese believe that their souls will live for ever, and that after death there will be rewards for some and punishment for others. Rewards they say are of two kinds,—first to be saved from punishment, and secondly, to be made greater and richer the next time they are born into the world, than they were before; but as in this world, so in the next, they think that they can escape punishment by bribing the officers, so the fear of what they may have to suffer in the next world has very little, if any, power to keep them from doing wrong in this one. They think too that they can save money in this world and get it in the next; they do not know that God has taught us, "We brought nothing into this world, neither may we carry anything out" ( ).

Nobody knows how many temples there are in China. If we reckon by the number to be found in one city, Ningpo, we may suppose that there are in China as many as three hundred thousand, built for the worship of men who have become gods, of whom about thirty thousand different ones are worshipped; there are many temples in different places for the same idol, that is why there are more temples than gods. Besides these, there are the temples of the Tauist and Buddhist idols, of which there are about three hundred thousand more, and temples for the worship of ancestors, of which there are many more than of any other sort; so that we may safely say there are about a million temples in China, costing altogether about two hundred million pounds, besides all that is spent for sacrifices, and in mending the temples.

Buddhist sacrifices are generally vegetables; the others are fowls, fish, or pork; the food used in sacrifices is afterwards eaten by the people who offered them. The Chinese never think, in offering sacrifices, that they are giving something else instead of themselves, or that the sacrifices have anything to do with sin or forgiveness; they only give them as presents to the gods or to their dead friends.

One thing in which the Chinese religion is better than the

Hindu is, that there are no wicked gods; if a man is made a god, it is a reward for his goodness, so if the people do not love their gods, at least they respect them.

But now I must tell you about

CONFUCIUS,

the founder of the religion called Confucianism. He was born B.C. 551, in the Province of Shantung, when his father was more than seventy years old. He was of royal descent, and his ancestors can be traced back for 2,700 years before Christ. His father died before he was three years old, when his mother was left very poor. We know very little of what happened to Confucius while he was little, but he tells us himself that by the time he was fifteen years old he had made up his mind to be learned and clever. He married when he was about nineteen, and the next year he had a little boy, whom he named Lî, and who was his only son. At this time his business was to take charge of some stores of grain; afterwards he looked after some public fields.

When he was nearly twenty-three, he began to teach, not little boys, but grown-up men, who found out that he was very wise and learned, and came to ask him questions. He did not make them pay him much for teaching them, but he would only help those who really wanted to learn. In this same year, B.C. 528, his mother died, and this was a great trouble to him, for he loved her very much. He had his father's coffin dug up out of his grave and carried, with his mother's coffin, to the place where his ancestors had lived, and there he buried them both together, and his scholars raised a monument over the grave.

For the next ten years Confucius went on studying and teaching. Then a great Chinese minister died, leaving orders that his son should go to Confucius to be taught, so after this he was much more famous, and richer too. He visited Pekin, and

there he met Lâo-tsze, the founder of the Tauist religion. Then he returned to his home and went on teaching, thousands of men coming to learn from him; they did not live with him, but came to him when they wanted advice.

In B.C. 500 Confucius was made the chief magistrate of the town Chung-tû, and the people there became at once so orderly and well-behaved, that a higher magistrate, the Marquis of Lû, asked him whether the laws by which he governed this town would not do for the whole State. Confucius said yes, so he was raised at once to a higher post, that of Assistant Minister of Crime; but his power over the people was so great, that there was no crime in the State, and no one to be punished, so of course the State got very great, and all the ministers of the States round it grew jealous, especially the Marquis of Chî, who tried by presents to persuade the Marquis of Lû to separate from Confucius. He succeeded in this, and Confucius soon left the State, and travelled from one place to another for thirteen years with some of his disciples, hoping to find a ruler somewhere who would be wise enough to govern according to his advice, but in vain. After suffering a great deal of want he came back to Lû, where the Marquis received him very kindly. Confucius did no more public work, but spent all his time in reading and teaching.

One morning he got up very early, and with his staff walked about outside his door, saying, "The great mountain must crumble, the strong beam must break, and the wise man wither away like a plant." After a little time he went into the house and sat down. One of his disciples had heard what he had said, and thought to himself, "If the great mountain crumbles, what shall I lean on? I am afraid the master is going to be ill." Then he too went into the house, and Confucius told him a dream he had had in the night, which he thought must mean that he was going to die; and then he said, "There is no wise king, no

prince in the kingdom will make me his master, my time has come to die;" and so it had, for he very soon went to bed, and seven days after he died, in B.C. 477. His disciples gave him a very grand funeral; some of them built tents near his grave and lived in them for three years.

After Confucius was dead, the Chinese began to find out how wise he was, and to worship him. In A.D. 57 a law was passed that sacrifices should be offered to him in all government colleges,

CONFUCIUS.

and now there is a temple to him in every large town in the Empire. In these temples sacrifices are offered to Confucius in spring and autumn. The emperor goes himself at these times to the royal college at Pekin, and sacrifices to Confucius and his four chief disciples. There are no images to Confucius, because the Chinese say that if they made images of him it would be treating him as if he were no better than any other god, so instead of an image there is a tablet in the most public place in every

temple, on which is written in gold letters, "The Great and Holy Sage."

Confucius said himself that he did not make a new religion, but only passed on an old one, which he found out from the old books. He taught a great many wise lessons to his disciples. He was the first we know of who taught what we call "the Golden Rule." The Lord Jesus said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them" ( ). Confucius never heard of the Bible, and lived five hundred years before Jesus was born into the world, yet one of his sayings was, "What you do not want done to yourselves, do not do to others." But after all, though the two rules sound very much alike, there is more in what Jesus said than in what Confucius said, for Confucius only said really, "Do not do any harm to any one," but Jesus said, "Do good to every one," and there is that difference between Confucianism and Christianity; Confucianism tells people not to do wrong, Christianity tells them to do right, and teaches them too how to get the wrong forgiven, and how to get the power to do right. Confucius could teach neither of these two things, for he did not know them himself.

Confucius taught nothing at all about what happens to people after death, except that their souls live on.

The teachings of Confucius are all found in the S-shu, or "The Four Books," and the Wu-King or "The Five Classics." The Four Books are:—

Great Learning, which contains eleven parts, of which Part I. was written by Confucius; the ten other parts are all about Part I.

The Doctrine of the Mean, composed by a grandson of Confucius.

The Sayings of Confucius, written by his disciples after his death.

The Teachings of Mencius.

The Five Classics are :—

The Yi-King, or Book of Changes, which gives the Chinese story of the creation of the world and of the changes which it says are always taking place in Nature.

The Shu-King, the oldest book in China. This is not perfect, as there are only fifty-eight pieces out of a hundred; the rest were destroyed in the great fire I told you about in the History chapter. It is about the two great Emperors Yao and Shun, whose sayings Confucius quotes as being patterns of perfection.

The Shih-King, or Book of Odes, contains about a hundred sacred songs, chosen by Confucius; every well-educated Chinaman can repeat all the most famous ones.

The Ly-King, or Book of Rites, is full of laws about manners and behaviour, and as the Chinese always act according to this book, you can understand how it happens that their manners to-day are just the same as they were two hundred years ago.

Chun-t-sien, or Spring and Autumn, gives the history of Confucius' own time, written by himself. It is called "Spring and Autumn" because the examples and teaching it gives are said to be life-giving like spring, and its rebukes withering like autumn.

These nine books teach history, the laws of Government, biography, poetry, but hardly any religion, and yet they are the great sacred books of the Chinese.

The chief things Confucius taught about, were what he called the Five Relations and the Five Virtues. The Five Relations are those between emperor and subject, father and son, husband and wife, elder and younger brother, friend and friend; but you see the highest relation of all, that between God and man, is left out altogether. The five virtues are Benevolence, Righteousness, Propriety, Knowledge, and Faith, and this is what Confucius meant by them. Benevolence—what you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others. Righteousness—that which your conscience tells you ought to be done. Propriety—outward forms,

behaviour to each other of men in different ranks. Knowledge—learning of all kinds, but especially the knowledge of men and of yourself. Faith—truthfulness and trust in other people.

Confucius has had more power over the minds of men than any other man who was not taught by God what he taught to others, so it is a very good thing that he gave such wise rules as he did. Like most heathen teachers, he did not think very highly

MENCIUS.

of women; he thought they were worth about as much as slaves, and were quite as hard to manage.

The Confucian priests are all chosen and paid by the government.

The greatness and wealth of China is very greatly owing to the people being guided by so wise a man as Confucius. This makes one very great difficulty for the missionaries; it is so hard to persuade the Chinese that any religion can be better than their own.

Next to Confucius, the teacher most respected in China is

Mencius, who was born B.C. 371 and died B.C. 288. He taught the same things as Confucius and wrote the Fourth Book. It is said to have been his mother's teaching and care that made him such a good man. As soon as he was old enough, she sent him to school, and she herself stayed at home to earn a living for them both by spinning. Her son did not get on very well at school, so she went to the schoolmaster and asked how it was. He told her it was because the boy was lazy and would not learn, so she went home and tore to pieces the silk she was spinning, partly because she was angry, and partly because she thought it would be a good way of teaching the boy a lesson. For of course he wondered why she was wasting her work, and asked her what she meant by it; she told him that if he did not take pains with his lessons, all his time at school would be as useless as that which she had spent in spinning her silk, and then destroying it. The boy took the hint, and began to work hard, and became a very wise man.

One day he saw some animals being killed, and asked his mother why it was done. She said, "To feed you;" but afterwards she wished she had not said this, for she thought, as Mencius would most likely never eat any part of those particular animals, she might be teaching him by her example to tell lies, so she bought some of the meat and gave it to him, to make her words true. The Chinese always hold her up as a pattern mother.

Mencius did not get much honour till after he had been dead twelve hundred years; then an Emperor built a temple to him in the place where he was buried, and after that had a niche made for him in the temples of Confucius.

One of the sayings in Mencius' book is the answer he gave, when it was said that an unjust tax ought to be lightened—"This is like a man who should steal his neighbour's goods, and on being found fault with should say, 'I will steal a little less every month, and next year I will stop stealing.' If you know a thing to be

unjust, give it up instantly." Let us who belong to Jesus follow the counsel of Mencius. If the Lord shows us that anything we have been doing is wrong, let us give it up altogether at once, not a little bit at a time; and do not let us stop to think about it, for all the while we wait, it will get more and more difficult to give it up; it will be easier to let it go to-day than to-morrow, and easier just this minute than it will be five minutes later; let us be all for Jesus, and always for Jesus.

CHAPTER II.

BUDDHISM.

HIS religion did not have its beginning in China, but in India, though now there are not nearly so many Buddhists in India as in China.

The Indian story of the beginning of Buddhism is, that about a thousand years before Christ a man named Buddha tried to take away some of the power of the Brahmins and also to make them better. He was of royal birth, but chose to live very plainly. Many of the princes of India gave up their belief in Brahminism and followed Buddha; they gave up caste too, which was one of the things Buddha did not believe in. Very soon, as you would suppose, the Brahmins rose up against the Buddhists, and each sect tried to put the other down; in the end the Brahmins got the best of it; and the Buddhists were driven out of India. Buddhism was brought into China about A.D. 65. The Chinese Emperor Ming-ty, when reading the books of Confucius, came to something which he thought meant that about this time a great prophet would appear in the west, so he sent some men to see if they could find or hear anything of him.

The Chinese were not the only people who at this time were looking for a great king to appear; if the messengers had only gone a little further, they would have heard about the "Teacher come from God" who had come into the world sixty years before. Who called Jesus by that name, and were do we read it? ( )

When they got to India, asking as they went whether anyone could tell them where to find this prophet, they met some Buddhists, who told them that their Buddha must be the prophet they were looking for, so they went back to their own country and took some Buddhists with them to teach their religion. The Chinese say that in the country of the west (that is, India) Buddha was both a priest and king, with a queen whom he made into a goddess; that he was obliged to leave his throne, and live in secret for twelve years, in which time he taught about the transmigration of souls; that is, about the soul of man passing, when his body dies, either into an animal, or into another man; this Buddha would find in the Hindu books; afterwards, some of the Chinese stories say, he came back to his throne, and died when he was a very old man, and was at once made into a god called Fŭ, or Buddha.

The Story of Buddha.

There are few stories of Buddha, as a little boy or a young man, and it is difficult to say how much of the story that is told of him afterwards is true and how much is made up. I will tell it to you just as it is told to Indian and Chinese children. It is said that he married when he was nineteen, and that nothing more is known of him till he was twenty-nine; then he left home and gave up all his time to studying religion. His reason for doing this was that a little son had just been born, and Buddha was afraid he should love him too much, so he ran away the same night. Before going he went to have a last look at his wife and baby, who were both asleep; he wanted to take the little boy in his arms just once more, but he was afraid of waking his wife, so he went away with only a look; one of his servants named Channa went with him. They had not gone far before they met an evil spirit, who tried hard to persuade Buddha to go back, and promised to do wonderful things for him if he would, but Buddha

said no. He rode a long way, and then he stopped and took off his garments, and gave them with his horse to Channa, telling him to take them back to his home. Channa wanted to stay with his master, but Buddha would not keep him, as he wanted his father and mother to know what he had done, and there was only Channa to tell them, so he sent him back. When Channa was gone, Buddha cut off all his hair and changed clothes with a poor man, and began his life as a beggar.

Several hermits had made their homes in the caves of mountains, so Buddha went to one of these for teaching, but as he did not believe he taught the truth, he went to another, who gave him lessons in the Hindu religion, telling him amongst other things that if he wanted to be very good he must fast a great deal, and hurt himself as much as he could. So Buddha went into some jungles with five of his disciples, and lived there for six years, fasting and cutting himself, and doing all the dreadful things he could think of to himself till he was quite ill and wasted, but at the end of the six years he found that although he had made himself very famous, he had not made himself happy.

A great many people have tried, like Buddha, to make themselves good, and to find happiness through their own works, but they have found, as Buddha did, that neither holiness nor happiness can be gained by anything people can do for themselves. There was no one to tell Buddha the real way of holiness and peace, as we have it told to us in the Bible, where we read that the way is Jesus Himself, and that if we only come to Him in our sinfulness and weakness, and take Him for our own, we shall find everything we want in Him, to make us holy and happy too.

One day, Buddha was walking up and down thinking, when all at once he staggered and fell under a tree. For a long while his disciples thought he was dead, but by-and-bye he came to himself, and said he had learned that men could not make themselves holy

or happy by hurting themselves and going without food, so he was not going to do either any longer. His disciples were so angry with him for this that they all left him.

A little while after this a devil came to him, with a great many wicked angels, who all began to fight him with all kinds of weapons; the stars fell from the sky, and there were clouds and darkness and earthquakes. The devil tried to persuade him to give up seeking for holiness and to go home; he stayed with him all day, but in the end religion got the better of the devil, and religion to Buddha meant from this time self-control and love to others, which was good so far as it went; but the highest love of all, love to God, caused by the knowledge of God's love to man, Buddha could not teach about, because he had never heard about it.

Buddha was afraid to tell people what he thought, for fear they would not understand him, but at last he decided that out of love to men he would tell, whether they believed or not; and first he thought he had better go to the two hermits who had been his teachers, but he found they were both dead; so he went to Benares, where his former disciples were living, but they would not have anything to do with him, because he had given up fasting; however, when Buddha told them why he had done it, they said he was right, and that they would learn from him again. He told them that they must keep to the middle path, between seeking their own pleasure and trying to torment themselves.

Buddha stayed for some time in a wood, teaching all who came to him, both men and women. After he had done this for three months he called all his disciples together (there were sixty of them by this time), and sent them all away to different places to preach. He himself always spent the rainy season, from June to October, in one place teaching his followers, and the rest of the year he travelled about preaching.

While he was doing this for the first time, he got a message

from his father asking him to come and see him before he died; so he started to go, and stopped when he got to a grove outside the town where his home had been. His father and his other relations came there to see him, and were not at all pleased to find that he was living as a beggar, and all went away without giving him anything, though it was the custom for everyone to give presents to religious beggars. The next day Buddha started with his disciples, as was their custom, to go begging from house to house, each carrying a bowl to hold what was given to him.

Buddha's father soon heard of this, and went out to him and scolded him for doing such things. Buddha answered, "This is the custom of our race." His father asked him what he meant, and reminded him that he was descended from a race of great warriors, and that not one of them had ever begged his bread; to which Buddha answered, "You and your family may claim to be descended from kings; *my* descent is from the Buddhas of old (the word Buddha means a prophet), and they have always begged; but, father, when a man has found a hidden treasure, it is his duty first to present his father with the most precious of the jewels." Then he went on to teach his father that he should seek to live a holy life.

The father did not answer; he only took his son's bowl out of his hand, and led him to the house, where all his friends came to do him honour, except his wife, who said, "If he cares very much about me, he will come to me, and I would rather have him all to myself." Buddha went to see her, and talked to her about his religion; she said she would be what he was, and she became one of the first of the Buddhist nuns; their son afterwards became a monk.

Buddha soon went away again to preach. Five years later he heard that his father was ill, so he went again to see him; his father died of this illness at the age of ninety-seven.

The next year Buddha went to the world of spirits to preach

to his mother, who had died a week after he was born. Then he came back and went on teaching. In the forty-fifth rainy season from the time when he first began to preach, he was taken ill, and said he was sure he would not live long. When October was past he went slowly about the country, telling his disciples to keep to what he had taught them, and that he should die in less than three months. At a place called Pava a goldsmith gave him a meal of rice and pork, and this, the story says, must have disagreed with him, for he died that night.

Another story says that Buddha's body was taken to his father, who was still living, and that he had an image made of his son, in gold and precious stones, and ordered all his people to worship it.

About 950 A.D. the Chinese Emperor sent three hundred Buddhist priests to India, to see if they could find any of Buddha's books or any signs of himself. They went to Ceylon, and said they found there, on a mountain near the sea (called Adam's peak, because the Saracens say Adam is buried there), the print of a foot three cubits long. At the bottom of this hill is a temple, where the body of Buddha is said to lie, and near it are his teeth and other relics of him.

Buddhism was not exactly a new religion, for Buddha always considered himself a Hindu, and many of his disciples were Brahmins. All that he tried to do was to make Hinduism better, and especially to do away with caste, which none of his disciples observed. He said very wisely that men were all born of one caste, for none of them was born with a sacred thread. He said, too, "Not by birth does one become low caste; not by birth does one become a Brahmin. By his actions alone one becomes low caste; by his actions alone one becomes a Brahmin." That is as far as any teaching can go which is not received from God Himself. *He* tells us of a new birth, by which we become sons of God ( ). He tells us too that by our actions we

shall show whether we are born again or not ( ). That does not mean that by our actions we are to become children of God, but that after we are His children we are to show it by our actions; not being holy so that we may be saved, but being holy because we *are* saved. Yet how often we try to begin at the wrong end, and serve God before we have given ourselves to Him, but we can never do it. Let us go to God, if we have not done it already, and tell Him about our sin, and ask Him to take it all away, for the sake of what Jesus has done for us, and then let us begin at once to serve Him, that we may show Him, and show others, by our actions, that we love Him, and that we believe in His love to us.

What Buddhism Teaches.

Now I must tell you what the Buddhists believe, for their religion is not very much like Hinduism.

In most Buddhist temples, especially in the North of China, there are three very large golden images, called "The Three Precious Ones." If you were to ask a priest what they meant, he would tell you that they were all images of Buddha—Buddha Past, Buddha Present, and Buddha Future, but the common people think they are three different gods. Others say that Buddha is only one god, but that he has three forms. He is supposed to have visited the earth in at least four hundred different shapes—first as a snake, then a plant, then a butterfly, then in the bodies of larger animals, and after thousands of years of transmigration, he came as a man in the person of Buddha. He said himself that he was only one of a long line of Buddhas who would appear from time to time and teach the same things. There are in some of the Buddhist books names of twenty-four other Buddhas, who came before this one of whom I have told you; *he* is called Buddha Gautama, and it is taught that a new one will appear five thousand years after Buddha Gautama discovered the truth under

the tree; his name is to be "The Buddha of Kindness." It is very likely that the list of the twenty-four before Buddha Gautama has been made up since his death.

But you will want to know what Buddha taught. These are some of his rules—

"You should not destroy life.

"You should not take what is not given.

"You should not tell lies.

"You should not beg a drink of intoxicating liquors.

"You should not eat unwholesome food at night.

"You should not wear wreaths or use perfumes.

"You should not sleep on a mat spread on the ground."

All Buddhists are obliged to keep the first four rules, and they are advised to keep them all. They may make a vow to keep them all their lives, or for a shorter time if they like, but it is considered wrong to break any of them on a sacred day, of which there are four every month—the first when the moon is new, the second when it is half full, the third when it is quite full, and the fourth when it is half-way back to new. There are two other rules for beggars:—

"To give up dancing, music, singing, and acting.

"Not to use gold or silver."

Here are some more sayings of Buddha; some of them are very wise—

"Never in this world does hatred cease by hatred—hatred ceases by love, this is always its nature." ( )

"Not where others fail, or do, or leave undone,

The wise should notice what himself has done or left undone. ( )

"Like a beautiful flower full of colour without scent,

"The fine words of him who does not act accordingly are fruitless. ( )

"Like a beautiful flower, full of colour and full of scent, the

fine words of him who acts accordingly, are full of fruit.
( )

"One may conquer a thousand men in battle; but he who conquers himself alone is the greatest victor. ( )

"Let a man overcome anger by kindness, evil by good; let him conquer the stingy by a gift, the liar by truth; let him speak the truth; let him not yield to anger; let him give when asked, even from the little he has." ( )

I could not help thinking (I wonder if you thought the same) how much there is in these sayings of Buddha like what we read in the Bible, and it made me feel more than ever what a wonderful book our Bible is; we find in it all the good things of other religions, besides those wonderful things that no other religion teaches anything about.

I thought of a text for nearly all those sayings of Buddha that I have told you of, and I thought you would like to think of them too, so I have left some spaces for you to write them in; if you cannot find them all, you must let me know, and I will tell you what *I* put.

There is nothing in Buddhism that does not change. Heaven and hell, as well as earth, are always changing, and even the gods are not always gods, but may become men again, or even lower things.

There is a great deal in Buddhism that is very hard to understand. It teaches that there is no part of man which lives for ever, and yet it teaches transmigration. But you will wonder how it can teach transmigration at all, when I tell you that learned Buddhists do not believe man has a soul, and by transmigration we mean a soul going out of one body into another, when the body dies that it belonged to before.

The Buddhist religion teaches, that as soon as a man, or an angel, or an animal dies, a new angel, or animal, or man is made, either happier or more miserable than the old one, according to

whether that old one was bad or good; so it is a new soul, and yet, in some way or other, it is the same as the old one; that is hard to understand, is it not? You will be glad to know that the Buddhist teachers themselves say that no one can understand it.

They say that just as you can light one flame by another, so one life can come from another; it is not the same, and yet it would never have been but for the other.

You remember how much Buddha talked about holiness. He said the path to it was divided into four stages. The first he called "Entering upon the Stream," or conversion; that is, getting into the Path. This, he said, is done by keeping company with good people, hearing the teaching about it, sensibly thinking about it, and doing good things. The second is the path of those who will only come to this world once after they have died; those who have got to this second stage are free from all doubts, do not rely on forms and ceremonies, and have almost as little sin as it is possible to have. The third is the path of those who will never come back to the world when once they have died, because every little bit of sin has been destroyed in them, and they have no wish at all to get good things for themselves; and no wrong feeling towards anybody else can ever come into their hearts. The fourth is called "The Path of the Holy Ones," and in this, it is said, people do not wish to live any longer, either as men or angels or anything else: they know nothing of sin, and do not care about anything, hardly *think* about anything. This state is called Nirvana; that is, the state in which everything is gone that would make a man wish to go on living after death. If a man can stay in this state always, whenever he is awake, he is a perfect man, so holy that he could never be better.

This is how it is explained—As a flame of a lamp cannot burn without oil, so life only goes on while we cling to earthly things. If there is no oil in the lamp, the flame will go out, at least as soon as it has used up the oil that is left in the wick, then no new

flame can be lighted there. So if a man has no sin, all his powers and all himself will be dissolved, and no new being will be born from him, the wise man will pass away, go out like the flame of a lamp. The body of the perfect man is still to be seen, living and moving, though his soul has ceased to act, like the wick of the lamp which burns for a little while, because some oil is left in it; but it will soon decay and pass away, and as no new body will be formed from it, where there was life there will soon be nothing at all; so death is not Nirvana, but Nirvana leads to death. We are only told of one or two beggars and two laymen (that is, men who were neither priests nor monks nor beggars) who got to this state of Nirvana after Buddha's death.

So you see the very best thing a Buddhist can wish for *after* this life, is to be nothing, and the best thing possible *in* this life, is to care for nothing and think of nothing; Nirvana is much nicer than Paradise, he thinks, because a man may go to Paradise, and then be sent back to earth, to go through another list of transmigrations; and yet some Buddhists are so anxious to get to Paradise, that they kill themselves in the hope of being there soon. The Buddhists say there are no women in Paradise; they must be born again as men, before they can get there. Paradise, they think, is a beautiful country in the west, full of lovely lakes with golden sands, with plenty of lotus flowers, and birds that sing more sweetly than nightingales. All the people there get their bodies born again out of lotus flowers, very beautiful, and their hearts are full of wisdom, without any sorrow. One description of Paradise says—"They dress not, and yet they are not cold; they dress, and yet they are not hot; they eat not, and yet they are not hungry; they eat, and yet they are not full; they are without pain and sickness, and they never grow old." The reason they use the lotus-flower so much in descriptions of heaven is, that it is such a pure white, and yet it grows out of mud. I think, if we are Christians, we ought to be like lotus-flowers, in the world

and yet unspotted by the world ( ), with sin all round us, and yet kept from the evil." (.)

The Buddhists believe in a place like the Purgatory of the Roman Catholics, where people are sent after death, to be punished for their sins and made holy. The punishments are—pounding in a mortar, being sawn in two, or tied to burning pillars. Liars have their tongues cut out, and thieves are thrown on a hill made of knives. After being tried in Purgatory, the good people are sent to Paradise for a time; the middling ones come back to earth in other bodies, to be rich and honoured; the wicked either come back in the bodies of animals, or are sent to Hell.

The poor Buddhists have really no Heaven, you see, and no hope worth having. They have no Sabbath either.

There are many Buddhist temples in China and many priests. Some of the temples are very large and some are small. Some have monasteries belonging to them, where the priests live, as many as two hundred together sometimes. Some are built by private gentlemen, and some by public subscriptions, while some belong to the Government. You will be glad to hear that two Chinese gentlemen, who had built temples for Buddha, have given them up to the missionaries for churches.

There are a great many idols in the Buddhist temples; most of them are men who are supposed to have been taken into Buddha and become part of him; altogether there are more than six thousand gods of this kind alone. There are generally more women than men to be found worshipping in these temples, and more old women than young ones. The gods' birthdays are generally the days when most people go to worship them.

The Buddhist priests get their food chiefly by begging. They shave all the hair off their heads, and in many ways are very much like Roman Catholic priests. They do not marry, they fast, pray for the dead, use holy water, and worship relics. They say their prayers in a language which they do not understand—Sanscrit,

TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GODS CANTON.

because it is the language in which Buddha wrote his books. Many people think that a great deal of the religion of the Buddhists in China was added to the old Buddhism as it came from India, by the Roman Catholics who went to China hundreds of years ago to teach the Chinese. One thing that makes it seem likely is that among the stores of the Buddhist gods and saints, there is the history of Jesus, some of it true, some of it made up. It says He was beaten with 5,400 stripes, that before He went back to heaven He told His disciples to go everywhere and preach, and gave them some holy water to wash away the sins of those who listened to them, and that ten days after this a god came down from heaven to fetch the mother of Jesus, who was made queen of heaven and earth, and the guardian of men and women; that is just what the Roman Catholics would be likely to add.

There are nunneries for Buddhist women, as well as monasteries for men. Little Chinese girls are often sold by their parents to be nuns, especially if they are born on an unlucky day. Sometimes, when a little girl is born, the fortune-teller says that when she grows up she will marry a very bad man and always be in trouble, so to make sure that this shall not happen, her father will make her a nun, for nuns may never marry.

When she is taken to the temple all her hair is shaved off, and she is dressed in long, loose clothes. When she is old enough, she is taught to read the Buddhist books, though she does not know what the words mean, and to sit cross-legged on a stool; while she sits there, her hands must be put together and raised up to her chin as if she were praying, her eyes must look straight down to her hands, and she must count her own breathing, to keep her from thinking of anything but Buddha. Sometimes little girl nuns are made to sit like this for hours together, and even all night. They must get up as soon as it is light, and be ready to chant prayers before an idol when the bell rings; then they sweep and dust the temple, and cook the rice for breakfast, and

wait on the older nuns, and afterwards do the sewing or anything else they are told. If they are at all slow or stupid, they are beaten.

When they are a little older they are sent out to beg rice from door to door, or to ask for money to pay for the temple to be mended; they also have to wait on the women who come to worship, light sticks of incense for them, and give them cups

A BUDDHIST NUN.

of tea, and so earn a few cash; at sunset they chant their prayers again.

In some parts of China the nunneries have been put down altogether, because the nuns living in them were so wicked that the people would not give any money or rice to support them; in Foo-chow all the nunneries have been closed for this reason.

One way in which women can gain blessings for themselves in the future world is by what is called "worshipping books" in this world; they have to worship all the words in certain sacred

books, one after another, bowing down to an idol at each word; a little more than one page can be worshipped in a day.

Buddhism is a much worse religion now than it was in the days of Buddha, or even when it was first brought into China. Most of the priests now are very ignorant, many of them not being able to read at all; this is one reason why educated Chinamen despise Buddhism. The Buddhist beggars at first were only those who longed to be wise and holy, and who fancied that by giving up all they had and becoming beggars, they would grow holier than others, but now most of them are idle men who like to get food without working for it. They beg from door to door, each carrying an earthenware bowl, like a soup-tureen without a cover. When they get to a door, they do not say anything, but only stand still. If anyone gives them something, they utter a blessing on him; if nothing is given, they pass on to the next door without speaking.

At first nearly all the monks lived in groves or gardens, but soon rich men began to build houses for them; several were built while Buddha was alive.

The rule about dress is that no monk may have more than two sets of robes, and that he must never buy nor beg a new one; the people are expected to notice when the monks' clothes are worn out and to give them some more. The only other things a priest used to be allowed to have for his own, were a girdle, a begging-bowl, a razor, a needle, and a water-strainer, through which he must strain all the water he drank, for fear he might swallow some little animals and so kill them; but now the priests often have books, lands, and houses of their own.

In their public services they sing nearly all the prayers, but instead of singing together, each monk sings a different line, so that they can get through a whole chapter in the time it would take to sing one line properly. They do not pray because they want to ask for something, but just for the sake of getting through

a certain number of prayers. I hope you never pray like that; some boys and girls do! But I am sure they do not get answers to their prayers, for God always listens to what our hearts say, and takes no notice of what we say only by our lips, except to be sorry that we do not mean it. I am sure He would rather you only prayed one sentence every day really from your heart, than that you spent a great many hours in asking for what you do not want, and without thinking of what you are saying. He would rather you did not ask for anything, than that you should ask that way.

All strict Buddhists live on vegetables, so that they may not have anything to do with taking life. When a priest dies, his body is burnt instead of being buried.

The Chinese Government does not care much about Buddhism in the south of the empire, but on the north side of the Great Wall, where the people do not know and think so much, the Buddhists get on better.

Some people think Buddhism is dying out in China, and that by-and-bye it will come to an end there altogether. It is certain that the temples are not kept up as they used to be, and that the people are not so ready to give their money for building or mending or ornamenting them.

But China will not be much better, if Buddhism dies out, and no other religion takes its place. So, if it is true that the people are losing faith in this false religion, that is only another reason why we should work harder than ever to send them the true one.

CHAPTER III.

TAUISM.

HIS is a very difficult religion to explain. The Chinese say themselves that they cannot understand it, so if you find it puzzles you, you will know that it need not be because I have described it badly, or because you are not sharp, but because it is so puzzling.

At first Tauism was not a religion at all, but only a kind of study or philosophy; but when Buddhism was brought into China, the Tauists saw that they would soon come to nothing if they did not have some temples and public services like the Buddhists.

All we know of the philosophy of Tauism is found in a book called the Tao-Teh-King, written by Lâotsze. You remember I told you Confucius went to see him and had a talk with him. At that time, B.C. 517, Confucius was thirty-five years old, and Lâotsze eighty-eight. After they had had their talk, Confucius said to his disciples, "I know how birds can fly, fishes swim, and animals run; but the runners may be snared, the swimmer hooked, and the flyer shot by an arrow. But there is the dragon; I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds, and rises to heaven. To-day I have seen Lâotsze; I can only compare him to the dragon." I suppose he meant by that that he could not understand what Lâotsze meant when he talked, and you will not be surprised at that, when I tell you some of the things he wrote in his book.

Lâotsze himself was as strange as his writings. He lived at the capital of the Chân kings, but one day he went to the gate leading out of the state on the north-west. The keeper of the gate said to him, "You are going away out of sight. I beg you to write a book for me." So Lâotsze wrote his Tâo-Teh-King, and then went away, and nobody ever heard what became of him, or where he died.

The Tâo-Teh-King is all about Tâo, which means "The Way," and yet no Chinaman could tell you what Tâo is. If you were to ask twenty, one after another, to explain it to you, they would all tell you something different, and would all end by saying that nobody ever explained it nor ever will.

When we read what Lâotsze said himself, when he tried to explain it, it seems sometimes as though by Tâo he must mean God, but then at other times he said things which make us think it was something quite different. This is what he says of Tâo—"We look at it, but do not see it, it is named the colourless. We listen for it and do not hear it, it is named the soundless. Its upper part is not bright, its lower part is not dark. It is always at work, and yet it cannot be named. In the end it becomes nothing, it is Tâo. There was something confused and complete before the birth of heaven and earth; how still it was and formless; standing alone, never changing, going everywhere, and in no danger of being ended, it may be regarded as the mother of all things. I do not know its name, but I call it the Tâo, and if I must give it a name, I call it 'The Great.' It might appear to have been before God."

In other parts of the book it seems as though Tâo meant the state in which everybody would be, if they were quite calm and contented with everything, as Lâotsze said they ought to be. He taught that for a person or thing to be useful, it must be empty. "Clay," he says, "is made into vessels, but it is its emptiness and hollowness that make a vessel useful. Doors and windows are

cut out to make rooms, but it is only the empty space between them that makes the room good for anything." For a man to be empty, so that he can be useful, Lâotsze says he must be free from all selfishness. Doing nothing, being nothing, and wanting nothing, he thinks is the highest happiness. He says a great deal too about being humble. When he wants to compare the Tâo to something, he generally chooses water. "The highest goodness," he says, "is like water. Water does good to all things, and it always takes the lowest place, which all men dislike, without trying to do anything else; so its nature is like the nature of Tâo."

I am thinking of another Teacher, who not only taught His disciples to take the lowest place ( ), but who took it Himself ( ), though His own proper place was the highest of all. (.)

In another part of his book Lâotsze says, "There are three precious things, which I prize and hold fast. The first is gentle compassion, the second economy, the third humility. It is the way of Tâo not to act selfishly, to manage things without feeling the trouble of them, to taste without noticing the flavour, to consider the great as the small and the small as the great, to return injury with kindness."

Lâotsze spoke against war, and against killing a man because he had killed someone else, but he did not care at all about learning, or about people getting better, or richer, or wiser; rather than this, he thought it would be better if people went back to what they were at the beginning of the world. He says—"In a small state with very few people in it, I would so order it that the people, though they had all kinds of tools, should not care to use them; though they had boats and carriages, they should have no need to ride in them; though they had soldiers' coats and weapons, they should not wear or use them. I would make them return to the use of knotted cords instead of printed letters; they

should think their coarse food sweet, their poor houses places of rest."

Poor Lâotsze must have felt very lonely, having such strange thoughts, and not being able to tell anyone what he meant. He says of himself, "All men look pleased, as if enjoying a feast, as if mounted on a tower in spring; I alone am quiet and care for nothing, my wishes not having yet shown themselves. I am like an infant that has not yet smiled; I look forlorn, as if I had nowhere to go. All others have enough and to spare, I alone look as if I had lost everything. My mind is that of a stupid man; I

THE THREE PURE ONES.

am in a state of confusion; I am drifted about as the sea; I am carried by the wind, as if I had nowhere to rest. I alone am different to other men, and what I need is the nursing mother, that is the Tâo."

There are a great many Tauist gods now, and a great many temples too; new temples and new gods are made every year. In most of the temples, there are three images, called the Tan Ch'ing, or the three Pure Ones—The Perfect Holy One, the Highest Holy One, and the Greatest Holy One; the first, the Chinese say, is the same as Adam, and the second is Lâotsze. After these three

the greatest is Yü-wang, who manages all the business of the world, and all the people in it.

Most of the Tauist teaching is to be found in tracts, which have a great many wise things in them, borrowed from the Confucian books, mixed up with a great deal of nonsense. One thing taught in them is, that there are spirits who notice all the wrong things men do, and make their lives long or short, according to whether they see few wrong things or many. Some of these spirits live in the stars, three in the human body (these are the three souls), and there is one called "The Spirit of the Furnace." These last four go to Heaven from time to time to tell what they have seen. A great sin costs twelve years of life, a small one a hundred days. If a man is very good indeed, he may hope to be immortal, that is, that his soul may live for ever. If he wants to be immortal in Heaven, he must be able to prove that he has done thirteen hundred good deeds; but if he will be satisfied to be immortal on earth, that is, to keep on being born over and over again into the world, three hundred good deeds will be enough.

And what do you think the Tauists mean by sins? Here is a list of them. Dancing on the last day of the month or year; shouting or getting into a passion on the first day of the month or in the morning; crying or spitting with the face turned to the north; sighing, singing, or crying in front of a furnace; pointing at a rainbow, or looking for a long time at the sun or moon. There is a certain time, according to Tauism, appointed for all men to live; every one of these sins shortens the time, and when a man has got to the end of his time, then he dies. So you see how difficult it must be for the missionaries to persuade these men that they are sinners, or even to make them understand what sin is.

If all a man's looks and deeds are good for three years, then he will get blessing; if they are evil, he will lose blessing.

Tauism teaches too that there is a Purgatory and a Hell; the

difference between the two being, as the Roman Catholics teach, that in Hell people stay for ever, but in Purgatory only for a time, to be punished for their sins; this belief the Tauists have borrowed from the Buddhists. In Purgatory they say there are ten courts; their place is at the bottom of a great ocean, in the depths of the earth. If a man repents after he gets to Purgatory and can persuade two others to repent, he will have his punishment shortened. Those who have never sinned go straight to Heaven when they die. Those who have done just as many good deeds as bad are born again among men. If there are more bad deeds than good ones, they go through the courts of Purgatory, and then are born again. If they behave well after their second birth, they go to some happy place for a little while, after they die the second time; but if their second life is a bad one, they go through Purgatory again, and then are born into a very miserable state, and after that go to hell for ever. No women are allowed in the Tauist heaven, except in the same way as in the Buddhist religion, after they have been born again as men.

Now I must tell you what the Tauists think will happen to them in Purgatory. It would take too long to tell you about all the ten courts, so I will only tell you of one, the ninth. It is divided into sixteen rooms. In the first of these, the people have their bones beaten, and their bodies scorched. In the second their muscles are drawn out and their bones rapped. In the third ducks eat their hearts. In the fourth dogs eat their lungs. In the fifth they are splashed with hot oil. In the sixth their heads are crushed in a frame, and their tongues and teeth are pulled out. In the seventh their brains are taken out and their skulls filled with hedgehogs. In the eighth their heads are steamed and their brains scraped. In the ninth they are dragged about by sheep till they drop to pieces. In the tenth they are squeezed in a wooden press and pricked on the head. In the eleventh their hearts are ground in a mill. In the twelfth boiling water drops

on their bodies. In the thirteenth they are stung by wasps. In the fourteenth they are tortured by ants and maggots, then stewed and wrung out like clothes. In the fifteenth they are stung by scorpions, and in the sixteenth tormented by snakes. And this is only one court out of ten; so you will not wonder now that the Chinese burn so much money for their friends after they die, as they think the officers in Purgatory may be bribed to let them escape some of these tortures. And yet it is not love for their friends which makes them do so much for them, but fear that if they are not properly cared for, their spirits will come back and torment their friends.

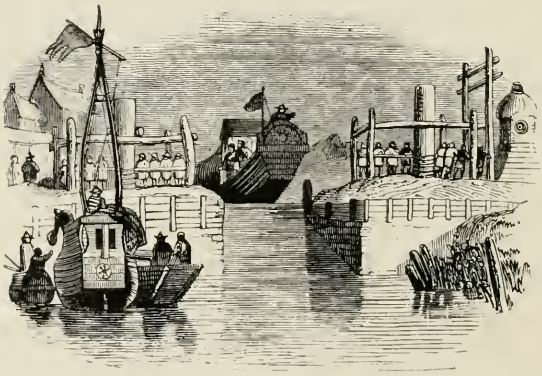
There is a head of the Tauist religion in China who has much the same power that the Pope has over the Roman Catholics. His family name is Chang, and his special name, which is passed on to the one who takes his place when he dies, is Teen-sze, which means "The Messenger of Heaven." The office has been in this family ever since the first century after Christ; the spirit of the first head is supposed to have been handed down from father to son all that time, and to be in the man who is now the head. His palace is in the province of Kiang-su. He is said to have power over a certain class of evil spirits which go into the bodies of women and make them ill. The Teen-sze casts them out for money; in his house there are several rows of jars, some people say as many as a million, in which these evil spirits are supposed to be shut up.

There are a great many Tauist priests in China. Anyone who sees a priest can tell whether he is a Tauist or a Buddhist by his hair; the Buddhists shave it all off; the Tauists either let it all grow, or shave the sides of the head and plait up the rest of their hair and twist it into a coil on the top of the head.

The idols in Tauist temples are generally small, much smaller than those in Buddhist temples; and there are not many women

to be found in them, except that on the gods' birthdays, some of them go to give presents of money to the priests.

One of the chief Tauist idols is Lu-tsu, the great medicine god of China. Then there are the three rulers of Heaven, Earth, and Sea. The Dragon is supposed to reign over the sea, as well as over lakes, rivers, and ponds; all the live creatures in the sea are his subjects. The emperor is often compared to the Dragon; his coat of arms is a dragon, and he is spoken of as sitting on the dragon throne. We know there is really no such thing as a dragon, but the Chinese think it is a real animal, and some of them say they have seen it. The earth god's images may be seen in almost every town and village by the road-side.



CHAPTER IV.

THE STATE RELIGION.

HE strange thing about this religion is that the rulers are the only people who are allowed to take part in it, the rest of the people have nothing to do with it.

Nobody knows when the State worship began; we read of it in the time of Shun, two thousand years before Christ, so you see it is very old. In after times very savage things were done. At one time bundles of straw, made to look like men, were carried to the graves of dead kings and buried with them as their servants. After this, figures of painted wood were buried instead of straw ones, and later still live people were put into the graves with the dead. At the funeral of Chi-Hwang-ti, one of the kings of the Tsin line, all his wives and concubines who had had no children, as well as all the workmen who had made his grave, were buried with him alive; but about nine hundred years ago the emperor made a law that no human beings were ever to be offered as sacrifices, so there have been none since then.

The rules as to how and when State Worship is to be performed are written in the Book of Rites. In the capital the emperor and the high officers belonging to the Board of Rites worship and offer sacrifices of tea and silk, calves, bullocks, sheep, and pigs, to three different sets of objects—

1st. To heaven and earth, the spirits of the dead kings

of the present line, the gods of land and of grain, and the special guardian gods of the kings of China.

2nd. To the sun and moon, to the spirits of the dead kings of China belonging to lines before the present one; to Confucius, to the gods of agriculture and silk weaving and of the present year.

3rd. To the gods of medicine, to the spirits of dead statesmen, and others who have done much for China, to the clouds, winds, rain, and thunder, as well as to five famous mountains, four seas, four rivers, and other celebrated places. The emperor wears sky-blue robes when he worships heaven, and yellow when he worships earth, red for the sun, and white for the moon; the princes and officers wear their usual court dress.

No priests or women are allowed to be present, except when the goddess of the silk manufacture is worshipped; then the empress and the grand ladies of Pekin go into the temple, while the gentlemen stay outside. The common people are ordered to be strangled or banished if they join the emperor in worshipping heaven and earth. There is only one temple to heaven in China and one to earth, both in Pekin.

In other towns the worship is not so important. In each city there is a temple for the guardian god of the place, the walls and furniture of which are yellow (the royal colour), and on the first and fifteenth days of every month officers of the town visit this temple, bow down before the god and burn incense. If the town is in any danger or difficulty, the officers go to this temple to ask for advice from the god. If there has been no rain for a long time, or there is a great deal of sickness in the place, they go and ask the god to help them.

The same god does not always take care of one city; they are supposed to change every now and then, just as the officers do. The same images are always kept in the temples, but it is supposed that the spirits inside them change places with each other.

You will see now another difficulty that Chinese Christians have to meet. All the mandarins have to worship the god of the city they live in twice every month in his temple, so no Christian can be a mandarin; when he finds Jesus, he must lose his honour and his work and his pay. But the Lord Jesus has told us that if we lose our life for His sake, we shall find it ( ). I am sure if we lose anything else for His sake we shall either find it again, or something much better than we lost.

There are also some Tauist State gods. The three chief are —The Fathers of Medicine (three in one), the god of War, and the god of Literature. A special officer goes to the temples of these gods twice a year to offer sacrifices and to pray for the long life of the emperor.

CHAPTER V.

GODS.

HINA is a country where there are "gods many and lords many" ( ), some belonging to the Tauist religion and some to the Buddhist, but not even the priests can tell you for certain to which religion the gods belong. I can only tell you about some of them.

The one who is worshipped as much as any in China, is the God of Riches. Every Chinese shop has a little image of him. It is said that he was first of all a tax-gatherer, and that one day he called at a house, where the people said they could not pay their taxes; so he made up his mind to stay with them until he got the money or the money's worth. The first night, just before he went to bed, he heard an old hen talking to her chickens. What a clever man he must have been to understand hen-language; perhaps he was beginning to be a god already. This is what the wise old hen said, "My master has a visitor in his house, and means to kill me to-morrow for dinner. Whatever will become of you, my poor dear little chickens, so weak in your bodies, and knowing nothing of the ways of the world? I must give you some advice before I leave you, as you will soon have no one to watch over you. Above, you must be careful that the hawk does not pounce upon you; below, you must take care that men do not tread on you; you must not eat too much, and then you will never be ill. As you were all born in the same nest, you must not quarrel."

The tax-gatherer listened to all this and thought to himself—"If a fowl that will not live long, shows so much sense and makes such plans for the future, how much more should man, who is so much cleverer. He determined to give up the world and become a monk and seek after virtue; so he went away from the poor man's house, and I expect the old hen did not get killed after all.

As the tax-gatherer was walking along he met a lion, but he was not at all frightened; he rushed up to it, seized hold of its mane, jumped on its back, and rode away to a quiet place in the woods; there he became so very good that after he died he was made a god. If we want to be holy, God does not ask us to go away and live by ourselves, but only to seek Him and to follow Him, and we can do that with people all round us. Instead of hiding ourselves in the woods, or shutting ourselves up anywhere, He wants us to go about in the world, shining for Him, living for Him and speaking for Him, so that we may help others to find Him too.

Chinese houses, you will remember, very easily catch fire, so of course there is a God of Fire for people to pray to. If a man has had a fire near him, which burned other houses, but not his, he makes an offering to this god. I wonder whether you spend as much time in thanking God for keeping you from harm and for giving you good things, as you spend in asking Him for what you want. I believe the people who get the most from God, are the people who thank Him most for what they have already, and that the way to get more is to praise more.

The Goddess of Mercy is worshipped by Buddhist women in the north of China, very much as the Roman Catholics worship the Virgin Mary. In her images she is made with a great many hands and feet; the women who come to worship her bring her presents of shoes, which are left lying in front of the image till they rot or till someone steals them. In Kwei-yang there is an old rotten tree, on which great numbers of shoes are constantly

hanging. It is said that the Goddess of Mercy appeared to someone under this tree, so great crowds of women go there to pray for children and give shoes to the goddess.

Not very far from this place, there is another tree which is worshipped. It is said that a mandarin's wife was very ill, and one day a man came to her husband in a dream, and said he could

WORSHIPPING THE GOD OF THE KITCHEN.

cure his wife. The mandarin asked him his name and address. He said his name was Ch'ing, which means green, and that he lived outside the North Gate. When the mandarin woke, he found his wife was quite well, and he said it must be the man that had visited him in his dream who had cured her, so he went to the place that he had been told of in his sleep, to see if he could find the man, and give him some money. When he got to the place,

he found there was no such person, and the neighbours said nobody named Ch'ing lived anywhere near there; so he started to go home again, and on his way he found a tree, covered with green leaves. He said to himself, "This is Ch'ing; it must be the spirit that cured my wife." So he worshipped the tree, and put a paper on it, telling what it had done, and asking it to go on caring for him. The story soon spread about, and numbers of people came to worship the tree, and to bring prayers, which are written on slips of paper and stuck on the trunk of the tree, and on a wall near it. There is sure to be a temple built there very soon, if it is not done already.

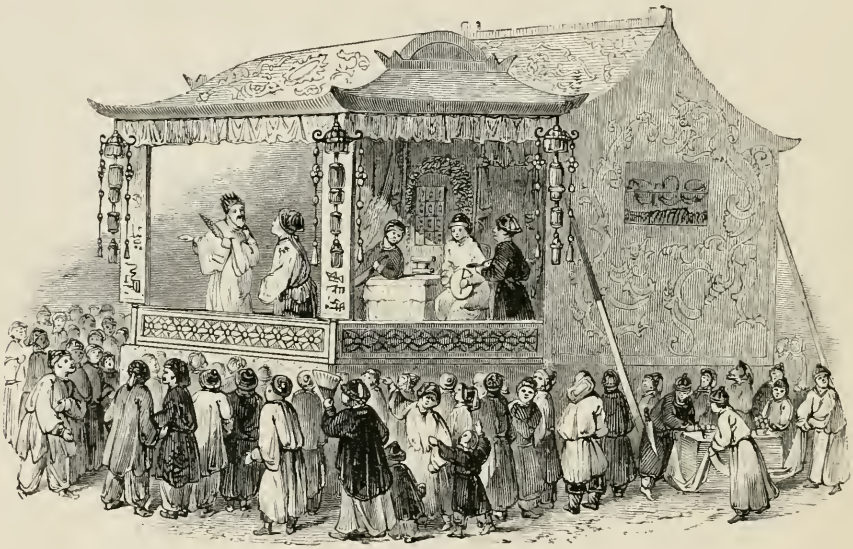
The God of the Kitchen is worshipped in every Chinese house. On the last day of the year he is put into a paper sedan chair and burnt, and is supposed then to go to heaven to tell how the people in the house have been behaving. So towards the end of the year he has a great many presents given to him, to put him in a good humour, and make him give a good account. He comes back again at the new year, when a clean, new picture of him is hung up.

There is a God of Literature and a God of War, a God of Sailors, and a God of Play-acting, Gods of Thunder, Rain, Land, and Rivers, a God of Gambling, a God of Babies, and a God of Thieves. There is a God of Swine, who is deaf, so when people come to worship him, they have to tickle his ears and beat his back to let him know they want something; then, if their pigs are lost, they tell him so, and ask him to look for them; if they find them after this, they give the god a present. There are numbers of other smaller gods, too many to be counted.

There is a theatre belonging to every temple, where plays are acted to amuse the gods, and sometimes platforms are put up in the street, on which plays are acted. Nobody ever has to pay to see a play acted in China; some rich man generally gets it up, and pays all the actors himself.

In some parts animals are worshipped—the monkey, whose image is like a man with a monkey's head; the fox, who is worshipped by mandarins; the tiger, who is prayed to by gamblers and by mothers who want good things for their children (the goddess of children is made sitting on a tiger's back), and the dragon, who is supposed to give rain.

Chinese idols are chiefly made of clay, because the Chinese



A CHINESE THEATRE.

are very good clay modellers but very bad sculptors. All the idols are worshipped from fear, not from love, and always for selfish reasons, in the hope of getting something good from them. That is the way some people worship God, just for the sake of what they get from Him, but I think that is the very lowest kind of worship, and the kind that God cares least about. If we really worship Him "in spirit," I believe it will be more from love to Himself, and gratitude for what He has done, than because of what

GOD OF PLAY-ACTING AND TWO OF HIS ASSISTANTS.

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we hope He will do. You would not care very much, would you? for the love of a little friend, if you knew he only cared for you because he got a great many presents from you, and thought that the more he went with you the more he should get. So do not let us give God only a selfish love, that we should not care to have ourselves from anyone else, but let us ask Him to teach us more and more to love Him for His own sake, and to show us more and more what He is; and the better we trust Him, the more we shall love Him, I am sure; and the more we love Him, the more we shall care about pleasing Him, rather than enjoying ourselves.

It is often easy to persuade the Chinese that their gods cannot help them, because they know how often they pray to them without getting what they ask for; but it is not so easy to get them to see that their clay gods cannot hurt them, because they take all sickness and pain and sorrow as marks of the anger of their gods.

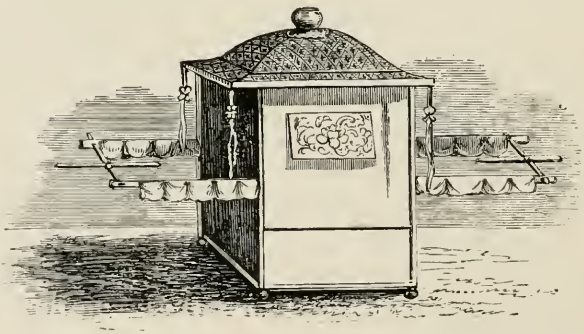
As you will have seen already, the Chinese believe a great deal in spirits of many different kinds. The chief are the genii, who are supposed to be people who turned into spirits without dying. If a man has a nightmare, or a bad dream, or starts in his sleep, he thinks it is these genii who are troubling him. So as soon as he wakes he begins to curse the spirits. If this makes no difference, he gets another man to sleep in his room who never has nightmares nor bad dreams, and who is supposed to keep the spirits out. If this will not do, a sword is dipped in blood and shaken over the bed, or else a man is hired to shoot the spirit, and looking-glasses are put about the room to frighten it.

The largest class of spirits are those of dead people, who were not quite wicked enough to be kept in hell, but whose time has not yet come for returning to earth in another body. It is believed that in August and September the gates of hell are opened, and the spirits who live there are let out for a holiday. The reason for thinking this is, that so many people are ill in

these two months, so at this time of the year many offerings are made to the spirits to persuade them to let the people alone and not make them ill.

There is another class of spirits, whose bodies are supposed not to turn to dust when they die, and who roam about in the night, doing all the mischief they can, and another class who help people to tell fortunes.

It is supposed that a spirit cannot do people any harm, unless he knows their names, so the Chinese often call themselves by a name that is not their own in order to cheat the spirits. In some places those whose eldest sons have died call the second sons by girls' names, and sometimes they even let them grow up till they are men, wearing girls' clothes and being treated as if they were girls, to cheat the spirits.



CHAPTER VI.

FESTIVALS.

HE Chinese year begins some time between the twenty-first of January and the nineteenth of February, not always on the same day, as with us, because time is measured by the moon. The months always begin with the new moon, so you can always tell in China about what day of the month it is by the size and shape of the moon; but as it does not take exactly a month for the moon to go through all her changes, or phases as they are called, and as our months are not always exactly four weeks, you cannot tell what day of the month it is in China, by what it is in England. The day is divided into twelve hours instead of twenty-four, so what the Chinese call one hour you would call two.

One reason why you would not care to be a Chinese boy or girl, is that nobody's birthday is kept much in China until they are fifty years old. The greatest birthdays of all are every ten years after fifty; that is, when people are sixty, seventy, and so on. I think that is a mistake, don't you? because if Chinese people are at all like English, they care much less about their birthdays when they are old, than when they are young.

No people have so few holidays as the Chinese. There are only about forty important festivals, and of these some are kept in some parts of the country and some in others. The only great rejoicing time that is kept all over China is at the New

Year. The last part of the Old Year is spent in paying bills, as it is considered a disgrace to begin the year in debt.

All public offices are closed ten days before the New Year comes in. The last night of the Old Year everybody sits up. They all offer sacrifices to the god of the kitchen, to their ancestors, and to the spirit of the Old Year. At midnight the fireworks begin, and go on all night. Early in the morning of the first day of the new moon crowds of people go to the temples in their best clothes, and all friends meet if possible. They send New Year's cards to each other too; most of them have three pictures on them—a child, a mandarin, and an old man with a stork. The first means "I hope you will have plenty of children;" the second "I hope you will be a mandarin;" and the third "I hope you will live a long time," for the stork is the emblem of long life.

For three days it is considered unlucky, if not wicked, to do any work more than can be helped; many people take a holiday for twenty days. There is visiting and feasting going on everywhere. The chief New Year's gifts are fruit, sweets, tea, silk and ornaments A list of the presents is generally sent with them, written on a red ticket, which the man who carries them takes back with him, after the person to whom they were sent has written on it "Received with thanks." Then another set of presents of the same sort will be sent in return. It is considered a great insult to refuse to take these presents, but if there are a great many of them, the proper thing to do is to take some, and send the rest back.

The Feast of Lanterns is kept on the day of the first full moon of the year, when everybody buys lanterns to carry about and to hang up in the houses: wonderful lanterns in all sorts of shapes, made of silk, or horn, or paper, or glass, some with moving figures of men on horseback, pictures of birds and beasts and many other things, all moving about as fast as they can. This is

DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL

managed by having wheels inside the lanterns, which are turned by the draught caused by the heat of the lamp. Everyone hangs lanterns in his hall or outside his house, and there are long processions through the streets, in which everyone carries a lantern.

Another festival is called "Meeting the Spring." It is kept either just before or just after the New Year. The Governor of each capital of a province goes in state to the east gate, to meet a long procession, in which is carried a huge buffalo made of clay, and litters covered with children dressed very smartly and decorated with flowers. When the procession gets to the governor's house, he makes a speech, recommending the people to cultivate the ground. He strikes the buffalo three times, and then the people fall upon it with stones and break it to pieces. It is full of little images, which tumble out when the big one is broken, and all the people scramble for them.

About the same time of the year, the Emperor goes to a field close to the Temple of the Earth at Pekin, and after offering a sacrifice, ploughs a few furrows, and all the princes and ministers do a little ploughing too. Five different kinds of grain are then sown in the field, after which it is given up to an officer, who has to collect all that grows in it afterwards, and keep it for sacrifices.

In the fourth month there is a festival in honour of the gods of the five elements. What are they? (

)

This is one of the grandest feasts, millions of pounds are spent on it every year. Great numbers of men dress themselves in brick red (the colour prisoners wear) with manacles on their hands, and call themselves culprits. They are really people who have been ill during the past year, and have come dressed like this to return thanks to the god who has cured them.

On the fifth day of the fifth month there are great boat-races: the most noted is at Canton. There are long narrow boats built on purpose, some holding from forty to sixty men with paddles, some

even eighty. They keep time to the beat of a gong, which is held by one of the crew, who stands up in a boat. These boats are called "Dragon Boats," because they are so long; very often they upset and break.

In the ninth month the Empress sets an example of industry, by sacrificing to the inventor of the silk manufacture, and then collecting some mulberry leaves, for the royal silkworms to eat.

Sometimes a feast is prepared, to which a certain number of spirits are invited. Every possible comfort is provided for them, and all kinds of dainties. When they are supposed to have finished their meal and gone back to the spirit world, the family invite their friends and neighbours to come and eat what the spirits have left.

Then there is the Festival of the Tombs in spring, when people visit the graves of their friends, to sweep them and paint them, and put in a little flag, or a red and white streamer, to show that they have done their duty by the dead.

All the gods have birthdays too, when people go specially to their temples to pray and give presents.

CHAPTER VII.

ANCESTRAL WORSHIP.

HIS is the strangest thing of all in the religion of the Chinese, and has more power over the minds and habits of the people than anything else. All Chinese men and women, boys and girls, practise it, whichever religion they belong to, unless they are Christians, and it is one of the most difficult things for a man to give up after he becomes a Christian. It is one of the oldest religious customs too. Men and women seem all to be made so that they must worship something, and as in the most ancient religion of the Chinese, there were no gods for them to worship, only some that the Emperor worshipped instead of them, they took to worshipping their dead fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers. Confucius taught that the great duty of men is to honour their parents while they are alive and to sorrow for them after they are dead, but Ancestral Worship was practised long before the time of Confucius. You remember it is said of Shun that the reason he came to be king was, that he was so good to his father and mother, and it seems likely that even so far back as his reign (when was that ?) the worship of ancestors was known.

The one thing that makes a Chinaman happy, more than anything else, is to feel sure that his children and grandchildren will care for him and worship him constantly after his death ; and it is the fear that this will not be done, which makes a man so miserable if he has no sons, and so anxious to have many of them.

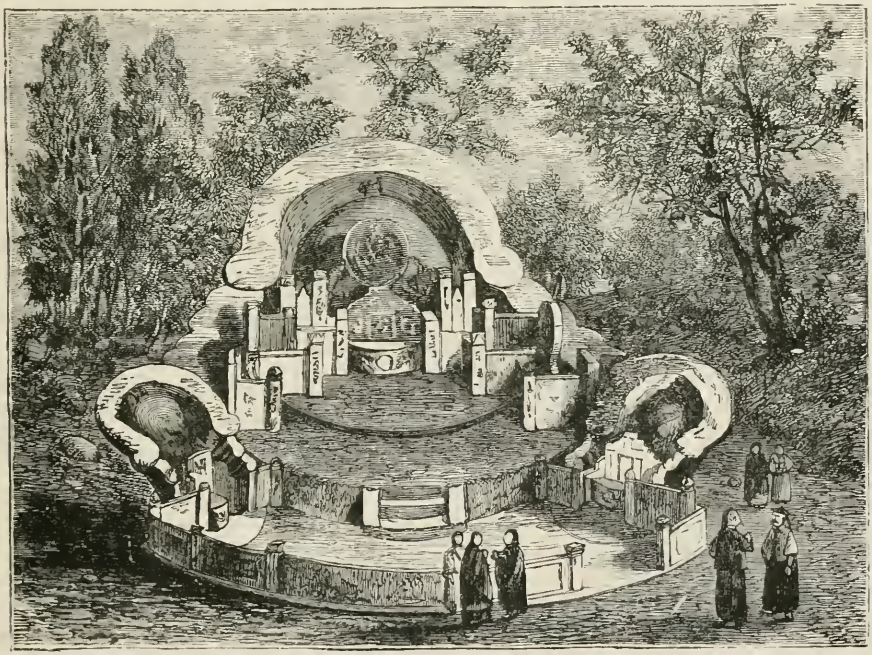
As you have seen, the Chinese have no love and no respect for their idols; nearly all the respect they have, is given to their ancestors, and even this is not altogether the respect that comes from love, but is very greatly the effect of fear, because they have been taught so thoroughly and so long that if they do not take proper care of their dead friends they will be tormented by their spirits. Of course the priests encourage the people to believe this, because they want to be paid a great deal of money for doing all that they say must be done for the dead.

Sometimes a priest will go to a rich family, and tell them that one of their ancestors is in great trouble in the world of darkness, and that if they will give him some money, he will find out what the trouble is; the man's friends pay the priest, and tell him to find out as soon as he can. He soon comes back and says that the man is shut up in a dreadful pit, and that a policeman is torturing him, or that something else very bad is happening to him, and then he tells the friends that the only thing they can do to save him, is to pay a large sum of money, and generally it is paid. Then the priest fixes a day, and when it comes, all the relations of the dead man come to his son's house with a crowd of priests and visitors; the priests, who are generally Tauists, march round and round the Ancestral Hall and sing, nearly all day and all night.

On the second day, the head priest will generally say that the officers in the spirit world say they must have more money, or they can do nothing; so if the son has given all he can, he will borrow some more. Then there will be more singing and a great deal of crying too. By and bye the priest says that the man is soon going to be set free, and the next day he will very likely say that the officers will not quite give him up without a little more money, and then the family will pawn their jewels and clothes to get some more; after this the priests will sing again, and then, if they feel sure they have got all they *can* get, they will say the man is free; but when they think his relations are getting rich

again, they will often come back with the same story, or one something like it, and the whole thing will be done over again.

It is only *sons* who can do any good to their fathers after death, so you can understand now why the Chinese care so much about having boys and so little about girls. It is the eldest son's business to perform the Ancestral Worship as long as he lives;



HORSE-SHOE GRAVE.

therefore when a father dies, he always leaves more money to his eldest son than to the others. If a man has no sons, but his younger brothers have more than one, he will adopt one of them; if he dies without doing this, it is the duty of the younger brothers to set apart one of their sons to perform the Ancestral Worship for his uncle.

If a man does not attend properly to the worship of his ancestors, he may be punished by the government; that is one reason why it is so hard for the Christians to give it up, for you remember that want of respect to parents is punished by death, so a Chinaman must be ready to forsake "his own life also" for Christ's sake, if he wants to be His disciple. ( )

You will have found out already much of what is done after the death of the father of a family, and you know all about the funerals and the ancestral tablets. The tombs are always the same shape as the one in the picture; rich men's tombs are often very large, with a great many stone figures of animals about them.

It is not only when a man dies that sacrifices are offered to him. Spring and Autumn are the times fixed for especially attending to Ancestral Worship, particularly the spring, when the Festival of the Tombs takes place. All the members of families, as far as possible, meet together, to do honour to their dead fathers and grandfathers. About the fourth or fifth of April, great crowds of people may be seen pouring out of the towns and going to the hills, for nearly all graves are on hill-sides, for which reason the worship at the tombs is often called "The Rites of the Hills." The graves are all swept and trimmed; a table is placed before each, on which are spread food, candles and incense with a paper imitation of the ancestral tablets. After a little waiting-time, during which the spirits are supposed to be feeding, the eldest son of each family worships before the tablets, crackers are let off, then the food and tables are taken away and the party goes home. At this time the women and children are ornamented with flowers in their hair. The poor people only burn a basketful of paper money at their tombs. Even robbers come home at this time of the year to sacrifice to their ancestors.

Sometimes a piece of ground is bought close to a family tomb, and different members of the family cultivate it in turns, year by

year, agreeing to pay the cost of the yearly worship from what they get by this piece of ground.

The reason the Chinese burn so many things for their dead friends is, that they say when their friends have become invisible (that is, so that they cannot be seen), all that they want must be made invisible too, before it can be of any use to them, and the

WORSHIP BEFORE ANCESTRAL TABLET.

only way to make things invisible is to burn them. If a dead man has nothing sent to him in this way, the Chinese say he is as badly off as those who die at sea or in war or in foreign lands, who cannot be fed and clothed by their friends, because no one knows where they are buried, and therefore cannot get at their spirits. All these neglected ones have to depend on public charity for all

they want, and if their needs are not supplied, they will torment living people by making them ill; so in a Chinese city, at the gates, by the bridges, at every corner, is to be seen a niche, where offerings are made to these spirits. The Chinese are much more ready to give to dead beggars than to living ones, because they do not give for the sake of doing good to others, but for the sake of sparing suffering for themselves.

The beginning of the practice of feeding dead beggars was in the early years of the Ming emperors. One of them lost the bodies of his father and mother, and was so grieved not to be able to sacrifice at their tombs, that he ordered all his subjects to sacrifice three times every year to the spirits of those whose graves were not known. Some of the priests make a great deal of money at this time, as they go about making collections to buy food for the beggar spirits, and they spend half of what they get and keep the rest. Some of the people think the priests do this, and do not see why the beggars should not give them the credit of all they spend on them, so they burn paper money before their houses, instead of giving real money to the priests.

If a man has an only son, and that son becomes a Christian, think how miserable the father will be; for to him it means that not only he himself, but his father and his grandfathers for five generations back, will be beggar spirits for ever, or at least till they are born again into the world; and think too what courage it would need for an only son to be a Christian and to confess it. One father whose only son became a Christian, threatened to kill himself on purpose that he might be able to torment his son from the spirit world. An only son who becomes a Christian, and whose father tells of him, is treated as if he were his father's murderer, and is beheaded. If a man gets to the world of darkness without a head, the officers there are supposed to understand at once that he has been a bad man, and so will treat him cruelly. If there has been a war and some of the soldiers have lost their

heads, their friends will do all they can to get the heads back, and fasten them to the bodies, in the hope that the officers of the spirit world will never find it out; some have paid as much as a hundred and fifty pounds for the head of a friend.

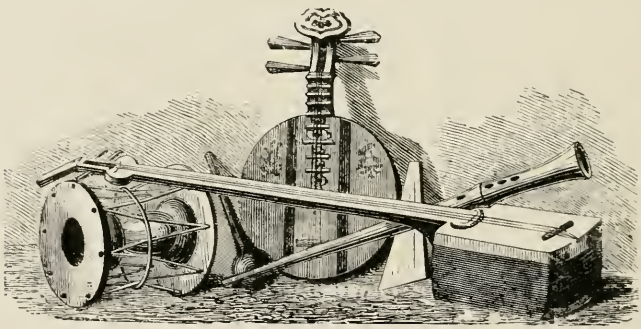
Sometimes a man's friends will burn a paper trunk for him, with a lock and key, to keep his things in, so that the other spirits shall not steal them; horses and boats are burnt too, everything that the man could possibly want. I have some of these very things in front of me now, that a lady from China gave me; I wish I could show them to you. There are eight different kinds of caps, twelve dresses, three pairs of trousers, eight pairs of shoes and boots, a bag, a fan, a square thing that looks like a picture, a snuff bottle, and other things, and all these are on a piece of paper ten inches long and seven inches broad; for they are only little pictures of the things, not the things themselves. I have some of the paper money too that is burnt for the dead, little bits about five inches and a half square. More than thirty million pounds are spent every year in China on offerings for the dead, and only about seventy thousand pounds are spent in a year on all the Protestant missions in China. That looks as though people of false religions were more earnest than those of the true, doesn't it? It is supposed that half the women of China spend all their time that is not wanted for house work in making this paper money (which is called dien) and other things for the dead.

If a noise is heard at a window at night, though it may be only the wind, the Chinese think it is a hungry spirit asking for food. How timid the children must be, if they fancy every strange noise they hear is a spirit coming.

Some rich families build ancestral temples, very large and costly, with shelves round the walls for the tablets to stand on, one above another, like the seats of a gallery. In some of these there are all the tablets of the family for a thousand years back.

In these temples there are very seldom any tablets for women or for unmarried men. Sometimes if a young man dies before he is married, he is betrothed and married after death to a dead woman, and then one of his brother's sons is reckoned as *his* son, and his tablet may be put into the temple.

A great deal of harm is done by this ancestral worship. It wastes a great deal of money and a great deal of time too; it makes the Chinese marry young, for fear of dying without sons; it leads them to have concubines for the same reason, and often makes them stay in China, when if it were not for the fear of being buried in a foreign country, they would go abroad and their own country would not be so much too full as it is.



CHAPTER VIII.

FUNG SHUY.

HIS is another very odd part of the belief of the Chinese, and one that comes into all their thoughts, and makes a difference in all their actions. It is rather difficult to explain too. What wise children you ought to be by the time you have finished this book, and read about so many things that clever men cannot understand.

The Chinese descriptions of what is meant by Fung Shuy are not all alike,—at least, not in everything, but in the chief points they all agree.

The words "Fung Shuy" mean wind and water; but perhaps the word that best describes what the Chinese mean by Fung Shuy is luck, which you know they believe in very much. Wind and water have *something* to do with it though. The Chinese have noticed, as most people have, that nearly all plants seem to die in winter, and yet somehow find out when summer is near, and spring up again. Men too feel a change when winter goes and spring comes, and even if they cannot understand what makes the difference, they look upon the cause, whatever it may be, as a good influence. They have noticed too that the wind from the south brings warmth with it, and with the warmth come life and brightness to plants and animals and men; while the cold wind which is known to come from the north, brings barrenness and death; so they look upon the cause of the cold as an evil influence. Therefore they consider these two points, north and south, as the

points of good and evil; the influence from the one (the south) makes everything fruitful and beautiful, the influence from the other (the north) brings loss of beauty and fruit, and in the end—death.

From seeing this, the Chinese say there must be a good influence always moving gently from the south like air, which will do good to all living things, if nothing comes in its way to stop it or disturb it; so a Chinaman always likes to have his house facing the south, and would expect to be always in trouble if it faced the north.

Then, as they see that not only men and animals but even plants feel the good influence of the spring, which comes from the south, they suppose that dead people must feel it too, if their bodies are placed in such a way that the south wind can always reach them. When a grave is placed so that it can get the full force of the south wind, it is said to have good Fung Shuy, and it is supposed that a family whose graves are placed like this, will get on well in the world, and have plenty of money, honour, and sons.

If this is what good Fung Shuy means, you will understand that bad Fung Shuy is just the opposite,—an evil influence from the north with nothing to stop it, blasting and killing all that it comes against. A dead man who is not buried according to the laws of good Fung Shuy, is left to be hurt by the bad Fung Shuy, which will chill him and make him miserable; and he in his vexation at being so treated, will torment his children and grandchildren with ruin, sickness, and death, till the whole family dies out. Anything that could destroy good Fung Shuy, or make it divide and go on in two streams instead of one, is bad Fung Shuy.

So you see, if a man wants to get good Fung Shuy for his house, or his grave, or any other place, he has two chief things to do, after he has built it facing the south—first, to take everything out of the way, that would keep the south wind from coming to

it, and secondly to put as much as he can behind it, to keep the north wind from coming to it, and you would hardly believe at first how much trouble this gives, and how it keeps the Chinese from improving themselves and their country.

There are a great many professors of Fung Shuy, whose business it is to tell men where to find places to build in with good Fung Shuy, or how to alter places whose Fung Shuy is bad. It takes a great many years' study for a man to become a good professor of Fung Shuy, understanding all about the rules. No man ever builds a house, or a shop, or a grave, without sending for one of these men to tell him whether the Fung Shuy is good; then, if he does what the professor tells him, and afterwards does not get on well, he will say the professor did not understand his business, and he will not employ him again; but if a man gets on very well after a professor has told him where to build, that professor will become famous, and hundreds of Chinese will come to him for advice.

It is thought a very good thing to have some water at the south of a grave or of a house, because without water neither plants, animals, nor men can live, so now you know why this funny thing we are talking about is called Fung Shuy.

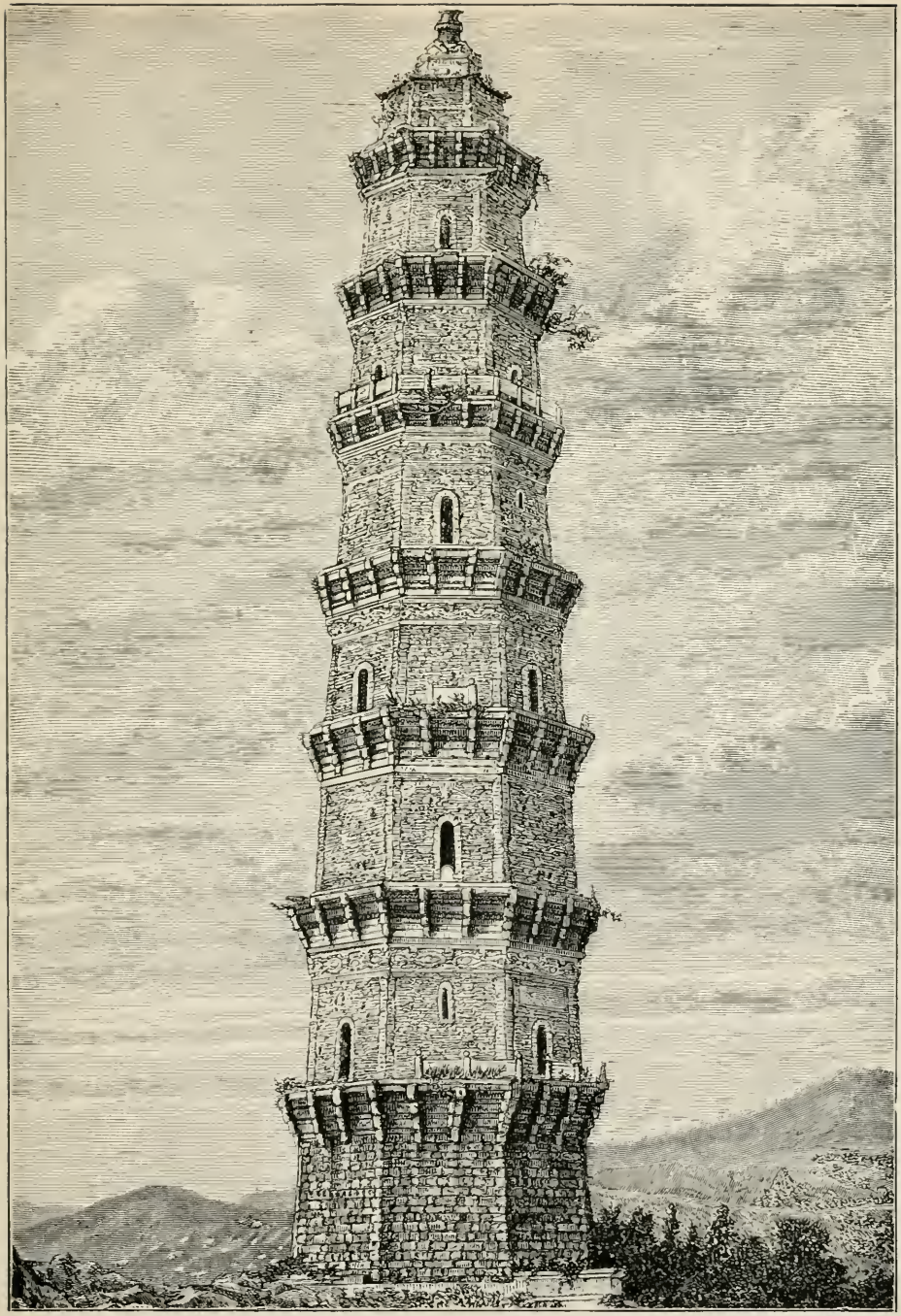
If a man wants to be quite sure that his family will get on well after he is dead, he sends for a professor of Fung Shuy to go with him to find a place for a grave. If they come to a place that seems nice, they look at the country north and south of it, to see if there is anything to keep out the north wind and let in the south, and whether there is any water to the south or not. If it is all right so far as the wind is concerned, but there is no water, the man will make a pond in front of the place, but a river or stream is thought better, because running water does more good than still water. If there is another grave, or a house, or a hill, or a clump of trees, or a road running east and west, to the south of the place, it will prevent good Fung Shuy, so another place will have to be found.

A hilly place is very good for Fung Shuy, as graves and houses can generally be made with their backs to the hill, in such a way that the hill will keep off the north wind; so the south sides of hills are generally dotted all over with graves. In flat parts of the country, trees are used as defenders instead of hills, especially large trees, with thick, bushy tops. There are many stories told in China of men that have tried to cut down good Fung Shuy trees, and whose right arms have been paralysed as a judgment, even if they have only cut off the lower branches. Rich men, whose graves are on flat ground, often make hills on the north side of them, in the shape of a horse-shoe, so that the graves can be inside them, and so be shielded from the north.

Sometimes shields are fixed on the houses, to give good Fung Shuy—boards with signs painted on them, which are supposed to bring luck; they are generally put over the doors or under the windows.

Good Fung Shuy can easily be destroyed. For instance, a man may build a nice house for himself with very good Fung Shuy, the north wind all shut out, and nothing in the way to prevent the south wind coming to it: and then another man may build a house a little higher than his, farther to the south, and so spoil his good Fung Shuy, by coming between him and the south wind; or a big tree on the north side of his house may blow down, and so expose him to the north wind. When good Fung Shuy is destroyed, a broom and a basket may be hung up outside the house to sweep away the evil from the north. Every boat carries with it a brush for this purpose, fastened to a stick, and hung up somewhere in the stern.

Men are often brought up before the magistrates because, while they have been improving their own houses, they have, sometimes without knowing it, put up something, or taken down something, by which they have interfered with their neighbours' Fung Shuy.



A PAGODA.

This belief in Fung Shuy has more to do with the Chinese way of building houses than anything else, and it is very tiresome often to foreigners. The Chinese manage all their houses so that they shall be very low, all about the same height, and with no chimneys, in order not to disturb each other's Fung Shuy; then perhaps an English merchant will come to a Chinese city, and not understanding, or at all events not caring about Fung Shuy, will build a big warehouse, which may destroy the good Fung Shuy of hundreds of houses, or he will build himself a house with chimneys like ours in England, which will have the same effect. This is one reason why the Chinese do not like foreigners to come to China, and why no Chinaman will live next door to a foreigner, if he can help it.

I think you will easily see too how the belief in Fung Shuy keeps the Chinese from improving themselves. There is a great deal of coal in China, deep down in the ground, but the Chinese will not dig mines and get it out, because they could not do it without destroying some old graves, or making mounds, which would spoil somebody's good Fung Shuy. They do not like to make railways nor put up telegraph wires, because the stations and the posts would all destroy good Fung Shuy. They cannot build higher houses for the same reason, and the missionaries are sure to make a good many people very angry if they build churches with towers to them. Sometimes after a church or a school has been built, there will be sickness in the place, or great troubles may come to a few families, and when they call in the Professor of Fung Shuy to ask the reason, he will say it is all the "foreign devils'" doing, and then the people will dislike the foreigners more than ever, and if they cannot get rid of the building, will put up a pagoda, a kind of very high temple, which is supposed to change bad Fung Shuy to good for as great a distance all round as can be seen from the top.

CHAPTER IX.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

ORTUNES are told in all sorts of ways in China,—from the stars, from table-turning, from spirit-writing, from the looks of the face, by the palm of the hand, by drawing lots, by every means that people could possibly invent, and everybody believes in what the fortune-tellers say, from the emperor down to the lowest of his subjects.

As soon as a child is born, its fortune is told; a boy cannot go to school, nor learn a trade, nor be engaged nor married, without the fortune-tellers having a hand in it. No man will go on a journey, nor build a house, nor buy a coffin, nor dig a grave, without the advice of a fortune-teller.

One way of telling fortunes is by "Sticks of Fate," of which there are sixty-four in a set. They are thin slips of bamboo, on which are written short sentences, which can be made to mean almost anything. People who come to have their fortunes told by means of these sticks, generally come with some particular question that they want answered; so they draw one of the sticks from among the sixty-four, and from what is written on it the fortune-teller always manages to make up an answer to the question.

Another way is to write several important words, each on a thin slip of cardboard, made up into a little roll; several hundreds of these are shaken up in a box, then the man who wants his

STREET FORTUNE-TELLER.

fortune told draws one out, and the fortune-teller explains what the word means and what it has to do with him. Most of the fortune-tellers are Tauists or Buddhists. They like to keep up the belief in fortune-telling as much as they can, for the sake of the money it brings them, for all fortune-tellers must be paid.

One day a fortune-teller came to a missionary, and told him that he was a Christian and wanted to be baptized. He seemed to mean all he said, but the missionary told him he could not be baptized so long as he remained a fortune-teller, he must give up his profession and come another time for baptism. The man went away, and tried to find some other way of earning a living, but in vain, so he went on telling fortunes.

Again the time came round for examining those who wished to be baptized, and again the man came to the missionary, more anxious than ever for baptism. But the missionary said, "No, not so long as you tell fortunes." He said all he could to persuade the man to give up his business for Jesus' sake, even if he starved through it; the man would not promise, and went away in great trouble.

The time for the baptisms came, and many Christians were gathered together for the service. Just as it was going to begin, the fortune-teller came in, with such a happy look on his face, and a big bundle in his hand, wrapped in a carpet. He opened out the bundle, and showed the people his books and sticks and other things that he had used for telling fortunes; it was all he had in the world to depend upon. He took all the things into the court-yard and set them on fire, and before the fire had quite gone out, he was baptized. Of course God took care that he did not starve. Where does it say in the Bible that if we give up things for Jesus' sake, we shall get more than we lose, even in this world, besides getting Heaven by-and-bye? (.)

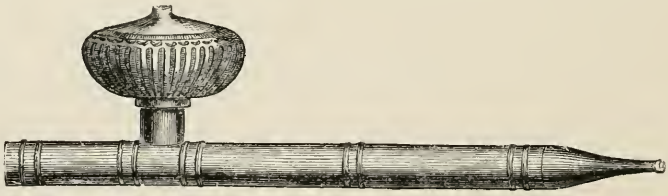
CHAPTER X.

OPIUM.

I THINK this will be the saddest chapter in the book, not only because it is on such a sad subject that I have to write, but also because it is the work of our own country that is the cause of nearly all the sadness.

For opium is the thing which more than all others is ruining China, and hindering the missionaries, and it is the English who send the opium to China, though the emperor and the people have begged them over and over again not to send it.

It is made, as perhaps you know, from the juice of a poppy, which is grown chiefly in India; the juice is hardened and made into cakes, and then sent to China. Opium is not generally eaten, but smoked in a pipe like this. The only people who eat it



(except in very small doses, when there is not time for smoking), are those who want to kill themselves in the easiest way, for it only takes a very little to send a man so fast asleep that he will never wake again; so people generally take it at night, when they

go to bed, and by the morning, even if they are not quite dead, it is too late to do anything for them.

If a man or woman once begins to smoke opium, it is almost impossible for them ever to give it up. None of them, when they begin, mean to smoke very much, any more than English men and women mean to be drunkards, when they drink their first glass of beer or wine, but the habit gets hold of them so quickly, and every day they want a little more; and with opium, even more than with beer and wine, it is the case, that the more people take, the more they want.

Doctors and missionaries are getting to be less and less hopeful of curing those who have formed the habit of opium-smoking, and it is very difficult to know whether a man is cured or not. Sometimes men are sent out from a hospital, and everyone thinks they are cured, but in eight months' time, or sooner, they are brought back just as bad as ever. I believe none but Christians have ever been known really to give up opium, after they have once begun to smoke it. If a man uses it for a fortnight, the habit gains such power over him, that nothing less than the power of God can make it possible for him to give it up, for besides all the other harm it does, opium makes men so weak in body and mind that they cannot give it up. When a man really comes to Jesus and takes him as his own Saviour, then, because the power of Jesus is stronger than the power of habit, he is able to give up opium. There is no habit so strong that the power of God cannot conquer it; so if you are one of God's children, and you know of one bad habit, or two, or even three that you have, do not make up your mind that you must have them always, but go to God directly and tell Him all about them, one by one, and ask Him to conquer them altogether for you, and to be the Master of them and of you, and then just expect Him to do it, and I know He will.

I must tell you a story about this that I heard a long while ago, if I can remember it, because it will explain one thing that I

want to say about habits—*It is no use asking God to cure us of bad habits, if we do not really want to give them up.* There was a little tiny boy who had a habit of sucking his thumb. Of course you are too big to suck your thumb, so first think what your bad habit is, and put that in the story instead. The little boy's papa talked to him about it, and told him it was not at all a nice thing to do; I think he told him to ask God to cure him of it. Anyhow, when the little boy prayed that night before going to bed, he said, "Please, God, make me a good boy, and don't let me suck my thumb any more;" but very soon after, his prayer was changed, and this was the new one—"Please, God, don't make me a good boy, for I must suck my thumb." You see, it is no use for you to ask God to cure you of a fault, if all the while you are thinking that you must keep on doing it, either because you like it too much, or because you are not quite sure that God can or will cure it for you.

Years ago it was said that four hundred thousand people died every year in the Chinese empire from opium-smoking, that is, that out of every hundred who smoked opium, ninety were killed by it, most of them in less than twenty years after they began to smoke it. And it has not got any better since, but much worse.

Smoking opium gives what the Chinese think is a very delightful feeling, like going to sleep and having beautiful dreams, so fairy-like and lovely that as soon as they wake they long to be asleep again. If they do not keep on taking it, this nice feeling soon goes, and they begin to be very faint and sick and thirsty, with a dreadful burning in the throat, and nothing will make them better except more opium. The longing for it is something so terrible that no one could even think what it is like who has not felt it; if the man does not get any more, he becomes dizzy and weak, his body aches all over, and before long he dies, unless he is a very strong man indeed.

The richest men in China have become beggars through spending all their money in opium; and when they get to the end of their money, still they cannot stop, but sell their land, their houses, their furniture, their own clothes, their beds, the clothes of their wives and children, and even their wives and children themselves, to get more opium. It takes away every wish to be good themselves, or to do good to others, every wish for anything, except more and more opium.

Even the smokers themselves say that opium is bad and only bad, for the man who is a slave to opium, and has none, will do anything, however bad, to get some. A Chinese mandarin once said, "It is not the man that eats the opium, but the opium that eats the man."

You may imagine what a terrible thing it is to a Chinese wife or mother to find out that her husband or son has begun to smoke opium, and she knows too well what the end will be. A little while ago, the women in the villages round Canton wrote a petition, begging that the sale of opium in their villages might be stopped. This is part of what they said:—

"When in youth we went to the homes of our husbands, we did not suffer from cold and hunger; but from the time our husbands and sons smoked opium, the children that were dressed in green and red, in the twinkling of an eye came to rags; ornamented halls and grand houses all vanished in smoke; those who before took care of their families have now come to look like beggars. The beds have no covers, the dishes have no food left on them. Hungry, there is nothing for us to eat; cold, there are no clothes for us to wear; the fault is surely with opium."

Even the children whose fathers have been opium smokers are not like other children, but are always pale and sickly.

Rich men often have special rooms in their houses, where they go to lie down on beds and smoke; the poor go to opium shops, which are always open, like our public-houses. They are

generally in low, dark streets, which would remind you, I expect, of the words of the Lord Jesus—" He that doeth evil hateth the

AN OPIUM DEN.

light, neither cometh to the light" ( ); they are very dirty places too, filled with bad air and lighted only by dim lamps, just enough to show the men lying on benches, which are either

quite bare or covered with a straw mat. The men themselves have often hardly any clothes on. Some of them are quite young and healthy looking, as they have only just begun to smoke; others look like living skeletons, all they have in the world being a filthy rag to cover them.

The number of opium-smokers gets larger every day; in some cities on the coast, fifty out of every hundred men smoke opium, though in other places there are not so many. In one city alone, with 400,000 people in it, there are 2,700 opium shops, that is one shop to 148 people, and out of the 148 only about thirty would be men, and the rest women and children. There are not many women in China who smoke opium, compared with the number of men who do, still I am sorry to say there are some. The Chinese used to be the most sober people in the world, and now they are fast becoming slaves to opium, which is taken by rich and poor alike.

Why does not the Emperor make a law, you will say, that the people are not to buy it? So he has, but the law is never kept, because the mandarins, who have to punish those who break the laws, smoke opium themselves, and do nothing to others who use it, because they know they would get into trouble themselves if they did.

And yet the very men who take it are angry with themselves for doing it, and say they would give anything to be saved from it. They constantly come to the missionaries, begging them to give them some medicine which will take away the longing for opium, and the missionaries who speak the most strongly against opium are those who are most loved and respected by the Chinese.

A Chinaman once went to the English Hospital at Swatow, and asked to be cured of the habit of opium-smoking. He was a learned man, but a great smoker; he had got so used to having opium, that he almost died when he gave it up, so, as the only hope of saving his life, the doctor gave him back his opium pipe

and let him smoke again; then he began to get better. As soon as he felt his strength coming back, he asked the doctor to try again, but the doctor said, "I have tried already, and you were almost dead; I cannot venture to try again." The poor man's answer was, "Teacher, whether I live or whether I die, I want you to try to cure me, I take all the risk." So the doctor tried again, and this time the man was cured, though he suffered terribly and was in great danger.

More than ten million pounds are spent every year by the Chinese on opium. And who do you think gets all the money? This is the saddest part of the whole thing, that although the Chinese have asked again and again that opium may be kept out of their country because it is ruining them, large quantities are constantly forced upon them by England, because the money paid for opium is paid to the British government in India, and rather than give it up, they have even gone to war twice with China, in 1840 and 1847, to make them take it, or rather to force the emperor to give permission to the Chinese merchants to buy opium of the English merchants in India, when the emperor and all his people want to have a law forbidding opium to be bought or sold in China, except in very small quantities for medicine.

It was in the year 1773 that opium was first taken to China in large quantities, and ever since then the Chinese have used it more and more. In 1776, a thousand chests were bought, in 1833 there were twenty thousand chests, costing more than three million pounds, that is, more than China got from England for tea. Opium merchants now settle in all parts of China. When a shop is first opened in a town or village, it never gets on well, because the people there have not learned to like opium, so the owner of the shop gives away little bits and persuades the people to buy it, and when once they try, they soon come back for more, and get it very cheap at first, till they have got so fond of it, that they are willing to buy it at any price, and so the evil habit spreads.

You will not wonder that the Chinese are puzzled to know how it is that the same country should send missionaries to teach

OPIUM SMOKER.

them a pure, holy religion, and opium to destroy both their bodies and their souls. A Chinese ambassador said to an English gentleman a little while ago—"You say that England is a more moral

country than China: why then does England insist upon our taking her opium?" This question is constantly being asked of the missionaries. Men say to them, "You tell us that Jesus taught men to love others as well as themselves, and always to bear in mind the golden rule, 'Do to others what you would like them to do to you,' but every year you send opium to China, and injure millions of your fellow-creatures: when men only think of what will profit themselves, and do not care how much harm they do to other people, how can they be said to love others as themselves? how can we believe and follow their religion?"

Some people say to the Chinese—"Well, but you need not smoke opium if we do sell it; you are not obliged to buy it." To this the Chinese reply: "If you will stop sending it from India, the emperor will make a law that it shall not be made in China, and then there will be none to smoke; but so long as you keep sending it to us, it will be of no use for the emperor to say it is not to be made here; the only difference *that* would make would be. that we should buy it all from you, instead of some from you, and some from each other."

Then others say—"If we do not sell opium to the Chinese, there will not be enough money to keep up the Indian government." I think the youngest of you would be able to answer *that*. Wrong *is* wrong, even if good comes out of it. It is like a thief saying, "I *must* steal, because if I don't, I shall die of hunger." And after all, many wise people think that England would not suffer at all by giving up the opium trade, because the fields that are now used for growing poppies might be used for rice or cotton or other things. And besides this, if the Chinese did not waste so much money on opium, they would have more to spend on other things made by English people. The money spent now on opium by the Chinese is about as much as the Chinese get from England for both tea and silk, so they have no money left to buy English goods.

A great statesman, who died a few years ago, said that if we were to add up all the money we had got from China for forty years for opium, we should find it had not come to anything like so much as we had spent on the wars with China, caused by our trying to force opium upon them.

England loses in another way too. So much of the best land in India is given up to poppies, that there is not enough for rice and other things for the people to eat, so there are often famines in the parts of India where poppies are grown; and it costs the government a great many millions of money to feed the starving people. Then the people in India where the opium is made are beginning to smoke it, so that our own subjects are sinking lower and lower, as well as the Chinese; so you see we have lost every way.

One more set of figures I must give you, and this will be the last. In one year, quite lately, nearly nine million pounds were paid by China to India for opium, and in the same year only seventy thousand pounds were spent by England on missions to China; so is it any great wonder that the Chinese do not like the English, and think we do them more harm than good? Less money is spent by England on missions to China in five years, than is spent in England on beer and wine in one day! For the money spent in England in strong drink in one year is a hundred and thirty-five million pounds; that is very much more than the Chinese spend in opium, and yet think what a little place England is compared to China. There are five millions of people in England who have said that they will never touch wine or beer or spirits, because they see how much harm it does to people, and they want by their example to do all they can to keep it from spreading any further. If every boy or girl who reads this book will promise never to drink these things, there will soon be more than five million, and I think England will have a better right to tell the Chinese not to take opium, when the English have given up using

things that are almost as bad. See if you can find a text which shows that it is a good thing to give up drinking wine and beer. Perhaps you will find more than one, so I will leave you a whole line to put them in.

( )

You will be glad to know that a great many people in England are trying very hard to get the Government to stop sending opium to China. There is a society on purpose for this, that you will see mentioned in the list at the end of the book. I have often seen petitions to the parliament about it, prepared for people to sign. I hope, when you are old enough for such things, you will all sign them, and that till then you will often send in a petition to a still higher government, the King of heaven and earth, asking Him to help the people who are trying to stop it, so that no country may have to say of us, that we go to it with the Gospel in one hand, and destruction to soul and body in the other.

PART IV.

THINGS THAT ARE CELESTIAL.

CHAPTER I.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

OW that you know so much about China and the Chinese, I am sure you will be wondering what the missionaries are doing for them, and how they are getting on.

The first men who told the Chinese about Jesus were neither Protestants nor Englishmen, but Italian Roman Catholics sent by the Pope. They got on very well indeed, because they told the Chinese that even if they became Christians, they might keep on worshipping their dead relations; and that is the part of their own religion which the Chinese think more of than any other; so they did not so much mind giving up their belief in other things, if they might keep this. As you have seen already, part of the Roman Catholic religion has got mixed up with Buddhism, so that it does not make much difference to a Buddhist if he becomes a Roman Catholic; he worships saints instead of gods, and eats meat; that is nearly all.

It is only since the year 1800 that Protestant missionaries have begun to go to China. The first that went was Dr. Morrison, in 1807, and you may fancy a little, from what you have read, what very hard work his was. First he had to learn the language, and that was very difficult, and when he knew it he could not teach the people much, because there were no words in Chinese for the things he wanted to talk about; so he had to make new words, and even then the Chinese could not tell what the words

meant, till they were explained to them. Dr. Morrison worked very hard and prayed very much for China. By the time he had been there seven years, he had managed to put all the New Testament into Chinese, and four years later, with the help of another gentleman who went to him from England, he finished the whole Bible, and the British and Foreign Bible Society printed it for him. Since then many better words have been made, and new translations, so that it is not Dr. Morrison's Bible that is used in China to-day.

When he had finished the Bible, Dr. Morrison wrote a Chinese and English Dictionary; I think that must have been even more difficult than the Bible. He wrote books and tracts too in Chinese, and he had a dispensary, where sick people might come for medicine, so you see he worked very hard indeed. In 1821 he came home for a holiday, which he wanted very much, and in 1826 he went back again, and preached and worked in China for eight years more, and then he died; and after all his twenty-two years of hard work, he only knew of three or four Chinese who had come to Jesus, and there was not one church or school. But Dr. Morrison had opened the way for other missionaries, and interested English people in China, and made it easier for them to learn the language, so that after he died other people went to China, and now, fifty years later, there are thirty-two different Protestant societies working in the Chinese Empire, and nearly five hundred missionaries.

But what can five hundred missionaries do for three hundred and sixty millions of people? There would only be one missionary for every seven hundred thousand people, even if the missionaries were scattered all over the country; but instead of that, most of them are in the large cities and towns on the sea-coast; and in some parts in the inside of the country, away from the sea, there is not so much as one missionary to two million people, so that nearly thirty-three thousand Chinese die every day, without ever

having heard of Jesus and His love. It is only lately that English people have been allowed to live anywhere except at large sea-side towns, but now missionaries are beginning to go all over the country, especially those belonging to the "China Inland Mission," which has sent missionaries into fifteen out of the eighteen Provinces.

But even of those Chinese who do hear, very few care, and you will be able to understand many reasons for this. Perhaps the greatest reason of all is, that the Chinese dislike English people so much, and because they dislike the English, they dislike their religion. This dislike is most strongly felt on the sea-coast, where most of the missionaries are, because it is there that most English people live, and it is there that most opium is brought, so it is not very strange that the Chinese should think that Christianity and opium have something to do with each other, and that as the one is all bad, the other cannot be very good.

Another difficulty is, that the Chinese think they are so much better than any other people, that their religion must be better than any other religion; so though they will listen to preaching out of curiosity to know what the barbarians' doctrine is, they will not often even try to find out whether it is better than their own. This is why people in the villages, where they are not so learned, are often more ready to become Christians than those in the towns.

But though the learned men will not listen thoughtfully to the missionaries, they are nearly always ready to take books and tracts; so we cannot tell how many are reading and thinking about Christianity, though nobody knows about them. A gentleman was once travelling about in the middle of China, far away from the sea, where there were no missionaries at all; he had been sent by the British and Foreign Bible Society to try to sell Bibles and Testaments to the Chinese. One day he sold a New Testament to a Chinaman, who took the book home and began to read it; he was so interested, that when the night came,

he quite forgot to go to bed, but read straight on till the morning, by which time he had just got to the end of St. Matthew. He only stopped to eat, and then went back to his book, and hardly left it till he had got right to the end. And then he thought he had better tell someone else about it, so he invited all his friends to his house, and read the book to them. They all liked it so much, that they sent to ask a missionary to come and teach them, and now there is quite a group of Christians in that place.

Think how uncomfortable it must be for the missionaries who go to live in out-of-the-way places in China, with no nice houses like we have here, and with quite different kinds of food to eat, often with nowhere to sleep, except in those dreadful hotels that you have read about, with no doctor to come to them if they are taken ill, and no trains to take letters to their friends, or to bring letters from them, despised by all the people round them because they are not Chinese, and perhaps hardly able to speak to the people, or to understand what the people say to them, because they do not know the language well enough.

A missionary in China is much more lonely than a missionary in India, because there are not so many English people about, and because travelling is so much slower and more difficult.

But if the missionaries love God and love the Chinese well enough to suffer all this for the sake of telling the Chinese about a God who loves them and a Saviour who died for them, don't you think it ought to be very easy for you, even if you only love God and the Chinese a very little bit, to go without some of the things you like, for the sake of helping God to let the Chinese know about the great Present God has given for them and for you ( )? Of course God could send angels from heaven to preach to the Chinese if He liked, or He might put money into the fishes' mouths ( ) for the missionaries, or send them bread and meat by the birds, as he did to one missionary long ago ( ); but He does not do this, because He

NATIVE PREACHING AT NINGPO.

wants you to do the work for Him. You see it is not everything we *can* do. We cannot make the world light in the morning and dark at night; we cannot make it rain or snow or freeze; we cannot make the flowers grow, or the corn or the trees; so God does all that for us; but we *can* tell people about Jesus, and give money to other people to go and tell those that we cannot get at ourselves; so God leaves this for us to do. How many of us are doing it, I wonder?

And what about the Chinese who do become Christians? They have a great many difficulties too. Chinamen often say they would become Christians, if they might go on smoking opium and working on Sundays. The Roman Catholic missionaries let them do this, but not the Protestant; so if a man wants to be a Protestant Christian, he must give up a great deal for Jesus' sake. If he keeps a shop and shuts it on Sundays, he will lose many of his customers, if not all, as they will choose rather to go to a shop that is always open; and if he has work in a government office, he will not be allowed to keep it and rest on Sunday. He will have to give up worshipping his ancestors, and most likely all his friends will hate and despise him for this, even if they do not take him to the judge and get him punished.

One good thing that comes from this is, that there are very few half-and-half Christians in China; if a man loves God well enough to give up his business and his father and mother, and to be hated and despised by all his friends rather than disobey God, he is pretty sure to be a real, earnest, working Christian. Some of the Chinese Christians are paid by the missionaries to teach in their schools, or to go about the country preaching; then their friends mock them and say they are only "rice Christians," by which they mean that they have only become Christians for the sake of what they can get by it; yet a great many Chinese Christian workers get no pay at all, but ask the missionaries to let them work for nothing.

There is a special reason now why Christian people should work harder than ever for China; that is, that the Chinese are beginning to leave their country in great numbers. Some of them go to America, but others go to Sumatra, Java, Borneo, the Philippine Islands, the Sandwich Islands, and many other places where people from Europe cannot live, because the climate makes them ill; but the Chinese can live there without getting ill at all. Many go to live in Thibet and Mongolia and Manchuria, where there are very, very few missionaries, so that if only the Chinese were Christians, millions of other people would hear about Jesus through them.

And the Chinese make good workers for Jesus too. One day a missionary's servant was going through a part of the country where he had not often been before, and he saw a crowd of men at a little distance, so he went up to them to see what was happening. He soon found that it was a Chinaman talking to Chinamen, so he listened to hear what he was speaking about, and think how surprised he was to find that he was preaching about Jesus; of course the other men were listening as they never would have listened to a "barbarian." When the address was over, the servant went up to the man and asked him where he had learned all this that he had been teaching, and the man said he had often been to the misson chapel and listened to the preaching of the missionary (the master of this servant); that he had never spoken to anyone there, but that what he had heard had led him to give up his false religion and to become a servant of the true God. Afterwards the missionary found out that there were three hundred others working in the same office with this man, and that nearly all of them had heard from him about Jesus.

And the *women* of China, what is being done for them? There are very, very few lady missionaries working amongst them, only about a hundred altogether, besides the missionaries' wives,

BIBLE WOMEN AT FOO-CHOW.

in all that great country, with its hundred and fifty millions of women and girls. The gentlemen missionaries would speak to the women if they could, but no Chinese woman would ever think of listening to a man talking in the street, and the men would think it terribly rude if a strange man were to speak to a woman in the road; so you see the only way in which the women of China can ever hear of Jesus is by Christian women of other countries, who know and love Him, going to them to tell them of Him, and only this very small number have gone yet.

The *poor* women can very easily be got at; they are nearly always ready to listen, and are very pleased if English ladies will go into their houses to speak to them, or open a room where they may come together to hear of Jesus. The richer ladies, who are kept shut up, are not so easily told about Him. Very few rich houses have been visited yet by the missionary ladies, and no lady would ever dare to go to one of them, unless the master or mistress of the house invited her, which does not often happen, never unless they have in some way got to know the missionary lady and to like her. This is because foreigners are so much disliked; even tiny children are told dreadful stories of what the foreigner will do to them, if he can catch them, so that often they will run to their mothers screaming with fright, because they have seen a foreign man or woman. As more and more missionary gentlemen and ladies go to China, the Chinese will find out that they only want to do them good and not harm, and that the foreigners who tell them of Jesus are not the same as the foreigners who bring them opium; so the thing to do is to send more ladies, and I think there is no fear of their not finding plenty to do when they get there.

Some of the Chinese women themselves are beginning to work as Bible-women; a lady in Foo-Chow (Where is that?

) has started a class for any Christian Chinese women who would like to give up their lives to telling their

countrywomen of Jesus, and who are able to do it; in this class they learn to read the Bible and to understand it. As, when they are sent out, all their time is spent in going from house to house, reading and teaching, you will see that they must be paid for doing it, or else they would starve; but all the money they get is sent by English people, so I shall put the Bible-women in the list of Societies at the end of the book, in case any of you would like to help them. It would not cost very much for you to keep a Bible-woman of your own. I do not know exactly how much, but the lady whose name I have given in the list will be sure to know and will be pleased to tell you, if you will write and ask her.

For the children there are a few schools taught by the missionaries both for boys and girls, but generally only the sons of Christian parents go to the boys' schools. The heathen fathers and mothers like to send their sons where they will learn all that other heathen boys learn, and all that they will have to know if they are to pass their examinations.

There are missionary boarding-schools for girls in China. Two sets of little girls go to these—those whose fathers and mothers are Christians, and are very glad to let them go with the missionaries and be taught by them; and the poor little girls whose fathers and mothers do not care enough about them to keep them at home, or who would have been killed when they were babies, if the missionaries had not taken care of them; just a few little girls are sent to school because their fathers and mothers do not want them to be dunces.

In the missionary girls' schools, the children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and needlework, but a great deal of time is spent in teaching them about Jesus, and to read and learn the Bible. Then when these girls leave school, they tell other girls what they have learned, and in this way a great many children hear of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ.

A Christian gentleman in China once found quite a crowd of

little girls, thirty of them, all sitting round another girl who was teaching them. The gentleman talked to them and asked them questions, and found that they knew a great deal about the Bible. They told him that this girl had a class for them every Sunday afternoon, and that she herself had been a pupil in a Christian boarding-school, where she had learned what she was now teaching them. It was quite by accident that the gentleman found this little girl teacher, and I do not think she is likely to be the only girl in China who is teaching other people about Jesus. I am sure she is not, for many times people have come to the missionaries asking to be baptized, and when they have been asked how they came to know about Jesus, they have said that they had heard it all from girls who had been to school and learned of Him there. I wonder whether all the Christian little girls who read this book do as much for Jesus as these little heathen girls do.

There is a Children's Scripture Union in China, too, and I can tell you one very nice thing about it. There is a boarding-school in Hangchow, where many of the little girls belong to the Scripture Union, and every Sunday morning they have a little prayer-meeting of their own, to ask God to bless all the little boys and girls everywhere who are in the Scripture Union; so next Sunday and all the other Sundays, when you pray for the Scripture Union, as I hope you all do if you belong to it, you will not forget, will you, to pray for the Chinese boys and girls who are reading the same verses as you?

CHAPTER II.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

HESE are quite as useful in China as in India, and even more needed, for the Chinese women need them just as much as the women of India, and the men need them too, because their own doctors understand so little of medicine and surgery; while in India there are plenty of good doctors.

Chinamen are very troublesome patients, especially when the doctor wants to perform an operation. Many of them would rather die than lose an arm or a leg. Do you remember why? (see page 180), though now they are beginning in some places to be more sensible, and to let foreign doctors perform operations on them.

You remember what I told you about the Chinese doctors, and the strange medicines they give, don't you? What would you think of having boiled cockroaches for medicine, or powdered pearls, or deer's horns? A medical missionary at Swatow, in the Province of Kwang-tung, once saw an old man creeping out of the cellar under the hospital with a small tin in his hand, the mouth of which he was trying to fill up with newspaper. When the missionary asked what he was doing, the old man said he was collecting cockroaches for his little grandson, who had dropsy, and who had had some proper medicine given him two days before at the hospital. His friends thought he was not getting well fast enough, and so called in a native doctor, who said the child was

suffering from wind, not water, and that boiled cockroaches would cure him.

You see then that there is more need for medical missionaries in China than in India, and you will be sorry to hear how few have gone yet. There are only twelve hospitals belonging to all the missionary societies in China, and to these women are not allowed to go for advice or medicine, because they are kept by men, so that the poor women of China can have no help when they are ill, until the Christian women of England and other countries take it to them.

There is not one English lady doctor in China now; there are a few American medical missionary ladies, but only about a dozen altogether from all countries. Just think for a minute, before you read any more, of all those hundred and fifty millions of women in China who have nobody to take proper care of them when they are ill, or to give them anything to make them better, unless it is a few herbs which they have learned to know the use of: so that little things which would easily be understood and cured by one of our English doctors, get worse and worse, and the poor women often die just for want of the doctor. Think of them next time you have to take some medicine that you don't like, and think of them too when you thank God for His care of you; and ask Him to send some clever Englishwomen, who love Him and the poor Chinese more than they love their own comfortable homes, to care for their bodies and their souls too; who knows but He may send one of you some day?

Medical missions do good in more ways than one, for the Chinese cannot help seeing that the foreign doctors are wiser and cleverer than their own, and thus they learn to trust in the missionaries and to look up to them. We can see how much they think of the cleverness of foreign doctors, by the numbers who go to them; in one year no less than a hundred and thirty-five thousand Chinese came for medicine to the missionary

hospitals. There is a mission hospital at Tien-tsin built entirely with money that the Chinese themselves gave for it; the gentleman that gave the largest sum towards it was the viceroy of the province of Chili. So the missionary doctors, whether they are ladies or gentlemen, are sure to get plenty of patients, and while they are doing all they can to cure the sick bodies, they get many opportunities of speaking about the Great Doctor who came into the world on purpose to heal those whose souls were sick, and who is just as glad now as He was then to heal all that come unto Him. ( )

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

I HAVE got two stories for you this time, one about a boy and one about a girl; you shall have the boy first.

Some years ago two missionaries paid a visit to a town near Hankow, in the province of Hupeh. It happened that just at the same time a great theatrical entertainment was being given in the open air, and thousands of people from all parts of the country round were pouring into the town to see it. This was a bad thing for the missionaries in some ways, for when the crowd saw these two foreigners they began at once to shout at them and mock them and persecute them; they were curious to know all about them, to examine their clothes and their faces, and to find out whether the wonderful stories they had heard about the ways of the "barbarians" were true, and their way of finding it out was not very pleasant.

It was a good thing in another way that the town was so full, for a great many of the people bought Christian books from the missionaries, and many others listened to them as they preached at the corners of the streets.

Very soon, however, some wild men in the crowd set upon the missionaries; they tore their clothes and stole their books, and threw stones at them, till at last they managed to drive them out of the town.

There was a little boy living in the place at this time named

Kan; I do not know whether he saw the missionaries himself, but at any rate he heard other people talking about them, of what they had spoken about, and of how they had been treated, and he knew that they had been teaching what was called "the Jesus doctrine."

A long time after this Kan went to pay a visit at Hankow, and he thought he should like, if he could, to find out something more than he knew of the strange men who had visited this town years before, and caused such excitement.

So he went to the room called "The Good Tidings Hall," where a missionary and a native teacher tell about Jesus and His love every day to anybody who will come in and listen. People come into this room just when they like, and stay as long as they like; they bring with them the things they have been buying and put them down on the benches beside them, while they rest and hear what the Christians have to say to them.

There Kan came amongst the rest, and heard for the first time the wonderful things in the Bible which you have known about ever since you can remember, and Kan was so surprised and pleased at what he heard, that he came time after time, and listened, and thought, and learned, not only from the missionary, but from the Lord Himself, till He knew Him, and believed in Him, and loved Him, and made up his mind he would belong to Him and follow Him all his life long. He had a great many talks with the preacher too, who helped him and encouraged him, and taught him the meaning of many things he wanted to understand.

At last the time came when his visit was over, and he must return to his heathen home. It was just at the time of the New Year; you remember what a wonderful time that is in China, and how many heathen customs have to be attended to, so you will be able to understand how hard it would be for Kan to go home just then. But he knew it must be wrong for those who

believed in the true God to have anything to do with idols or sacrifices to ancestors, so he made up his mind he must refuse to take part in any of them, whatever trouble he might come to through it.

His father and mother were very angry indeed when they found that Kan had given up the old religion of his country, and taken up the new one, as they called it, of the "barbarians;" they told him he was a rebellious, disobedient son, who cared nothing for his father and mother, and they even said they would kill him if he did not give up being a Christian. They treated him so cruelly that at last he ran away and went back to his Christian friends in Hankow.

He stayed there quietly for some weeks, and then his father and uncle came to look after him. They did not speak unkindly to him at this time, for they had been thinking that perhaps if they tried another way, they might be able by kindness to persuade him to come back to heathenism, though they had not been able to frighten him into it.

So Kan went back to his home once more, but not before he had publicly shown, by being baptized, that he did not mean to forsake Jesus in order to escape suffering, or even to please his friends. Poor Kan! he had a very hard time after this, for on the first day of every month, and again on the fifteenth, sacrifices were offered to the spirits of his ancestors, and whenever the days came round, his friends tried to force him to kneel down and worship before the tablets. Everyone was against him, and there was no friend in the town to whom he could go for comfort and help; but he had one Friend close to him all the time, and He took care of him and comforted him and strengthened him, so that he was always able to stand firm and to refuse to do what he knew would grieve God.

Then the time came for the great Festival of the Tombs, and Kan was obliged to go with his parents when they visited the family graves, to clean them and offer sacrifices to the spirits

of their dead ancestors. Kan helped to put the graves in order, but when he was told to take his part in the sacrifices, he steadily refused.

And Kan was the only son, so to his parents this refusal meant that, after they were dead, their spirits, and the spirits of their fathers, must wander for ever hungry and homeless, as beggars of the spirit world, and they said it would be better to have no son at all, than to have one who believed in this "Jesus Faith." So they were more angry than ever, and as it seemed as if they really would kill Kan if he stayed with them, he was obliged a second time to leave his home. His father, however, took away from him his outer clothes and his bedding, which you remember the Chinese always carry about with them.

It was just at the time of the heavy spring rains; Kan had no money to pay for a night's lodging, and very soon the few clothes he had on were soaked through. The only place he could find to hide himself in was a shed made of mats, by the side of the road, where a band of beggars had settled for the night, and Kan stayed with them there.

In the morning he started to go to the capital, and when he got there he told the Christians he wanted to find some way of earning a living for himself; so they gave him some small things to sell in the street, and with the money he got for these he was able to buy some more, and to keep himself as well. He always used to be seen at the Christian prayer-meeting, which was held once a week in the city, and a lady who was there says she well remembers how earnestly he prayed that his father and mother might know Jesus as he did; but the answer to his prayer has not come yet.

Kan still lives in the city, and God has helped him in his business, for now he has work in an office, so he does not have to sell in the streets any longer. He has found out the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of

God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." (.)

Now I must tell you about the little girl. You know already how some of the Christian girls in China are living and working for Jesus; so you will not suppose that all the boys and girls that come to Him go to Heaven directly, when I tell you that this little girl that the story is about is there. It is nice to think that while so many Chinese children have grown up to be workers for Jesus, yet there are some whom we shall find in Heaven when we get there.

The Story of Teh-Sing.

You remember I told you that often Chinese fathers and mothers give their children to the missionaries, either because they do not care to keep them, or because they are glad to get them fed and clothed without having to pay for them. The little girl this story is about, was given to a missionary lady for the last of these reasons, in the year 1870. She was then about seven years old, and the lady gave her a name, a very nice one, Teh-Sing, which in English means *Victory*. The reason she got this name was that the lady missionary hoped and believed that before very long the little girl would find out for herself that Jesus had given her the victory over her enemies. And though Teh-Sing was a Chinese child, and you are an English one, your enemies are just the same as hers were. I can think of eleven enemies that we read about in the New Testament, that God has given us the victory over, if we belong to Him. I will tell you where to look, and you see if you can find their names. Rom. viii, 35, 37; 1 Cor. xv. 55, 57; 1 John v. 4.

1	4	7
2	5	8
3	6	9
10	11	

The lady's prayers were answered, for after Teh-Sing had been a few years at the school, she found Jesus, and gave herself to Him, and He gave her the victory.

Teh-Sing was a very quiet little girl, and did not often tell people what she was thinking about, so it was only by watching her that they could find out how much she cared about God. If people tried to find out how much *you* care for Him, in the same way, what would they find, do you think, and how long would it take them?

After Teh-Sing had been eleven years at school, she began to be poorly, and her mother wanted her to leave the school and go home; but the teacher did not want her to go directly, because she thought the doctor would be able to do her good, and she would soon be quite well again, so she kept her a little while to see how she went on. But Teh-Sing, instead of getting better, got worse very fast, and soon the teacher saw that she had a sickness that no doctor could cure, and that God was going to take her little scholar away to His own home.

When the teacher knew this, she wrote to Teh-Sing's mother to tell her about it; but several days passed and the mother did not come, and all the time Teh-Sing was getting worse, so that by the time her mother came she was too ill to be taken away.

For three months the little girl went on getting weaker and having a great deal of pain. For the last fortnight of her life there was always somebody in the room to watch her, because no one knew how soon Jesus might call her away to go to Him, and many times during those two weeks all the people in the house gathered round her bed, thinking the hour had come when she must leave them.

And then there was a change in Teh-Sing, and instead of keeping all her thoughts to herself, she began to talk about God and about Heaven as she had never done before, and though she only lived for about twenty-four hours after this, everyone who

saw her and heard her felt that she had done a work for God, and had left behind her words that they would never forget.

It was a little after twelve o'clock on a Friday morning that one of the girls in the school went to the teacher, and told her that Teh-Sing seemed to be dying. The teacher went to her at once, and found the children all gathered round the bed watching Teh-Sing, who was lying quite still, with her eyes shut, but breathing very loudly. The teacher said to her, "How is it with you now, Teh-Sing?" She wanted to know whether her little pupil was frightened at the thought of dying. Teh-Sing knew what she meant, and answered, "Oh, I am *so* happy! do not cry, you need not be sorry; you must not cry, I am going to Heaven. I cannot tell you how happy I am. I have seen the Lord. I have seen Heaven. It is *so* good; *very, very* good."

Then the teacher asked her if the pain was all gone, and she said, "Only my chest is sore, but that will soon be over. In Heaven there will be no pain, no sorrow, not even a little. Heaven is *so* good; you cannot even fancy how good it is. Oh! I am happy, happy."

Was it not a good thing that Teh-Sing had come to Jesus when she was strong and well, and had not put it off till she was ill? I do hope all the strong healthy boys and girls who read this book will give themselves to God while they are well and able to work for Him. And if there should be one sickly child who will read it, I should like to say to that one—Go to Jesus now, without waiting till you get better or till you get worse. Just tell Him that you want to be His own child, and ask Him to take away all your sin and to teach you how to live for Him even while you are ill. Then the bad part of the sickness will not be half so bad; if you get better, you will find out that it is just as good to have God for your Friend when you are well, as when you are ill; and if like Teh-Sing you should get worse instead of better, still it will be all right, and oh! how glad you

will be then to know that you belong to God and that He is going to take you to be always with Him.

Teh-Sing looked round on all the people who were in the room with her, and thanked them for having been so kind to her, saying, "We shall meet again in Heaven." When some one asked her if she knew them all, she said, "I know you every one; but I do not like to see you looking so sad. You need not cry, you must not cry; we shall meet in Heaven. Its door is very wide, so that whosoever will may come in, if only they will trust in Jesus." Then she asked her mother to come to her, and taking her hand, she said, "You *must* repent and trust in Jesus. You *must* become a disciple and meet me in Heaven. Heaven is *so* good. I shall wait for you there. I shall soon see Ætsia, and live with the angels." Ætsia was Teh-Sing's little friend at school, and had gone to Heaven a short time before.

The children sang the hymn "There is a happy land;" so you see Teh-Sing knew the same hymns that you do, only of course she knew them in Chinese and you know them in English. When, after this hymn had been sung, the teacher asked her which other she should like, she said, "Rock of Ages." When this was finished she said, "It is only because of what Jesus did that I am pure. I could do nothing to save myself, no, not the least thing." Then she said, "I shall soon see Ætsia," and she wanted to know if the teacher would not go to Heaven with her. She told her God had not sent for her yet, because her work was not quite finished. To this Teh-Sing said, "I wish you could come. There is nothing to fear. But the Lord says you must wait a little." Then she held her thumb and finger about two inches apart and said, "The water is only about so deep." She had been reading about Christian crossing the river in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

By this time Teh-Sing was very tired, and rested quietly for a little while. Most of the people who had been watching her

went away, feeling so glad that she had been able to tell them all how happy she was.

Not thinking that Teh-Sing was listening, the teacher said to one of the children, "Do you remember that verse, 'O death, where is thy sting'?" Before the child could answer, Teh-Sing said, "It is in Corinthians. That is like *me* now; my name is Victory;" and first touching herself and then pointing up, she showed she meant she was getting the victory then.

In the evening her breathing got very bad again. About ten o'clock she said to the teacher, "I want a text, I think it is in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, but I am not sure." The teacher asked if she could tell her a few words out of it, so that she might know which text she meant. Teh-Sing tried to tell her, but the only words the lady could hear were "king" and "servant." Then one of the girls put her ear close to Teh-Sing's lips, and was able to find out what she wanted. It was about the King saying to those on His right hand, "I was sick and ye visited me;" you can find it, can't you? ( ). Teh-Sing said, "Yes, that is what I want, I give it to you all." When they thanked her, she said "No, these are not man's words; thank Jesus, He gives it you."

Soon after this, she asked the teacher and the children to go to bed, saying they would be so tired to-morrow if they did not; so every one went except a woman who sat up with her.

Just as it was getting light, she said she felt very ill, and asked the woman to pray that the Lord would come soon to take her away. An hour afterwards she said, "I am going now," and asked for the teacher and her mother; she smiled at the teacher, but looked sorrowfully at her mother, because she knew she was not a Christian. Afterwards she looked at all those who were round her and mentioned all their names.

It was only a very little while after this that the Lord came and fetched Teh-Sing, but she went away with Him so quietly,

that though so many were looking at her, nobody knew exactly when she left them. It was like a tired child going to sleep, they said; but how splendid it must have been for Teh-Sing when she woke, and found herself in heaven with God and with Jesus. The most splendid thing I can think of, next to that, is to know that we have God and Jesus with us here, and we may all know that. Do *you* know it? If not, ask God to teach it to you, and to keep you from forgetting it; and when you know it, one of the best ways to remember it, if not the very best, will be to pray and to work for those who do not know it, whether they are your own little friends in England or the boys and girls in China.

CHAPTER IV.

WILL YOU HELP?

OW, who says "Yes" to that question? I wonder whether what I told you in "The Children of India" has come true—that when you began to give your money to God, you would begin to get richer. I expect it has. And if you are richer now than you were last year, you will be able to go on giving as much money to India as you have been giving, and have some left for China too. For money is the only thing you *can* send for China, unless you send yourselves.

By this I mean that you cannot dress dolls, and make scrap-books and needle-books and frocks and pinafores, and all sorts of pretty things to send to China, because the people there either would not care for these things, or they have plenty of their own. But money is wanted very much for China; money to send more missionaries, money to keep the missionaries that have gone already, money to keep up the schools, money to buy books and tracts, and money to pay for gentlemen and ladies to learn to be doctors, so that they can cure sick people in China.

Really I do not believe that if all the boys and girls in England worked and saved as hard as ever they could, they would earn more money than the Missionary Societies could use for China; and you *can* work for it, because, although it is no use to make clothes to send to the Chinese, you can make as many pretty things as you like, and sell them to your friends, and give the money for China, can't you?

Or perhaps you have found out how nice it is to go without things, so that the Lord Jesus can have the money that they would have cost; and if you have gone without one thing to save money for India, you may be able to think of something else that you can give up for China. I know some little girls have given up sugar for India, and I expect they would say that tea without sugar is sweeter than tea with sugar, if it is to make money for Jesus.

And a little money goes a long way in China. It only takes five pounds to buy food for a Chinese Christian for all the part of the year in which he can go about preaching, and I think if you worked very hard and prayed very much, some of you would find it easier than you think to get five pounds, and just think how many Chinese might hear about Jesus through it, if the man that got the five pounds went about day after day, preaching wherever he went, for the greater part of a year.

I must see if I can think of a few ways of getting money that perhaps you have not thought of. If you have an empty room or a large empty cupboard in your house, or even a corner where you can keep a sack, I can tell you of one thing you might do, only you will not make money very *fast* by it, at least not unless you have a good many friends, whose fathers and mothers do a great deal of writing. Save up all the old clean paper you can find, and every bit you get put it into the room or cupboard or sack. If you have two or three sacks or cupboards, you will get on better still, for there are four different kinds of paper that you may collect, but you must not mix them.

1. Account-books, exercise-books, or copy-books, without covers.

2. The covers of this kind of books.

3. Old written papers, envelopes, bills, or letters, but not post-cards or halfpenny wrappers. The letters may be torn up into little bits if they are private.

4. Old printed books without covers, magazines, circulars, old music, all on *good* paper. The paper may all have writing on it, but it must all be clean, and no newspapers, nor brown paper, nor any sort of wrapping paper will do. When your sacks are full, you can send them to

Mr. E. Lloyd,
Paper Mills,
Sittingbourne,
Kent

and he will send you some money for the paper. The price is not always the same. Just now he pays ten shillings for a hundredweight of the first kind of paper, nine shillings for the second, seven shillings for the third, and four shillings for the fourth. A little while ago it was worth much more than this, and perhaps by-and-bye it will go up again.

If you set up as a paper collector and all your little friends help you, you might be able to get quite a nice sum of money. When your bag is full, your best way would be to write a little note to Mr. Lloyd, saying you want to send him some paper, and asking him to send you a form to fill up; then you will soon get a printed paper from him, telling you the price of paper at the time he sends it, and giving you all the directions you will want, with another paper for you to fill up, saying which kind of paper you are sending and how much.

Perhaps some of you have little gardens of your own; if you have, you might grow some pretty plants in them, snowdrops, or crocuses, or daffodils, or hyacinths, or tulips, and when they look nice, put them into pots and sell them, and give the money for China.

Or perhaps some of you have papas with a nice lot of shillings in their pockets, who would not like to give them to you to waste, but would be very pleased to let you have some to start a trade with,

if the profits were to go for China; then if you live in the country, you might have some hens of your own and sell the eggs; wouldn't that be fun?

All sorts of ways there are of earning money, but do you know I think it is hardly fair that I should have to think of them all, and tell you. It seems to me the best way will be, for all of you to think what you can do to get money for the missionaries, and after you have thought of a way, and have tried it for a little while, write to me and tell me what you are doing, and how much money you are earning in a week or a month. Then, even supposing only twenty of you find out one way each, I shall be able in the next book to tell of twenty different ways of getting money for missions; then *you* would hear of nineteen new ways, and all the other nineteen boys and girls would hear of nineteen new ways too, and you would all see which way pays the best. Now don't you think that would be a capital plan? *I* do, and I shall soon begin to look out for piles of letters. You may address them,—

Miss A. W. Marston,
Care of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton,
27, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.

And if any of you want any more books about any more children, tell me that too. Three little boys and six little girls have asked for one country, one little boy and three little girls for another, and one little girl for another, besides all those who have asked for China. Perhaps some of you will want the same as the nine, or the four or the one. Any way, I should like to know what *you* would like.

And what about that present I told you of in the other book, that the Lord cares for so much more than He does for your money, the present of yourself to Him, to be His own always? Of course you *are* His, whether you want to be or not, because He

has bought you and paid for you ( ), so you cannot ever belong to yourself; but some little boys and girls take what is not theirs, and use it as if it were, sometimes because they think it *is* their own, and sometimes because they forget it is not.

And then, although God has bought us and paid for us, and so made us His own, He wants us to give ourselves to Him, just as if we were our own, and could do what we like with ourselves. This is because He loves us so much, and He knows how nice it is to give away things, so He wants us to have the joy of giving Him something, and it *is* a joy to give anything to God, most of all to give Him ourselves, because that pleases Him better than anything else, and the most joyful thing in the whole world is to please God.

Have *you* ever pleased Him, do you think? Some people are always trying to please God, and they never do it, because they begin at the wrong end. They keep themselves for themselves, and give God their money, or their time, or something else, and He is not pleased at all, only sorry, because the thing He wants most is just the thing they will not give. But it makes God so happy, and Jesus so happy, and all the angels so happy, when a little boy gives himself to God, or a little girl either; and when we have given Him ourselves, then we can keep on pleasing Him, all day and every day, working for Him, and learning for Him, and playing for Him, and giving for Him all our life long. I must tell you a story about this that I am sure you will like.

Many years ago, there was a missionary meeting in Scotland, where several gentlemen talked about the poor heathen who knew nothing of God, and about the need of missionaries to go to help them. It was a large meeting with a great many gentlemen and ladies at it, some of them with plenty of money, and some with only a little; but away up in the gallery, in one corner of a pew, there was a tiny little boy, who had come all by himself. Nobody

took any notice of him except God, *He* took a great deal of notice, and got a great deal of pleasure out of him that night. For as the boy listened, his heart was filled with love and pity for the poor people who had never heard of Jesus, and he said to himself and to God (nobody else knew), "If ever I grow up into a man I will be a missionary."

When the gentlemen had finished talking, one of them said, "There will be a collection at the doors after the meeting," and then the little boy's face got very hot, and the tears came into his eyes, and he felt very unhappy, for he had not even a halfpenny of his own to give for the heathen, and he felt as if he could not bear to go past the plate without putting something in.

So he thought to himself, "I will stay up here till everybody has gone, and till the man with the plate is not standing at the door any longer, and then I will creep downstairs and run away home, and nobody will think I did not care, because I put no money in." So he waited till everything was quite quiet, and he thought the room was empty, then he began to creep down on tip-toe; but you know sometimes when *you* have done that, something has made a dreadful creak, and so it was with this little boy, and the creak was so loud that the man with the plate heard it, and thought, "Why, there is somebody upstairs still. Who knows? perhaps it is a rich man with some money; anyhow I will wait at the foot of the stair till he comes down." Poor little boy! He thought he was going to get away without anyone seeing him, and when he got to the bottom of the stairs, there was the man with the plate, waiting on purpose for him.

When he got down, the man held the plate out to him, but the little boy had made up his mind what he would do, and said, "Hold it a little lower, please, sir." The man thought it was because the boy was so little, he could not reach, so he held the plate lower, quite low enough for him to put his money in; but the boy said, "Lower still, please, sir." The man wondered what

he meant; perhaps he thought he wanted to see how much money there was; anyhow he put it lower. But it would not do; the boy only said, "A little lower yet, please, sir;" and when the man put it down almost even with his knees, he said, "Please lay it on the ground, sir." The man, more puzzled than ever, laid it on the ground. Then the little boy stepped into it, and said, "I have no money, but I give myself; I mean to be a missionary;" and so he was.

I think God must have been very pleased with the collection that night, don't you? And you can please Him just as much to-day, by giving Him yourself, even if you are not able to say, as the little boy did, "If I live to be a man, I will be a missionary." But perhaps you can say that too. I have had some letters that pleased me very much from some of the boys and girls that read "The Children of India." Perhaps the very nicest were those that said, "I hope to be a missionary when I am big," and some of them did say that. Have any of *you* said it, after reading this book? I hope you have, and that God will get a whole army of missionaries out of the boys and girls of England.

But let me say again, I hope you will not wait till you are grown up, but begin at once to prepare for being missionaries abroad, by being missionaries at home. That is the very best practice you can have. Only yesterday, I read about a little girl missionary, who was going in the train, and just before she started, a prisoner was brought into the station with his hands tied; he was a very bad man, and was going to prison for twenty years. The little girl looked at him, and at first she did not like him; but when she saw how miserable he looked, she began to pity him. She let go of her father's hand, and ran up to the man, and whispered to him—"Man, I am sorry for you," and there were tears in her eyes when she said it. The man only looked angry, and the little girl ran back to her father, quite frightened. But in another minute she went to the man again and said—"Man, Jesus

Christ is sorry for you;" then the train came, and she did not see the man any more. But he could not forget what she had said; it reminded him of his mother, who had talked to him of Jesus when he was little, but who had died long ago, and he made up his mind he would never rest till he had found God; and when people want God, they always do find him, so of course this man did. He had to stay in prison all the same, and he is in prison now, for the twenty years are not up yet; but he is living for God in the prison (not an easy place, but people may live for God anywhere); and when people ask him why it is that he is so different from other prisoners, he tells them the story of the little girl. And she herself knows nothing about it, unless she has seen this story in a book, for, as the prisoner does not know her name, he cannot tell her how God blessed her words; but God knows all about it, and the little girl will know, when she meets the man in Heaven, if not before.

Will you all be missionaries at home? angels at home? for angels and missionaries both mean the same—messengers; so you are doing angels' work, when you tell of Jesus, and live for God and work for God, for that is just what the angels do. Only remember that *talking* is after all the smallest thing we do for God; our lives speak much louder than our words, and very often it happens that our best words do no good, simply because we do not live what we talk. Give your heart all to God, so that He may live in you ( ), and then He will be sure to speak in you ( ).

I have put a list for you at the end of the book, of some Missionary Societies that work in China; they will all be more glad than I can tell you if you will send them some money. I think they all have missionary boxes, and I expect most of them have collecting cards, so you can ask for which you like, or both if you like, and when your card or box is full, send the money to the same address in the list.

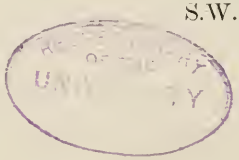
UNIVERSITY

APPENDIX.

A LIST OF SOME OF THE PROTESTANT MISSIONARY SOCIETIES WORKING IN CHINA.

Name of Society.	Treasurer: Who will supply Missionary Box or Collecting Card, and receive Money.
EDINBURGH MEDICAL MISSION,—Children's Auxiliary for those under 18 (*undenominational*).	Rev. J. Lowe, 56, George Square, Edinburgh.
BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY (*undenominational*).	J. Hoare, Esq., 146, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
CHINA INLAND MISSION (*undenominational*).	Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, 6, Pyrland Road, Mildmay Park, London, N.
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE EAST (*undenominational*).	Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.
ZENANA AND MEDICAL MISSION—Home and Training School for Ladies. For teaching Ladies to be Doctors and Missionaries (*undenominational*).	W. Monrier Adams, Esq., 71, Vincent Square, Westminster, London, S.W.
CHINESE BIBLE WOMEN, Foo-Chow.	Mrs. J. G. Watson, 20, Clanricarde Gardens, Hyde Park, London, W. Miss Ellen Smyly, 35, Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin.
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY (*Church of England*).	Major-General G. Hutchinson, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.
FOREIGN MISSIONS COMMITTEE (*English Presbyterian*).	Mr. J. Leggatt, Offices of the Presbyterian Church of England, 7, East Indian Avenue, London, E.C.

NAME OF SOCIETY.	TREASURER.
WOMEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND.	Miss M. T. Hamilton, Upper Terrace House, Hampstead, London, N.
WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.	Rev. J. Kilner, Wesleyan Mission House, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.
LADIES' COMMITTEE FOR FEMALE EDUCATION (*Wesleyan*).	Mrs. Hall, 40, Holland Park, Kensington, London, W.
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY (*Congregational*).	Rev. R. Robinson, London Mission House, Bloomfield Street, London, E.C.
LADIES' COMMITTEE (*Congregational*).	Rev. R. Robinson (say, "for Female Mission Fund").
BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.	A. H. Baynes, Esq., Baptist Mission House, Castle Street, Holborn, London, E.C.
FOREIGN MISSIONS COMMITTEE (*Established Church of Scotland*).	T. B. Wilson, Esq., 22, Queen Street, Edinburgh.
FOREIGN MISSIONS BOARD (*United Presbyterian*).	J. Slight, Esq., College Buildings, Castle Terrace, Edinburgh.
COMMITTEE FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS (*Free Church*).	J. Macdonald, Esq., 15, North Bank Street, Edinburgh.
LADIES' AUXILIARY ASSOCIATION (*Free Church*).	Dr. John Pringle, Offices of the Free Church, Edinburgh.
FEMALE ASSOCIATION (*Presbyterian Church in Ireland*).	Mrs. Lemon, Edgcumbe, Strandtown, Belfast.
SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE OPIUM TRADE.	Ald. R. N. Fowler, Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park, London, S.W.



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